September 1965, 75 cents

THE Atlantic

ROBERT HEILBRONER
The Power of Big Business

SEAN O'CASEY
The Bald Primaqueera

RICHARD HERRNSTEIN
In Defense of Bird Brains

IRWIN ROSS
Trial by Newspaper

and the Atlantic Extra

CARLTON LAKE
Giacometti at Work

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Up at dawn. Rush for the airport. Jet to the city. "Taxi!" Dash for the meeting. Go, go, go all day. Now what? Face that trip back? Brother! — great way to bust a spring. Unwind tonight at Sheraton. Sheraton understands keyed-up executives like you. We know the kind of food and comfort you need. You will live better. You just might live longer.

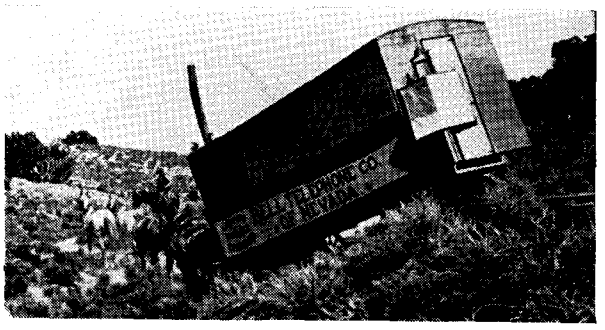
Keyed-up executives unwind at Sheraton

Sheraton Hotels & Motor Inns

Coast-to-coast in the United States, in Hawaii, Canada and overseas / Sheraton shares are listed on the New York Stock Exchange. The Diners' Club and Shell Oil Co. cards honored for all hotel services. For Insured Reservations at Guaranteed Rates, call any Sheraton Hotel or Sheraton Reservation Office.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

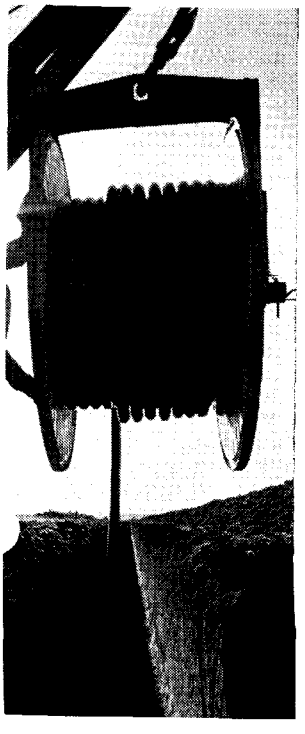
50 years ago a transcontinental phone call took 23 minutes to complete



ıllers of the first transcontinental telephone line had to surmount hard-ıps of windstorm, ice and scorching heat combined with rugged country.

The first open wire line (linked here at the Nevada-Utah border) could carry only three calls and was vulnerable to interruptions.

TODAY, WHEN YOU DIAL IT YOURSELF, THAT SAME CALL GOES THROUGH IN ABOUT 25 SECONDS (and costs about one-tenth the price)



Telephone service has come a long way since that historic call in 1915. It has grown in scope from 9,000,000 phones and a single open line spanning the continent to 88,000,000 phones and a huge network of several hundred thousand channels including 24,000 that cross the continent, via several different routes, from the east to the west coast.

Accomplishment has been the keynote since the first coast-to-coast telephone call. Improvements in local exchanges and Long Distance circuits have led to better and more efficient telephone service.

These developments have been effective in reducing the cost of calls. Fifty years ago, the cost of a three-minute call from New York to San Francisco was $20.70. Today, that same call costs you as little as $1. (Rate for 3-minute, station-to-station call, after 8 P.M. and all day Sunday, plus tax.)

And still the future is full of promise. New phones will be introduced, technology will be improved and advances made that will open up a whole new world of communications.

One of our newest routes is a blast-resistant cable that can handle over 9000 multi-channel conversations.

Today, 30,000 calls a day are completed quickly and easily between New York and the west coast and Long Distance is truly "the next best thing to being there."

Bell System
American Telephone and Telegraph and Associated Companies

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SEPTEMBER **ATLANTIC** 1965 VOLUME 216 NUMBER 3

IRWIN ROSS	Trial by Newspaper	63
SEAN O'CASEY	The Bald Primaqueera	69
ROBERT GRAVES	Poems	75
ELIZABETH BRENNER DREW	The Quiet Victory of the Cigarette Lobby	76
TOM COLE	On the Edge of Arcadia – A STORY	81
GEORGE STARBUCK	The Lost Ticket – A POEM	88
ROBERT L. HEILBRONER	The Power of Big Business	89
THE YOUNG POETS:		
GERALD JONAS	Foghorn on East End Avenue	94
MICHAEL V. MILLER	The Lovers	94
JESSIE ROSENBERG	Return	95
ROBERT DAWSON	Rafters	95
LOUIS KRONENBERGER	How Not to Write, What Not to Say	97
RICHARD J. HERRNSTEIN	In Defense of Bird Brains	101
SOLON BARRACLOUGH	No Plumbing for Negroes	105
ARNOLD GINGRICH	The Strength of the Light Rod	114

ATLANTIC EXTRA

CARLTON LAKE	The Wisdom of Giacometti	117

ATLANTIC REPORTS

Washington – Algeria – Rhodesia – West Germany 6

ACCENT ON LIVING

CHARLES W. MORTON – ALAN COREN – PHILIP T. HAYES – JOHN ALEXANDER ALLEN		128
NORMAN THOMAS DI GIOVANNI	In the Apuan Alps	134
HERBERT KUPFERBERG	Record Reviews	140

ATLANTIC BOOKSHELF

EDWARD WEEKS	The Peripatetic Reviewer	142
OSCAR HANDLIN	Reader's Choice	146
PHOEBE ADAMS	Potpourri	151

COVER DESIGN BY RUSSELL CARPENTER

1 YEAR $8.50 2 YEARS $16.00 3 YEARS $23.00

ABOVE PRICES FOR UNITED STATES, UNITED STATES POSSESSIONS, AND CANADA ONLY

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY, September, 1965, Vol. 216, No. 3. Published monthly. Editorial, Circulation, and Advertising Offices, 8 Arlington St., Boston, Mass., 02116. Published at the Rumford Press, 10 Ferry St., Concord, N. H. 75 cents a copy, $8.50 a year in the United States, United States Possessions, and Canada; $9.00 a year elsewhere. Unsolicited manuscripts should be accompanied by return postage. Second-class postage paid at Concord, N. H. Printed in the U.S.A. by Rumford Press, Concord, N. H. Copyright © 1965, by The Atlantic Monthly Company. All rights, including translation into other languages, reserved by the Publisher in the United States, Great Britain, Mexico, and all countries participating in the International Copyright Convention and the Pan American Copyright Convention.

POSTMASTER: Change-of-address notices, Form 3579, orders for subscriptions, and other items are to be sent to 8 Arlington St., Boston, Mass., 02116.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

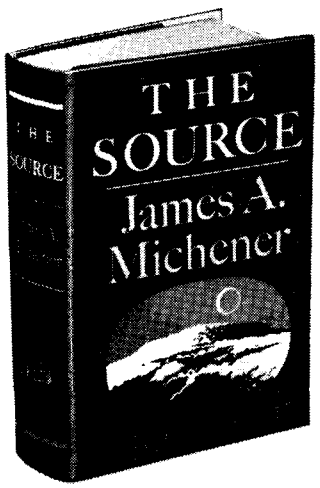
Browse within for **OUTSTANDING BOOKS**
recommended by the **BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB**

IN THE NEXT TWO PAGES you will find forty-seven books listed and all together the list presents an excellent opportunity to check up on some bad reading habits you may have been acquiring unconsciously. Perhaps you have been allowing the **sheer busyness of your life** to keep you from reading new books you have been really anxious not to miss. Why not arrange to have these particular books delivered to you infallibly? **If they are actually in your home,** constantly before your eyes, reminding you of your good intentions, soon or late you will surely find time to read them. **This certain insurance against missing** books you are anxious to read has always been the prime advantage of membership in the **Book-of-the-Month Club.**

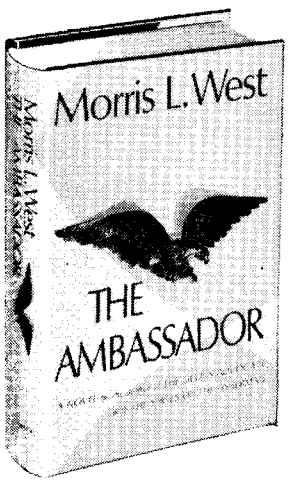
THE SHORT EXPERIMENTAL MEMBERSHIP
you will find suggested and described IN THE NEXT TWO PAGES
will demonstrate whether—and to what extent—
this sensible system can be effectual in your own busy life

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

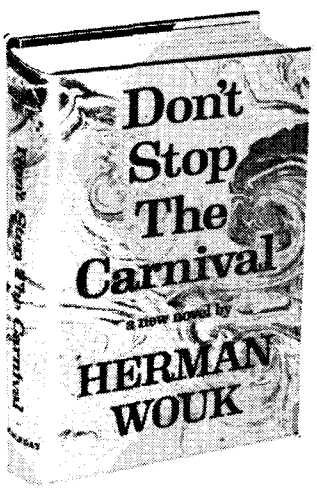
BROWSE HERE ... for books you may



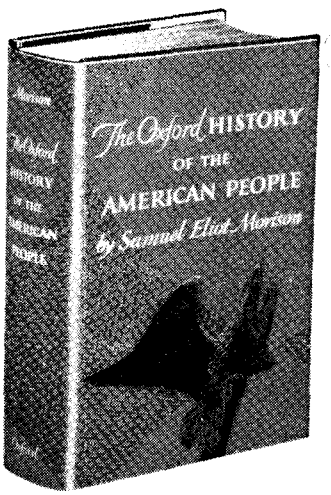
235. THE SOURCE
by JAMES A. MICHENER
Illustrated
(Retail price $7.95)



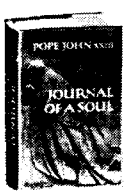
205. THE AMBASSADOR
by MORRIS L. WEST
(Retail price $4.95)



199. DON'T STOP THE CARNIVAL
by HERMAN WOUK
(Retail price $4.95)



234. THE OXFORD HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE
by SAMUEL ELIOT MORISON
Illustrated. (Retail price $12.50)



206. JOURNAL OF A SOUL *by* POPE JOHN XXIII Illustrated. (Retail price $7.95)

250. DOG YEARS *by* GUENTER GRASS. (Retail price $6.95)

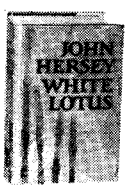
184. THE NEW MEANING OF TREASON *by* REBECCA WEST (Ret. price $6.95)

633. THE RECTOR OF JUSTIN *by* LOUIS AUCHINCLOSS. (Retail price $4.95)

431. THE RISE AND FALL OF THE THIRD REICH *by* WILLIAM L. SHIRER. (Retail price $10)

148. THE ITALIANS *by* LUIGI BARZINI (Ret. price $6.95)

106. REMINISCENCES *by* GENERAL DOUGLAS MACARTHUR. Illustrated. (Retail price $6.95)



204. WHITE LOTUS *by* JOHN HERSEY. (Retail price $6.95)

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB

OFFERS YOU

ANY THREE FOR ONLY $1

IN A SHORT EXPERIMENTAL MEMBERSHIP

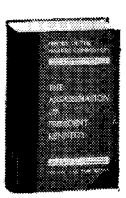
. . . you simply agree to buy three additional Club Selections or Alternates during the next year

127. THE MAN *by* IRVING WALLACE (Ret. price $5.95)

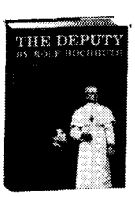
213. WILD HERITAGE *by* SALLY CARRIGHAR. Illustrated. (Retail price $5.95)

111. MY AUTOBIOGRAPHY *by* CHARLES CHAPLIN Illustrated. (Retail price $6.95)

625. A MOVEABLE FEAST *by* ERNEST HEMINGWAY. Illustrated (Ret. price $4.95)



131. REPORT OF THE WARREN COMMISSION ON THE ASSASSINATION OF PRESIDENT KENNEDY. Illustrated (Ret. price $3.95)



623. THE DEPUTY *by* ROLF HOCHHUTH. (Retail price $5.95)

113. CHILDREN AND OTHERS *by* JAMES GOULD COZZENS. (Retail price $5.95)

195. PATTON Ordeal and Triumph *by* LADISLAS FARAGO. Maps (Ret. price $9.95)

494. GILT-EDGED BONDS *by* IAN FLEMING (Ret. price $4.95)

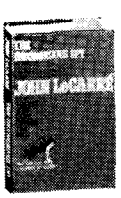
618. THE MARTYRED *by* RICHARD E. KIM (Ret. price $4.50)

635. GIRL FROM FITCHBURG *by* BERNARDINE K. SCHERMAN. (Retail price $3.95)

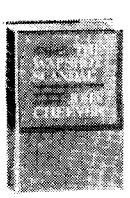
640. THE INVISIBLE GOVERNMENT *by* DAVID WISE *and* THOMAS B. ROSS. (Retail price $5.95)

616. PROFILES IN COURAGE *by* JOHN F. KENNEDY. Memorial Edition. (Retail price $5)

615. VON RYAN'S EXPRESS *by* DAVID WESTHEIMER. (Retail price $4.95)



620. THE INCONGRUOUS SPY. 2 Novels *by* JOHN LE CARRÉ (Ret. price $5.95)



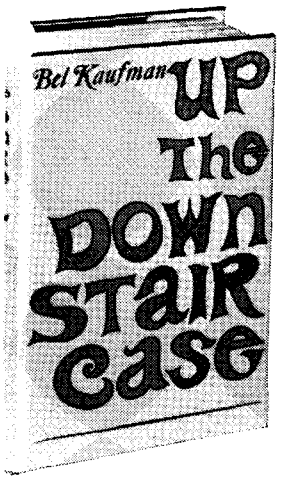
617. THE WAP-SHOT SCANDAL *by* JOHN CHEEVER (Ret. price $4.95)

207. FRIDAY THE RABBI SLEPT LATE *by* HARRY KEMELMAN. (Retail price $3.95)

598. THE COLLECTOR *by* JOHN FOWLES (Ret. price $4.95)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ıave missed through oversight or overbusyness



03. UP THE DOWN STAIRCASE *by* BEL KAUFMAN (Retail price $4.95)

632. THE LIFE AND DEATH OF LENIN *by* ROBERT PAYNE. Illustrated. (Retail price $8.50)

596. RASCAL *by* STERLING NORTH Illustrated. (Retail price $3.95)

You will surely find at least three current books you have been particulary anxious not to miss or earlier books you once promised yourself to read

AN UNPRECEDENTED HOME-LIBRARY BUILDING PLAN EVERY BOOK-READING FAMILY SHOULD KNOW ABOUT

THE PURPOSE of this suggested trial membership is to demonstrate, *by your own actual experience*, four things highly important for every reading family. First, that membership in the Book-of-the-Month Club is a certain way to **keep from missing, through oversight or overbusyness,** the new books you fully intend to read; second, that you will pay on the average 20% less for those books you want than you otherwise would; third, **that you always have a wide choice—more than 200 books a year;** and fourth, that under the Club's new Book-Dividend system, you will be acquiring useful and beautiful volumes—and fine high-priced sets—for trifling sums. **Over $330,000,000 worth of books (retail value) has been earned and received by members** through this unique plan.

✶ **HOW CAN IT BE DONE?** The answer to that natural question is that the Club's Book-Dividend system is comparable to the traditional profit-sharing systems of consumer cooperatives. A portion of the amount members pay for the books they buy is accumulated and invested in entire editions of valuable books and sets through special contractual arrangements with the publishers in each case. These are the Club's Book-Dividends.

✶ **YOU HAVE A WIDE CHOICE OF BOOK-DIVIDENDS** • If you continue after this trial, with every Club Selection or Alternate you buy you receive one Book-Dividend Certificate. Each Certificate, together with a nominal sum, usually $1.00 or $1.50—occasionally more for unusually expensive volumes—can be redeemed for one of the Club's Book-Dividends. More than a hundred different volumes are at present available, and others are constantly being added. Members **are free to choose among them,** getting as many as their purchases permit.

3. LIFE WITH CASSO *by* ANÇOISE GILOT *d* CARLTON Illustrated price $6.95)

198. FUNERAL IN BERLIN *by* LEN DEIGHTON. (Retail price $4.95)

200. A COVENANT WITH DEATH *by* STEPHEN BECKER (Ret. price $4.50)

9. FEAR ON IAL *by* JOHN NRY FAULK et. price $6.50)

105. FIVE TIMES MAIGRET. 5 Novels *by* GEORGES SIMENON. (Retail price $5.95)

107. CORRIDORS OF POWER *by* C. P. SNOW. (Retail price $5.95)

9. THE LONG HITE NIGHT KATHARINE HERMAN. (Re- price $4.95)

630. TOM JONES *by* HENRY FIELDING. Illustrated *by* LAWRENCE BEALL SMITH (Ret. price $7.50)

619. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE A Biography *by* A. L. ROWSE Illustrated. (Retail price $7.50)

627. AMERICANS ON EVEREST *by* JAMES RAMSEY ULLMAN Illustrated. (Retail price $8.95)

THE VENE- N AFFAIR *by* EN MACINNES et. price $5.95)

584. CARAVANS *by* JAMES A. MICHENER (Ret. price $5.95)

487. THE SHORT STORIES OF ERNEST HEMINGWAY (Retail price $6)

212. MY DARLING CLEMENTINE *by* JACK FISHMAN Illustrated. (Retail price $5.95)

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB, Inc. A8-9
345 Hudson Street, New York 14, N. Y.

Please enroll me as a member of the Book-of-the-Month Club and send me the three volumes whose numbers I have indicated in boxes below, billing me $1.00 for all three volumes. I agree to purchase at least three additional monthly Selections or Alternates during the first year I am a member. I have the right to cancel my membership any time after buying these three books. If I continue after the trial, I am to receive a Book-Dividend Certificate with every Selection—or Alternate—I buy under the system described above. (A small charge is added to all book shipments to cover postage and mailing expense.) **PLEASE NOTE:** Occasionally the Club offers two or more books at *a special combined price*. Such purchases are counted as a single book in fulfilling the membership obligation.

INDICATE BY NUMBER THE THREE BOOKS YOU WANT

[ ] [ ] [ ]

MR. }
MRS. } .....
MISS }
(Please print plainly)

Address .....

City ..... *Zone* ..... *State* .....

In Canada send coupon to: Book-of-the-Month Club (Canada) Ltd., 73 Bathurst St., Toronto 2-B, Ontario.

5-55

The trademarks BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB *and* BOOK-DIVIDEND *are registered by Book-of-the-Month Club, Inc., in the U.S. Patent Office and in Canada.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Atlantic Report on the World Today

WASHINGTON

THE best single explanation of Lyndon Johnson's brilliant success in this session of Congress is contained in one word, Goldwater. Many of Johnson's successes could not have been possible except for the effect of the Goldwater episode on history. But there also are significant factors in addition to Goldwater and in addition to the President's own masterful leadership. They are important to a current understanding of a debate that has run through almost all the pages of our history on the subject of a President's relations with Congress.

During the Kennedy years many people despaired that the system could work in the modern age. Now many think that it works only because of Johnson's magic and the heavy Democratic majorities. These factors and others have revolutionized the story of presidential-congressional relations. Today they are vastly different from what they were only three or four years ago.

It is no disparagement of President Johnson's skill in dealing with Congress to say that circumstances have abetted him and that they hampered his predecessor. The President, being the able politician and leader that he is, has used the circumstances to the best advantage. The result is a marvel of accomplishment.

Kennedy was a rational man who believed that other rational men would act sensibly if the facts were properly presented to them. Johnson has no such faith in human beings. He knows that they must be overwhelmed by argument, that he can never for one moment leave anything to chance, that human nature is often moved more by emotion, fear, and myth than by reason. He smothers wayward Democrats and opposition Republicans with attention, and demands their support in the interest of patriotism, probity, and their own political safety.

When Kennedy was elected by the narrowest of margins in 1960, his party's strength in Congress was substantially reduced from what it had been in the last two Eisenhower years. The Republicans were defeated in 1960, but they were not without hope. They had picked up twenty-one House seats in the election they lost. They could look forward under all reasonable circumstances to increasing their strength in Congress in 1962, and they did increase it. They were by no means without hope of regaining the presidency in 1964.

Byrd brain

Republican strategy as the new Administration took office was clear. They must frustrate, discredit, and defeat the new President. They had willing allies, the most powerful of whom was the venerable Representative Howard W. Smith, Virginia Democrat, who was chairman of the House Rules Committee. The shrewd and effective Smith, almost as good a parliamentarian as Lyndon Johnson, often has been called the brains of the Byrd machine. He ran his committee in close cooperation with the Republican leader of the House, Charles A. Halleck of Indiana, a much sharper field marshal than his successor, Gerald R. Ford of Michigan.

Even today Smith is a problem to the Administration. His committee will delay consideration of a bill as long as Smith thinks he can safely do so. He puts every possible roadblock in the way, but he almost never wins the final battle as he did in the old days. His teeth have been pulled. He is aware that the House, with its huge Democratic majority, can override him whenever it chooses to do so. He can fight delaying actions, but he cannot risk a frontal attack.

Working closely with Smith during the Kennedy years was another powerful Democrat, the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Would you bathe a baby in secondhand water?

You would.

And do.

The clean water that bathes a baby today could have cooled a motor, quenched a fire, watered a rose garden, washed dishes, made paper, tempered steel, iced a drink or even bathed another baby only a day or two ago. More and more water is used water.

The challenging problem of today is keeping used water clean enough to use again. In more than 40 years of helping industry meet that challenge, Calgon Corporation has discovered there is no substitute for sound, experienced engineering when it comes to doing that job effectively and at realistic cost.

Learn how you can help industry and government in your area work towards sound, clean-water objectives—and perhaps how Calgon can help you. Write for "The Challenging Problems of Water," Calgon Corporation, Dept. J, Calgon Center, Pittsburgh, Pa. 15230.

Helping America answer the challenging problems of water

CALGON CORPORATION

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Report on Washington

late Clarence Cannon of Missouri, chairman of the House Appropriations Committee. Without appropriations, no government can function. And the man who can withhold appropriations or reduce the amount available or hold them up until the last moment can harass an Administration every day of the year. Cannon's tactics were as formidable as Smith's. When Kennedy was assassinated in November, 1963, the bulk of the appropriations bills for the fiscal year that had begun the previous July 1 were still unenacted! The first bruising fight which President Johnson had with Congress was over the appropriations bills, particularly the foreign aid appropriation, which was not enacted until Christmas, six months late.

Now the Appropriations Committee is presided over by the able George H. Mahon of Texas, an old friend of the President's. One of the first things Mahon and Johnson did was to box in that old obstructionist, Representative Otto E. Passman of Louisiana. He still retains the chairmanship of the Appropriations subcommittee that handles foreign aid, but the subcommittee has been stacked against him.

Death and defeats also have changed the complexion of the powerful House Ways and Means Committee, where the medicare bill languished for years. A few personnel changes in key spots can mean the difference between stalemate and progress.

Southern turnabout

In the Kennedy years, the Southern Democrats were much more critical of the President than they are today. Since their alliance with the Republicans was much stronger then than now, they occupied a key position and had to be considered in all deliberations. The Kennedy Administration always knew that it would lose on key bills unless it could persuade at least 55 percent of the Southern Democrats to vote with it. Now Johnson can, if he wishes, almost entirely ignore them. He knows that he needs only 15 to 20 percent of the Southern Democratic votes to win in the House.

Moreover, partly because of recent changes in the composition of the Southern electorate, Southern congressmen are more responsive to the White House today than at any time since the first Administration of FDR. On this year's voting rights bill, for example, which passed the House by the overwhelming vote of 333 to 85, 22 of the 87 Democrats from the Old Confederacy voted for passage. If five years ago anyone had predicted that a quarter of the Southern members would support such a bill, he would have been called a lunatic. Such are the changes that are taking place in the South. One impassioned plea for the voting rights bill came from the Assistant Democratic Leader, Representative Hale Boggs of Louisiana, who voted against the Civil Rights Act of 1964.

Despite the opposition Kennedy faced in Congress, he won approval of a substantial number of significant measures — Peace Corps, minimum wage, aid to higher education, test-ban treaty, housing, accelerated public works, area redevelopment, the space program, the Alliance for Progress, the UN bond issue, the trade act, railroad featherbedding. He also set the stage for progress on tax reduction, civil rights, aid to elementary and secondary education, medicare, and other far-reaching proposals.

Johnson realized that a consensus had been reached on most of these measures by the time he took office, and as a man of action he mobilized all his formidable resources to push them through Congress.

The leadership of Congress is often criticized, and much abuse has been directed at John W. McCormack of Massachusetts, the Speaker of the House. Yet it must be recorded that he has been an effective Speaker under existing circumstances. He has been ably assisted by House Democratic Leader Carl Albert of Oklahoma and the Assistant Leader, Hale Boggs. Any summary of congressional accomplishments would be incomplete without an acknowledgment that the Speaker, ward politician and bumbling orator though he is, has been a constructive and effective party leader.

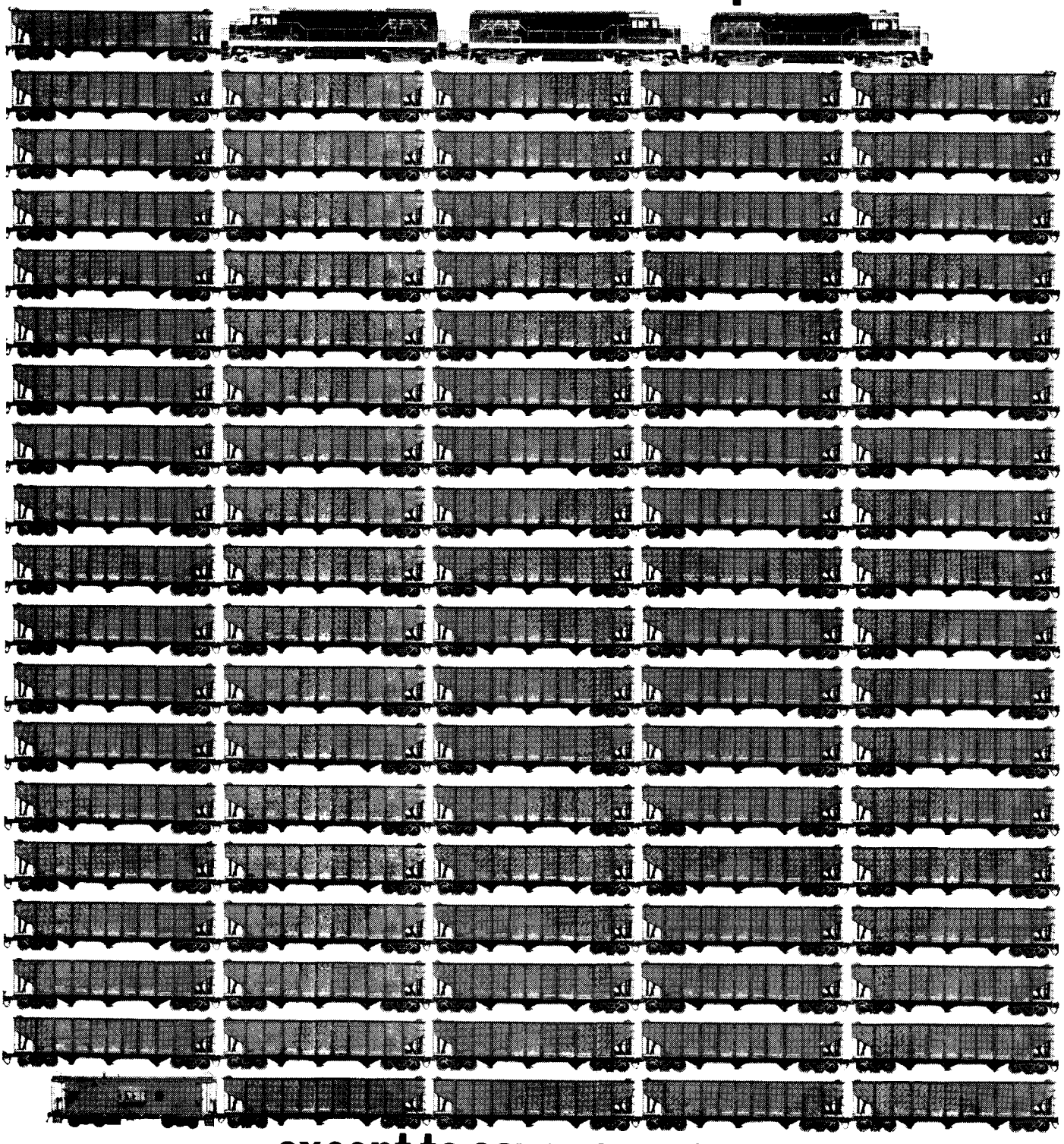
Very few persons expected that he would be successful when he succeeded the late Speaker Sam Rayburn. But, again, circumstances aided him where they hampered Rayburn. Kennedy feuded with McCormack in Massachusetts politics and was reluctant to see him become Speaker. But before Kennedy's death, he came to appreciate the fact that McCormack was loyal as well as effective in helping to guide the Administration's program through the House.

Rebels, one by one

It also is noteworthy that Johnson, who has almost completely revamped the White House staff, has left untouched the Kennedy staff on congres-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The train that never stops...



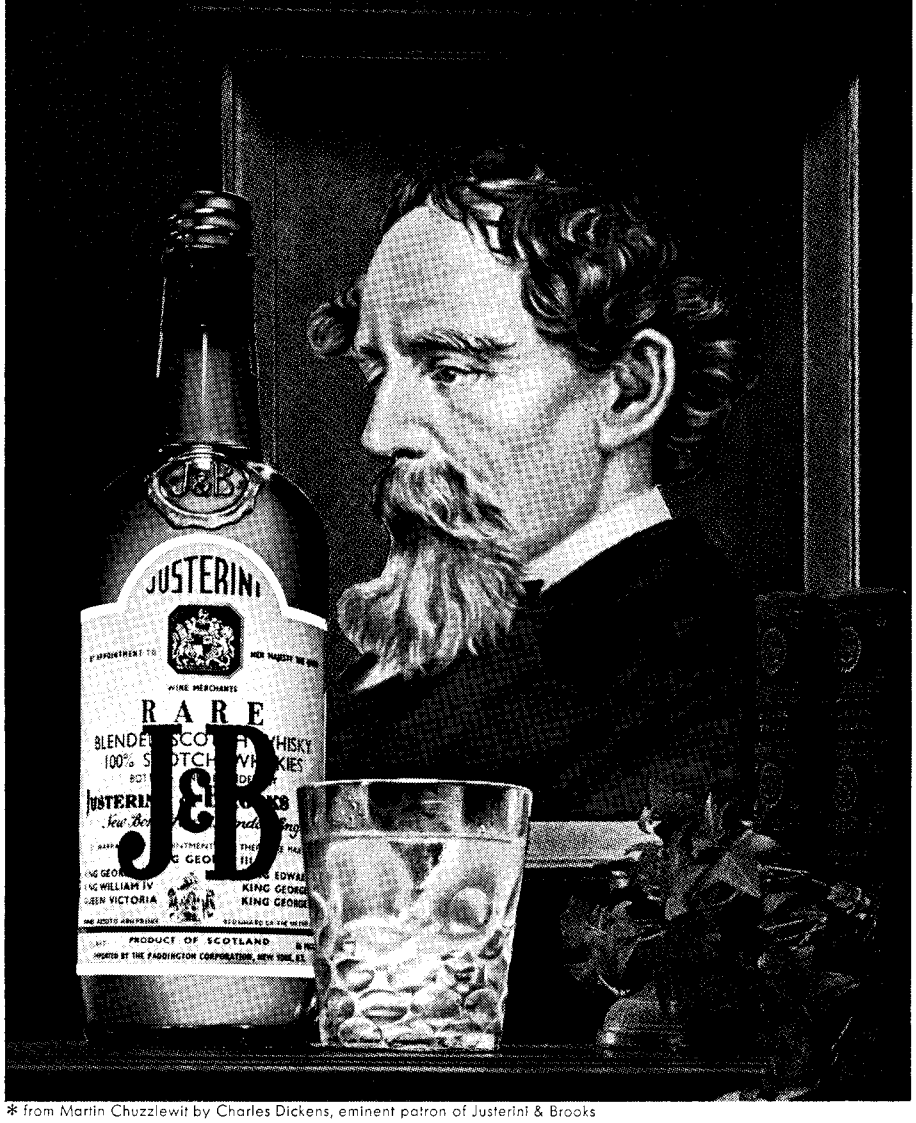
except to save you money

It's the unit train, helping hold the lid on price inflation and writing one of the brightest chapters in the railroad comeback story. Unit trains carry vast tonnages of a single commodity from point to point, shuttling constantly from loading to consumer sites at great savings to the public. Such methods of carrying coal are cutting electric utility bills $50,000,000 a year. Grain and ore are also hauled with similar economy. Today's unit trains are another way in which the self-supporting railroads are providing better service at lower cost for everybody, and are shaping a better transportation future for all America.

ASSOCIATION OF **AMERICAN RAILROADS**

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"...leave the bottle on the chimleypiece, and don't ask me to take none, but let me put my lips to it when I am so dispoged..." *



* from Martin Chuzzlewit by Charles Dickens, eminent patron of Justerini & Brooks

the others are not J&B rare scotch whisky

There is a very special quality about J & B Rare that sets it apart... a flavour so subtly different and delightful that words simply cannot describe it. So try J & B Rare and compare it. Prediction: you will make a most rewarding discovery. J & B is a product of the two-centuries-old house of Justerini & Brooks whose patrons have included, along with the immortal Charles Dickens, many of history's great.

PENNIES MORE IN COST • WORLDS APART IN QUALITY

"WORLD'S FINEST" 86 PROOF BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • THE PADDINGTON CORP., N.Y. 20, N.Y.

sional liaison, headed by the able Lawrence F. O'Brien. In recognition of O'Brien's unique contribution, Johnson has given him the highest salary of any member on the staff. Although changes undoubtedly will be made in the near future, O'Brien's staff, exactly as it was under Kennedy, has worked exceedingly well with Johnson.

The Senate has been so overwhelmingly Democratic and the opposition, under Minority Leader Everett M. Dirksen of Illinois, so moderate that the President's problems there have been minimal except in the field of foreign policy. While the Senate has given the President strong support on domestic issues, it is concerned over the conduct of foreign policy.

For a while earlier this year there were signs that the Senate would become involved with the President in a debate over Vietnam and the Dominican Republic. But Johnson refuses to become involved in a public debate with anyone. He tackled the rebellious senators privately one by one and persuaded all but two or three to remain relatively quiet, particularly on Vietnam. "How can I conduct a war abroad if you attack me at home?" the President asked the senators.

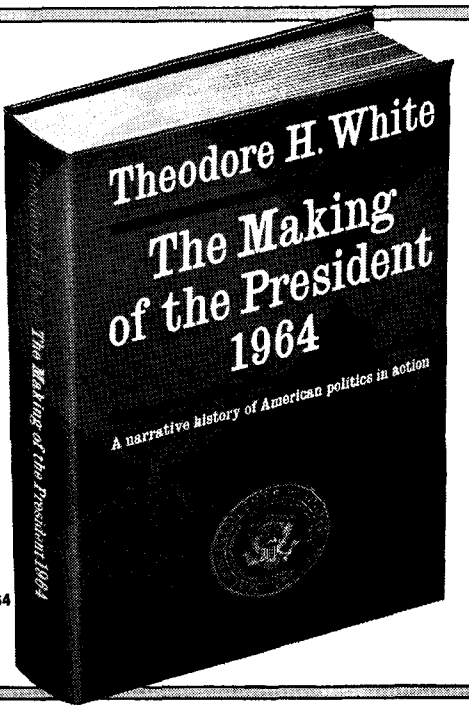
Many are still unhappy, and a few still speak out, but the Johnson treatment has silenced a considerable number who would like to debate the issues publicly. It is not so much the fear of the President's powers that silences his critics as the agony of a lengthy confrontation, during which Johnson makes impassioned pleas to patriotism, honor, and loyalty. Far too many people — politicians, editors, businessmen — find it convenient not to question the President.

Looking for a feud?

The Kennedy brothers seem to be the only important personalities who repeatedly probe for weak spots. They are like a thorn in the President's flesh. He was in a rage over the published criticisms of him which Kennedy supporters made regarding his nomination as Vice President in 1960. His dignity was affronted in a most serious way, and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Literary Guild members were among the first to enjoy (at great savings) America's most important new best-seller



37. THE MAKING OF THE PRESIDENT 1964
Theodore H. White
(Publisher's edition, $6.95)

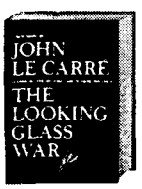
You may include it (if you wish) in your choice of

ANY FOUR

of these 33 best-sellers, reference works, even sets

ALL for $1

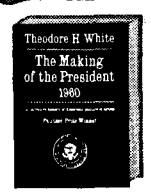
if you join the Guild now and agree to accept only four selections or alternates during the coming year



145. THE LOOKING GLASS WAR, John le Carré (Publisher's edition, $4.95)

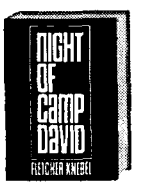
15. HERZOG
Saul Bellow
(Publisher's edition, $5.75)

65. MARKINGS
Dag Hammarskjold
(Publisher's edition, $4.95)

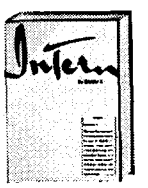


208. THE MAKING OF THE PRESIDENT 1960
Theodore H. White
(Pub. edition, $6.95)

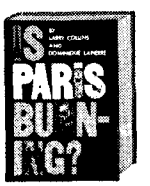
137. THE RABBI
Noah Gordon
(Publisher's edition, $5.95)



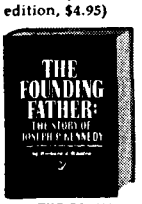
116. NIGHT OF CAMP DAVID, Fletcher Knebel (Publisher's edition, $4.95)



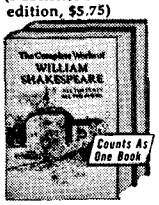
118. INTERN
Doctor X
(Publisher's edition, $5.95)



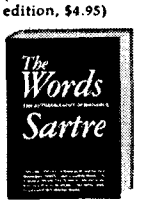
122. IS PARIS BURNING?, Larry Collins & Dominique Lapierre
(Pub. edition, $6.95)



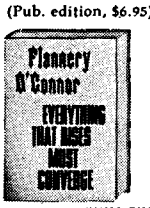
164. THE FOUNDING FATHER: The Story of Joseph P. Kennedy
Richard J. Whalen
(Pub. edition, $6.95)



154. THE COMPLETE WORKS OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE
2 volumes



187. THE WORDS
Jean-Paul Sartre
(Publisher's edition, $5.00)

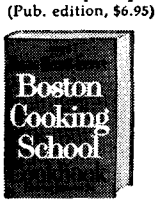


173. EVERYTHING THAT RISES MUST CONVERGE
Flannery O'Connor
(Pub. edition, $4.95)

157. THE MAN WITH THE GOLDEN GUN
Ian Fleming
(Pub. edition, $4.50)

52. QUEEN VICTORIA
Elizabeth Longford
Not available in Canada.
(Pub. edition, $8.50)

51. TAKEN CARE OF
Dame Edith Sitwell
(Publisher's edition, $5.95)



64. The Fannie Merritt Farmer BOSTON COOKING SCHOOL COOKBOOK
(Pub. edition, $5.95)

107. MERIWETHER LEWIS, Richard Dillon (Publisher's edition, $6.95)

161. PROCESSION
John Gunther
(Publisher's edition, $6.95)

34. THE JOHN F. KENNEDYS: A Family Album, Mark Shaw
(Pub. edition, $7.50)

9. CATHERINE THE GREAT, Zoé Oldenbourg
(Pub. edition, $5.95)

4. THE MAN WHO SOLD DEATH, James Munro
(Publisher's edition, $4.95)

81. THE DIRTY DOZEN
E. M. Nathanson
(Publisher's edition, $5.95)

123. LET ME COUNT THE WAYS
Peter De Vries
(Pub. edition, $5.00)

121. THE JAMES BOND DOSSIER, Kingsley Amis
(Publisher's edition, $3.95)

735. THE ESCOFFIER COOK BOOK
A. Escoffier
(Pub. edition, $4.95)

72. THE VIKING BOOK OF POETRY, 2 volumes
(Not available in Canada.)

14. THE ROCKEFELLER BILLIONS, Jules Abels (Publisher's edition, $6.95)

435. THE MAN IN THE MIRROR, Frederick Ayer, Jr. (Pub. edition, $4.50)

69. RENOIR, MY FATHER, Jean Renoir
(Publisher's edition, $8.95)

444. MIDNIGHT PLUS ONE, Gavin Lyall
(Publisher's edition, $4.50)

447. A TREASURY OF GREAT MYSTERIES, 2 volumes
(Pub. edition, $5.95)

1. ARMY OF THE POTOMAC TRILOGY: Mr. Lincoln's Army, Glory Road, Stillness at Appomattox, Bruce Catton. In 3 volumes
(Pub. editions, $12.50)

The Making of the President 1964 immediately on publication became the most widely discussed book of the year, reported and quoted on the front pages of newspapers all over the country.

The New York Times described it: "as compellingly interesting as its distinguished predecessor." *Newsweek* said: "There is the same unexpected quality of suspense . . ."

And while the book was just arriving in bookstores, it was also being shipped to Literary Guild members who wanted it . . . but, with an important difference: the Guild edition's price to members is only $3.50; the publisher's edition, $6.95.

This is just another example of the quality, timeliness and great savings of Guild selections. In fact, the Guild guarantees always to save you at least 40%, often as much as 60%, from the price of the publishers' editions. For instance, in recent months Guild members were offered Saul Bellow's *Herzog* for $2.95 instead of $5.75 in the publisher's edition; *Queen Victoria: Born To Succeed* for $3.95 instead of $8.50; *Is Paris Burning?* for $2.95 instead of $6.95.

New selections are described in advance in the Guild's free monthly *Preview*. You need take only as few as four books during the coming year out of the 20 or more offered each month. And you may choose a bonus book free after every fourth one you buy.

Begin membership now. Send no money – just mail the coupon.

Literary Guild of America, Inc., Garden City, New York

NOTE: Guild editions are sometimes reduced in size, but texts are full-length—not a word is cut!

Literary Guild of America, Inc.
Dept. 59-ATX, Garden City, N. Y.

Please enroll me as a trial member of the Literary Guild and send me the FOUR books or sets whose numbers I have printed in the four boxes at the right. Bill me only $1 plus shipping for all four. If not delighted, I may return them in 10 days and this membership will be cancelled.

I do not need to accept a book every month – only as few as four a year – and may resign any time after purchasing four books. All selections and alternates will be described to me in advance in the Guild's free monthly "Preview," and a convenient form will always be provided for my use if I do not wish to receive a forthcoming selection. You will bill me the special Guild price for each book I take. This will always be at least 40%, often as much as 60%, below the price of the publisher's edition. (A modest charge is added for shipping.) For each four monthly selections or alternates I accept, I may choose a valuable bonus book from the special bonus catalog.

MR.
MRS. _____
MISS (PLEASE PRINT)

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

IF UNDER 18, HAVE PARENT SIGN HERE: _____

SAME OFFER IN CANADA. Write: LITERARY GUILD (CANADA), 105 Bond St., Toronto 2, Ont. Offer good in Continental U.S.A. and Canada only.

39-G700A

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Do It Yourself

"Every man is the architect of his own fortune," said Sallust 2,000 years ago. "Man is the artificer of his own happiness," wrote Thoreau in his Journals 100 years ago. "The Lord helps those that help themselves," according to a time-honored proverb.

In other words, it's up to you to make your own future insofar as you can. One of your chief concerns clearly must be your financial condition, since that is the key to a great many other things. And what can you do about that?

Well, if you have any surplus funds after paying daily living costs and insurance premiums and setting aside some cash for emergencies, may we suggest that you invest those funds in some good common stocks? There is some risk in owning common stocks, of course, just as there is in living. But the rewards may more than compensate for the risks.

If you're interested in owning stocks and would like to make a start, perhaps a copy of our booklet called "*How to Invest in Stocks and Bonds*" would be helpful. Just let us know, and we'll forward a copy—free, of course.

As the late Charles E. Merrill, who founded our firm, used to say, "The way to begin is to begin."

MEMBERS N. Y. STOCK EXCHANGE AND OTHER PRINCIPAL STOCK AND COMMODITY EXCHANGES

MERRILL LYNCH, PIERCE, FENNER & SMITH INC

70 PINE STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y. 10005

he believes that the Kennedy associates, rather than the Kennedys themselves, are doing all in their power to promote a violent feud, a feud which he recognizes could do him no good.

Whether Robert Kennedy is well advised in the criticisms he makes of the President remains for history to judge. He no doubt thinks that he must maintain his independence, that he, too, has been affronted, and that he needs to rally his own supporters. Yet the office of the presidency is a powerful one; a dissenting party member has not the reach and influence of the President, especially if the President is a gifted politician.

The criticism of Johnson personally reached new highs in Washington this summer. But the President's popularity throughout the country continues to be high. His general strength remains unchallenged. Washington is fascinated by the Johnson-Kennedy fight, but to date the President is far ahead. The power is in his hands.

It may not always be, of course, and that is why Robert Kennedy wants to prepare his own base. When we look back over the last five years of presidential-congressional relations, for example, it is clear that nothing has changed fundamentally. The five-year presidential record has been impressive; imaginative proposals have been translated into legislation. But if the voters should turn against the President, Congress could quickly recapture its strength to hamstring and destroy.

In giving the Kennedy-Johnson programs its approval, Congress has not abandoned any of its prerogatives or powers or accepted any important reforms. The minor modifications in the rules governing the House Rules Committee could be repealed overnight or made inoperative by a change in the political complexion of Congress. The coalition of Republicans and Southern Democrats could be re-formed if another election should give it life. The seniority system has not been touched. The filibuster rules remain the same. Party leadership, now clearly in the hands of the President and his lieutenants, could become fragmented.

There has been no fundamental alteration in our system of divided responsibility, of checks and balances, and of the struggle for power between President and Congress. It has taken huge Democratic majorities and unbelievable Republican mistakes to enact the programs of the New Frontier and the Great Society. The record is one which both the President and the Democratic leaders can look to with pride.

A.E.S. 1900–1965

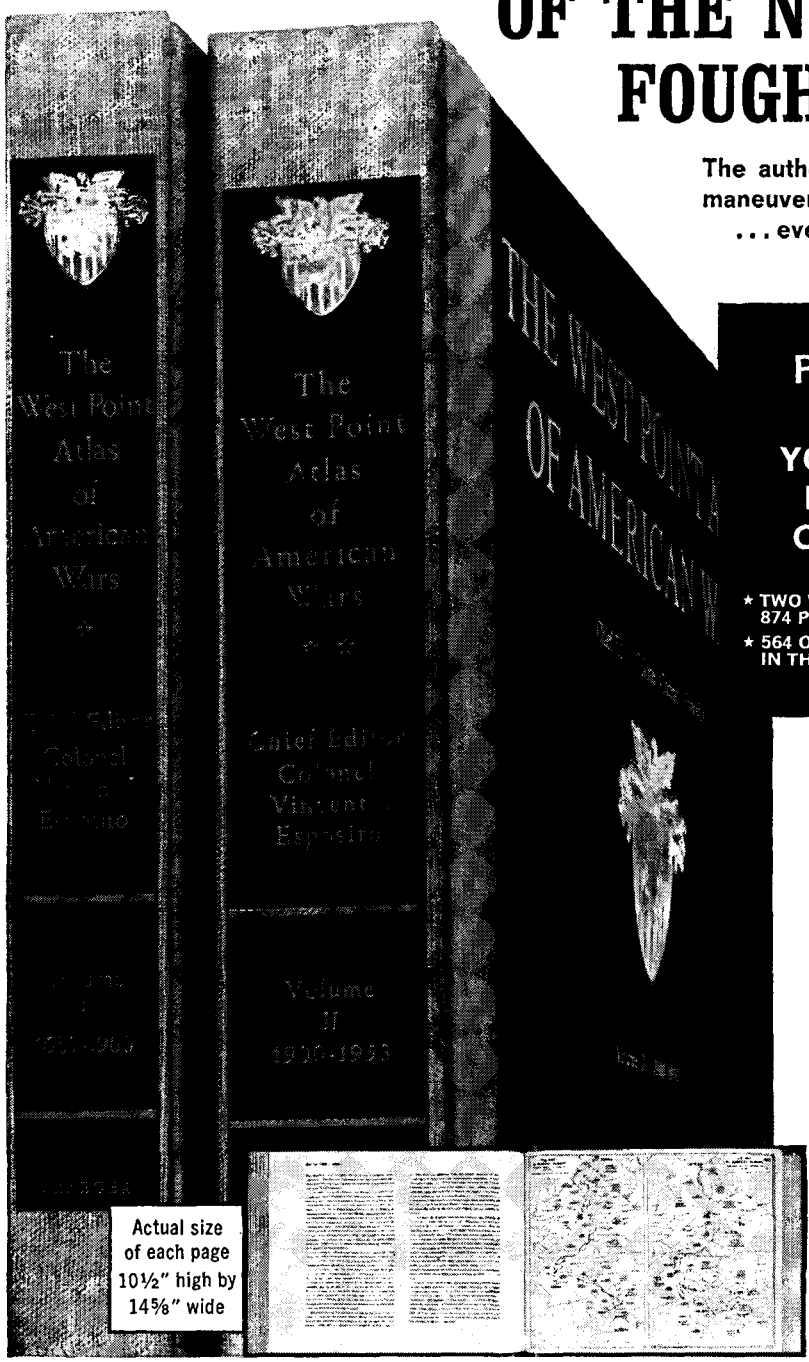
In the summer of 1952 Adlai Stevenson set out, reluctantly at first but with growing eloquence and purpose, to seek the presidency of the United States and the power that attends it. He never made it to Washington except as a visitor. ("A funny thing happened to me on the way to the White House," he remarked with a good-loser's smile in January of 1953.) But in a rare and real way, he acquired some elements of the power. Others who became President drew heavily on his ideas, on his talents, and on his belief in the American political process. Dozens of the men he attracted to public service were picked to serve Presidents Kennedy and Johnson in crucial roles. His eloquence, his innocence, his good-humored tolerance worked perhaps more than history books will show to place what is human ahead of what is expedient.

Few will think of him as an angry man, but of all his moments, one of the most eloquent was a moment of passionate anger. It was soon after the defeat of 1952. Disciples who had staked much on Stevenson's insistence that "talking sense to the American people" would induce mass wisdom were despondent and bitter. Letters, telegrams, words of commiseration expressed disillusionment with the electoral process. "I am disappointed in the American people," one of his aides remarked. Some others nodded in assent. The defeated candidate flared in anger. "Don't say that," he shouted. "Don't *ever* say that." Sometimes it hurts, sometimes it falters, but the process works — Stevenson's fierce faith in that gave strength and authority to a quiet, modest man.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE OFFICIAL MAP-AND-TEXT STORY OF THE NINE MAJOR WARS FOUGHT BY AMERICANS

The authentic record of every important battle, strategy, maneuver, victory and defeat from Colonial times to Korea ... every command decision from George Washington to Douglas MacArthur and Matthew Ridgway



Actual size of each page 10½" high by 14⅝" wide

Publisher's List Price $42.50

YOURS FOR ONLY $3.95 plus postage & handling with trial membership in The History Book Club

- ★ TWO VOLUMES 874 PAGES TOTAL
- ★ 564 OFFICIAL BATTLE MAPS IN THREE AND FOUR COLORS
- ★ 250,000 WORDS OF TEXT BY 30 OFFICER-INSTRUCTORS OF THE U.S. MILITARY ACADEMY AT WEST POINT

Now you can have the official record of every major skirmish, engagement, campaign and battle of nine wars in which American land forces have taken part—*exactly as they are studied at West Point.*

This massive, two-volume set allows you to share the making of command decisions with Washington, Andrew Jackson, Grant, Lee, Pershing, Eisenhower, MacArthur ... puts you beside the strategists and leaders of the Colonial Wars, the Revolution, the Civil War, World Wars One and Two, the Korean War and others.

With the aid of 564 extraordinary battle maps you examine terrain, evaluate intelligence reports, interpret changing enemy troop dispositions. You see the reasons for the success or failure of historic attacks and maneuvers. You learn the principles of warfare applicable to battles on land, sea and in the air. Each map faces the text it illustrates. You need never flip back and forth to follow any one military operation.

The *Atlas* carries a Publisher's List Price of $42.50. But it's yours for $3.95, plus postage and handling, with trial membership in The History Book Club. *Send no money now;* you will be billed for the *Atlas* and for your first selection at the money-saving Member's Price (shown in boldface at left) plus postage and handling. Mail the coupon today.

START MEMBERSHIP WITH ONE OF THESE FINE BOOKS AT THE MONEY-SAVING MEMBER'S PRICE

371. CIVIL WAR DICTIONARY *by M. M. Boatner III.* Over 4000 entries: battles, personnel, weapons, etc. $15.00/**$8.95**

434. THE DOUGHBOYS *by Laurence Stallings.* Colorful saga of the A.E.F., 1917-8. $7.95/**$6.50**

481. THE LONG DEATH *by Ralph K. Andrist.* Last days of the Plains Indians. $8.95/**$6.95**

464. THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION *by G. O. Trevelyan. The* English *classic, in one vol.* $10.00/**$6.95**

507. HISTORY OF THE ANCIENT WORLD *by C. G. Starr.* 742 pages, from prehistory to the 5th Century A.D. $12.50/**$7.95**

508. WASHING OF THE SPEARS *by D. R. Morris.* The bloody Zulu War, 1879. $12.00/**$7.95**

466. THE TWO VIET NAMS *by B. B. Fall.* The tangled history of Asia's tinderbox. $7.95/**$6.50**

101. HISTORY OF THE GERMAN GENERAL STAFF *by Walter Goerlitz.* Most feared war machine, 1657-1945. $7.50/**$5.95**

360. SUPREME COURT IN U. S. HISTORY (1789-1918) *by Chas. Warren.* Back in print, the Pulitzer Prize winner. $15.00/**$10.95**

444. MEDIEVAL HISTORY *by Norman Cantor.* Life and death of a civilization. $8.50/**$6.95**

110. JOURNALS OF LEWIS & CLARK *ed. by Bernard DeVoto.* Their expeditionary log. $6.50/**$4.95**

502. BARBAROSSA *by Alan Clark.* Military history of the Nazi-Russian war. $10.00/**$7.50**

THE HISTORY BOOK CLUB AT 62A
Stamford, Connecticut

Please open Trial Membership and send the $42.50 *West Point Atlas of American Wars,* along with my first selection, indicated below. Bill my *Atlas* at $3.95 and my selection at the money-saving Member's Price, plus postage and handling. If not delighted, I may return the books within 10 days and owe nothing, thus canceling my Trial Membership. Otherwise, to complete Trial Membership, I agree to take 4 more selections or alternates during the coming year, from the 100 or more always available to me at money-saving Member's Prices. (All selections are described in your monthly REVIEW, and a convenient form is always provided with which I may order or reject.) I will receive a Bonus Book of my choice with every fourth selection I take after completing Trial Membership.

FIRST SELECTION *(fill in number)* ☐

Name .....
(please print)

Address .....

City ..... **State** ..... **Zip** .....

In Canada, same savings. Books shipped duty-free from Toronto. Bonus plan differs slightly. Mail to 16 Overlea Blvd., Toronto 17, Ontario.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A good way to see the Algerian problem is from the air. A two-hour flight southward from Algiers covers geographically the whole range of difficulties. The good lands are filled with poverty, while the desert land in the neighboring Sahara is filled with riches. In three years of independence the Algerian government has made very limited progress in bringing the desert riches to the help of the poor in the cultivated green fields and in the cities along the coast.

Except for the oil and gas discovered in the desert, Algeria is not endowed with great resources. The cultivated land and small mines in the Mediterranean coastal belt would at best provide only a scanty living for the population of ten million. Instead of these oil resources coming into quick use in the country, they were held to a trickle by nearly two years of negotiations between Ahmed Ben Bella's government and the big French, British, American, and Dutch companies which discovered the oil and have the means for developing it and selling it.

Meantime, production on the farms and in the small factories which the Algerians took over from the French is falling off steadily. Nearly half the working population is jobless, and foreign investors are steering clear of the place.

It would be easy to say that all these failings are the fault of Ben Bella, and that Colonel Houari Boumedienne, defense minister, was justified in staging the flash coup d'etat that threw the president out of office and into imprisonment, and at the same time smashed the Afro-Asian conference on which Ben Bella had set such store. A more basic explanation lies elsewhere.

Exodus of experts

It is not that Algerians cannot perform well. They can. Thousands of well-trained and intelligent Algerians are spotted throughout the economy and in the government. They cannot begin to make up, however, for the loss of expert personnel resulting from the departure of 300,000 or more trained Frenchmen — businessmen, government employees, bankers, mechanics, and experienced farmers — who left the country after independence in 1962 and during the harassment and disorder that followed. The loss of their experience affects almost every sector of Algerian life. It was perhaps in handling this problem that Ben Bella's government appeared at its worst, for it discouraged people who were ready to come in and replace the departed French with capital and know-how.

Despite the economic and political difficulties in the country, a foreigner in Algiers gets an impression that things are not altogether bad. The city is clean. Sidewalk cafés are gay and as crowded as in Paris. Streets are washed regularly, and shop owners are required to sweep off the sidewalks in front of their stores at least twice a day. Boy scout troops carrying placards saying "a clean city, a symbol of Islam" periodically remove trash from neglected alleys. Radio and television announcers plead with housewives to stop hanging out their laundry on the front balcony because the festoons of panties and shirts give some of the French-built apartment houses the appearance of slum settlements.

The old Aletti Hotel, a favorite hangout for people making more or less regular trips to Algeria, has come out of a thorough face-lifting with two good dining rooms, a well-stocked bar, and a casino that brings in a surprising number of Algerians with money to play. Muslim girls and boys meet in coffeehouses, as free in spirit as in European or American cities. The number of women in Arab dress seen on the streets is decreasing. Under French influence, Algiers long ago became a near-Western city. Under independence it is even more Western, for the Algerians enjoy their newfound freedom.

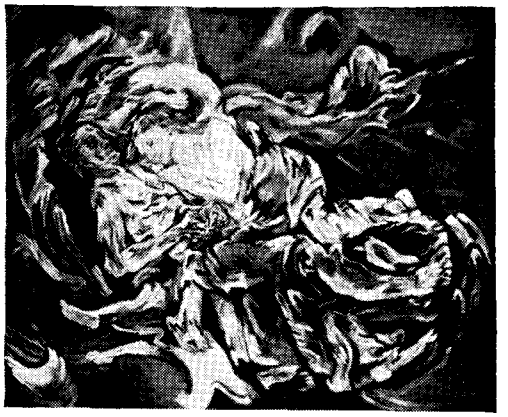
Moreover, out in the Sahara, five hundred miles by air, the new oil city of Hassi Messaoud is a garden spot among the sand dunes. Water brought up along with the oil or in separate wells irrigates acres of flowering oleander bushes, palm and eucalyptus trees, orchards and grass.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"GOOD ART" or "BAD ART"... what would be *your* judgment?

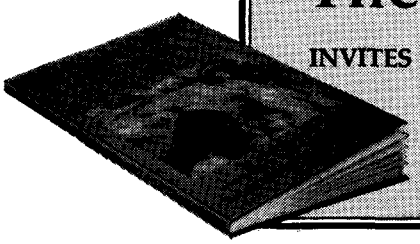
THE STORM by Pierre Auguste Cot

HERE ARE TWO PAINTINGS, both of the same subject, and both discussed in the first portfolio of the Metropolitan Museum's Seminars in Art program. The one at left was held in the highest critical esteem in the 1880's. Today it would be dismissed by most critics as mawkishly sentimental. The other painting was damned as degenerate in the early part of this century. Now it is considered to be one of the finest examples of expressionist art. If you were unexpectedly asked to judge these paintings, would you be able to express a well-reasoned opinion? Or would you, like so many people, be tongue-tied, fearful of exposing ignorance by making any comment at all? A surprising number of otherwise cultivated persons have a blind spot so far as painting is concerned. Visiting a museum, they stand before a famous work of art and see nothing beyond what the painting is "about"—and frequently they are unsure even of that.



THE TEMPEST by Oskar Kokoschka

Anyone who suffers from this form of bafflement probably never has had the opportunity to take a good art appreciation course at a university or attend a clarifying series of lectures at a museum. It was to remedy this situation that the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York devised an unusual program of *assisted* self-education in the understanding and appreciation of art. The invitation below is made to acquaint you with the thorough nature of the program and with its unique method of learning by comparison among great paintings.



The Metropolitan Museum of Art

INVITES YOU TO ACCEPT FOR TWO WEEKS' EXAMINATION

THE FIRST PORTFOLIO OF

ART SEMINARS IN THE HOME

Published and administered by Book-of-the-Month Club, Inc.

THE IDEA: A well-rounded and comprehensive course of lectures in the appreciation of art in which the whole family can participate. You learn by comparison among paintings, utilizing no fewer than 144 large full-color prints of great works....It is like being conducted over a period of time through all the world's museums by experienced lecturers who make clear the fundamental things to look for in whatever paintings you may ever see.

EACH LESSON comes in the form of a portfolio, the core of which is the lecture. But in each portfolio is a pocket containing twelve large full-color reproductions. These pictures are provided separately so that they can be compared side by side with one another to clarify whatever points the lecture aims to illuminate. They have a great advantage, however, over reproductions thrown upon a screen in a lecture hall: they can be more faithful to the originals, can be studied for as long as one wants, and can be referred to again and again. Another advantage is that members of a family can "take the course" either separately or simultaneously—husband and wife, parent and teen-age child. Reading each portfolio aloud, and examining the reproductions together, is like visiting a museum together, pointing out to one another something to be appreciated and enjoyed.

HOW THE COURSE OPERATES •

One can enroll in this program of twelve portfolios just as one would enroll in a semester course in art at a university—with one important difference: you may, if you wish, drop out of the program at any point without proceeding with the complete course. The portfolios are sent consecutively—one every thirty days—but you may, of course, proceed at whatever rate you choose. The price of each portfolio is $3.75 (plus a small charge for mailing expense). This cost includes the twelve separate full-color reproductions, mat size 9½" by 12½", which come with each portfolio. In most retail stores each set of twelve would sell by itself, in comparable reproductions, for from $4 to $7.50.

CONTENTS OF THE TWELVE PORTFOLIOS

WHAT IS A PAINTING?
REALISM
EXPRESSIONISM
ABSTRACTION
PICTURES AS PATTERNS
PICTURES AS STRUCTURES
ARRANGEMENTS AS EXPRESSION
FRESCO
TEMPERA AND OIL
WATER COLOR, PASTEL AND PRINTS
THE ARTIST AS A SOCIAL CRITIC
THE ARTIST AS A VISIONARY

ART SEMINARS IN THE HOME **S8-9**
c/o Book-of-the-Month Club, Inc.
345 Hudson Street, New York 14, N.Y.

PLEASE enroll me as a subscriber to ART SEMINARS IN THE HOME and send me Portfolio No. 1: *What Is a Painting?* for a two-week trial examination. If at the end of that time I decide not to continue the course, I may return the portfolio, canceling the subscription. If I retain it, you will bill me $3.75 (plus a small charge for mailing expense) for it and for each of the remaining portfolios in the Seminars as it is received. I may cancel this subscription at any time.

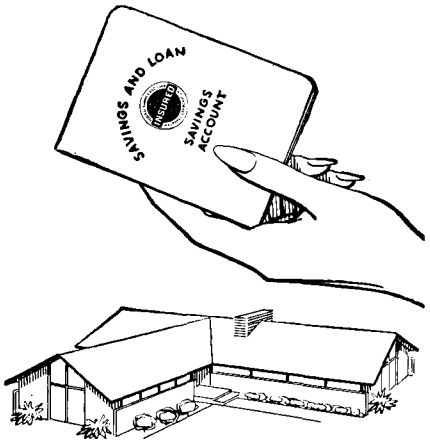
MR. }
MRS. } .....
MISS } (Please print plainly)

Address.....

City.....*Zone*.....*State*.....

PLEASE NOTE: In Canada, the price of each portfolio is $4.25 (plus a small charge for mailing expense) 5-1

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Specialist or Jack-of-all-Trades?

More and more our graduate schools are preparing young men and women for the "Age of Specialization." Scientists who will specialize in a single segment of one part of the complex world of science. Doctors who concentrate in one particular field of medicine. Lawyers who devote themselves exclusively to one branch of the law. Accountants who pursue the special problems of tax legislation.

The jack-of-all-trades can no longer give satisfactory service if he tries to cope with all of the problems in any particular field. Specialization has become almost mandatory as the horizons of knowledge continue to expand.

We, too, are specialists. We specialize in two fields—savings and home loans.

Today, savings and loan associations provide the facilities where 37,000,000 people save their money with safety and profit.

Today, savings and loan associations make more home loans than all other financial institutions combined, over 1,000,000 in 1964 alone.

This specialization provides better services for you and the people of your community.

FEDERAL SAVINGS AND LOAN INSURANCE CORPORATION
SAFETY OF YOUR SAVINGS
INSURED
UP TO $10,000

Savings and Loan Associations

©1965, The Savings and Loan Foundation, Inc., 1111 "E" Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20004

Report on Algeria

If every place in Algeria were as prosperous as the oil cities, nobody would go hungry or jobless. Hassi Messaoud has become one of the most livable spots in North Africa for its five thousand engineers and technicians. There is one drawback, however — the city has only forty women.

Flaws beneath the skin

Behind these signs of moderate well-being are the grimmer marks of social and economic difficulty. There are many beggars, men and women, with ragged children. No ambitious hotel chains have promised to come in to build up the beautiful beaches into resort spots to compete with those in Europe; perhaps none will come until they know just what kind of socialist or other regime is likely to show up in the end. Boumedienne's friendly gesture to the French and Americans, and his expulsion of the Communists after his coup, might invite some reconsideration by foreign investors. But many already there are losing money hand over fist, and are not excessively optimistic.

On the farms, wheat production dropped from the 1962–1963 crop of 1,600,000 tons to 1,100,000 tons in the following season. This year it promised to be a bit better, but not much. Production of wine, which is Algeria's principal cash crop, has fallen from 12 million hectoliters (about 317 million gallons) a year under the French to a point where last year the country could not fill the quota which the French agreed to buy, about 8.6 million hectoliters. This year promises still less.

Heavy industry, such as automobile and truck assemblying, cement manufacture, and oil refining, remains in the hands of the French and is doing fairly well. By contrast, small industries which were taken over by the Algerians, sometimes by agreement, sometimes by nationalization, have gone downhill steadily.

In the face of the growing distress in the country, Ben Bella continued his somewhat expensive program of making Algeria a leading light in African politics. He set up military camps to train guerrilla fighters for rebellions in the Congo and Portuguese Africa. He talked big about sending troops to help the Arab states "liberate" Palestine and destroy Israel. These were heady projects for a man whose biggest job before the revolution had been that of a very efficient adjutant noncommissioned officer in the French Army. But he had charm, and ambition.

He told interviewers that he counted on getting the oil money flowing fast enough into the sluggish economy to provide fresh capital for equipping the farms, to rehabilitate the old factories and build new ones, and to look after the poor. But the economy had slipped for so long that something had to happen.

Boumedienne and the army struck June 19, ten days before the Afro-Asian conference opening, when Ben Bella was rising to his showiest if not biggest hour. A few foreign delegations were already on the scene, and others were converging on Algiers with great fanfare, such men of prestige as Chou En-lai of China, Nasser of Egypt, and Mohammed Ayub Khan of Pakistan.

Conflicts in the cabinet

Despite the postmortem claims of many who said that they foresaw the take-over, virtually everybody was caught by surprise: diplomats, foreigners, Algerians — and Ben Bella. There had been grumbling about the hard times, but always there was the promise that oil money someday would fill up the national treasury.

In the weeks before the coup d'etat, Ben Bella appeared as relaxed and confident as was Khrushchev in Moscow before his fall. He even freed some of his former associates whom he had imprisoned for criticizing his regime. Only after the coup did the stories begin to come out about conflicts in the cabinet. Evidently there had been heated disputes over Ben Bella's expansive dreams of African leadership, and there had been clashes between him and his agricultural specialists. The farm experts claimed that the ill-coordinated management committees which had been put in charge of the huge plantations taken over from French settlers were ruining the countryside.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Why a scallop shell embodies a company's searching spirit

Since antiquity the shell has symbolized the quest—man's eternal search for knowledge. Today, Shell scientists, engineers and explorers probe the unknown, seeking a better tomorrow. Whenever you see the sign of the shell, let it remind you of people striving for excellence, for new ideas, new products, new ways to serve you better.

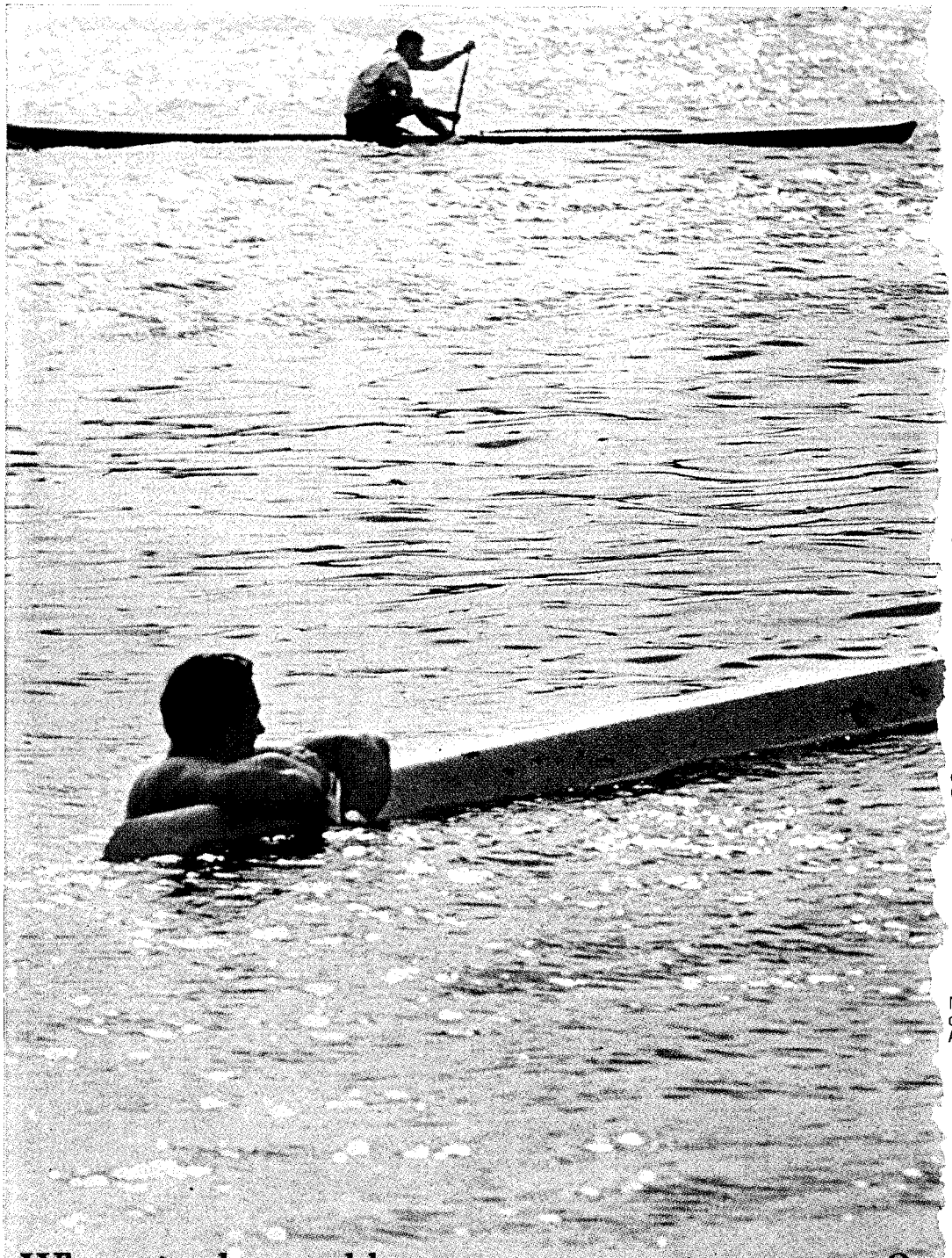
Shell... dedicated to the pursuit of excellence

SHELL

Enameled gold cup, 16th Century, by Benvenuto Cellini.
The Metropolitan Museum of Art. Bequest of Benjamin Altman, 1913.

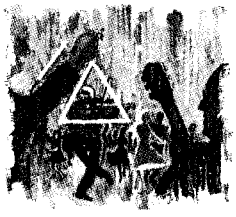
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

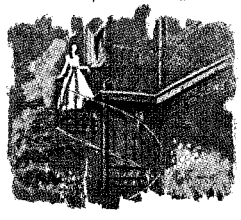


Blessing of the Fleet, Louisiana Shrimp Festival, Morgan City

Tournoi (exhibition of riding skill), Louisiana Cotton Festival, Ville Platte



Fais-dodo (an old-fashioned country dance), Louisiana Sugar Cane Festival, New Iberia



Magnificent old mansions come alive at Natchitoches Annual Historical Tour

Crowning of the Queen, Louisiana Yambilee, Opelousas

Where in the world can you see a pirogue race?

Only in the Louisiana Bayou Country. Each Spring in Lafitte, these swift and tricky Indian craft are raced to prove they're still as useful to fishermen and trappers as they were to smugglers 175 years ago. That's just one of the unusual Louisiana festivals you can enjoy—111 of them throughout the year. Fall is a great time to vacation here, when the weather is balmy and heady as wine. Besides . . . where can you dance at a "fais-dodo" (a "make lullaby") where cajun babies fall happily asleep while their *mamans* and *papas* enjoy country music and creole food? And where can you see a shrimp fleet blessed?

Enjoy such other typical Louisiana Fall-Winter Festivals as—

North Louisiana Cotton Festival, Bastrop

Appaloosa Horse Show, Baton Rouge

International Rice Festival, Crowley

Festival of Beauties, Youngsville

Jeff Davis Oil Exposition, Jennings

St. Helena Forest Festival, Greensburg

Mid-Winter Sports Carnival, New Orleans

Tallulah Christmas Festival, Tallulah

Louisiana, that's where!

For further information about the festive world of Louisiana, write
Louisiana Tourist Development Commission
Dept. A 9-5, P. O. Box 4291, Capitol Station
Baton Rouge, La. 70804

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Report on Algeria

While many of the leaders in and outside the government were socialists, like Ben Bella, some felt he was leaning further than they liked toward the Soviet Union — and perhaps toward Nasser's Egypt. Also, Ben Bella was surrounded, especially in the areas of press and information, by Communist advisers from France and elsewhere. One of Boumedienne's first acts was to sweep them out.

Boumedienne's own army journal, *El-Djeich*, declared after the putsch that the country was destitute. It reported that farm production had fallen to half what it was under the French, that farmers were quitting the land for the cities in search of something to eat, that the ports were idle and the rail system little used.

The magazine also viewed with alarm the flow of workers abroad, although this matter certainly could be looked at from two sides. For years Algerian workmen have flocked to France for the higher wages there. Their remittances to their families have been an important contribution to the nation's income, for since the revolution, some 600,000 Algerians have continued to find jobs in France.

Boumedienne, supported by Chou En-lai, tried to rescue the Afro-Asian conference, but his putsch did it in. The new Algerian leader gave assurance to the amazed delegations that the national policy was not changed, that only a traitorous and power-hungry leader had been deposed. But the score of foreign ministers who had been called to meet a few days before the conference voted to postpone the meeting until November 5, then hurried out of the unhappy capital. They could hardly have done otherwise. Not only had the atmosphere been poisoned by removal of the rather popular man who had invited the sixty-seven nations to come, but someone had affected a punctuation mark by exploding a bomb in the new auditorium. Algerians said Egyptians had done it out of sympathy for Ben Bella.

The army had organized the coup so expeditiously that it was over in a matter of hours, and Ben Bella was carted away to detention. Reacting to a wave of foreign indignation, Boumedienne gave personal assurance to such leaders as Egypt's Nasser and Haile Selassie of Ethiopia that Ben Bella was unharmed and would be tried for crimes against the revolution. Promptly, a flood of denunciation of Ben Bella appeared in the Algerian press to justify the putsch.

Mystifying new leader

Having made the move, Boumedienne could not find any among his colleagues to take Ben Bella's job as premier. Finally he took it on himself. An almost hermetically sealed personality, he dislikes life in the public eye. Where Ben Bella was easy and relatively relaxed in company, Boumedienne is stiff and reserved, a poor mixer. Once at a government reception in Algiers, it is related, he sat alone at a table for four hours, inviting no one to talk to him, occasionally signaling for a fresh cup of coffee.

On a visit to Moscow two years ago he greeted Soviet officials with a forced smile, made a routine speech, cold and uninspired. Boumedienne has none of Ben Bella's magnetism; both Easterners and Westerners seem mystified by him. He rose to the top as a fighter in the revolution, which began in 1954. He fought viciously against a tough French Army, and when it was over, sent his own men to track down and kill Algerian sepoys who had fought with the French against the revolutionary forces. Yet this summer he launched a new campaign to enlist the sepoys in the army.

He started off well as a new leader by stating that all agreements with France, the country's principal benefactor, would be fully respected. President de Gaulle reciprocated with equally strong guarantees of support. To American embassy officials in Algiers, many of whom had hardly seen him, he indicated that relations would continue normally. He sent a Fourth of July message to President Johnson phrased more warmly than any sent by Ben Bella in the past.

Evidently he recognized that whatever his own political leanings might be, he needed continued foreign help. Had it not been for large-

DUFF GORDON SPANISH SHERRY

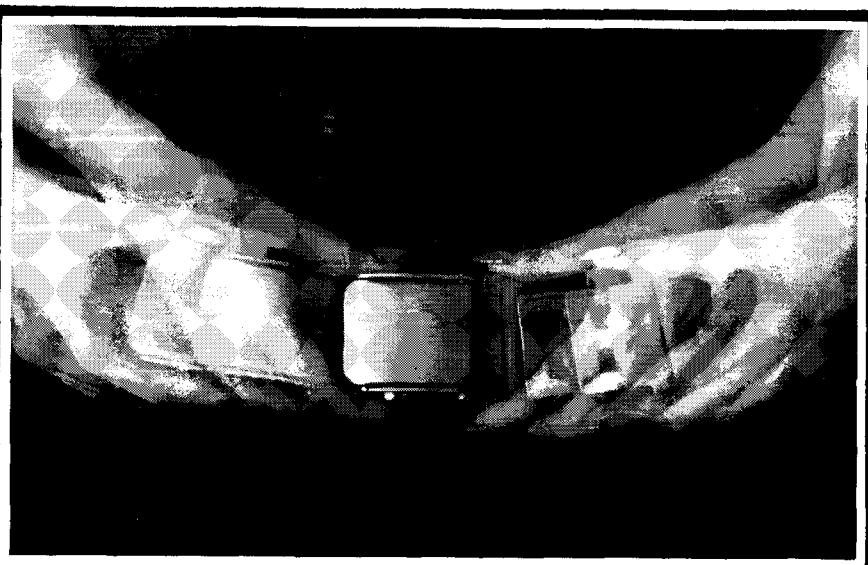
EST. 1768

If it isn't Spanish, it isn't true Sherry... if it isn't Duff Gordon, it isn't the best!

Imported, of course!

SOLE DISTRIBUTOR U. S. A.:
MUNSON G. SHAW CO., NEW YORK

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



It takes 6½ seconds to fasten a seat belt

Best investment in time you'll ever make

6½ seconds could save your life. Or prevent serious injury. That's all the time it takes to pick up a seat belt . . . and fasten it.

If *everyone* did this—every time—the National Safety Council says at least 5,000 lives could be saved each year, and serious injuries reduced by one-third.

Here's a simple reminder for you and your passengers the next time you drive—"Buckle your seat belt, please."

Published to save lives in cooperation with The Advertising Council and the National Safety Council.

scale French aid, about $200 million to $250 million a year, and the lesser aid of the Soviet Union and the United States, the country would have suffered real hardship. As it is, nearly a third of the population lives in part on American surplus food.

The American presence

The surplus food is the principal direct American influence in Algeria. Part of it goes to feed Algerians working on a reforestation project that has covered tens of thousands of acres of barren hills with young trees. The Arabian armies, twelve hundred years ago, had brought goats with them, which in the following centuries have eaten the greenery down to rock level. The last shipment of American wheat for this operation comes in September, after which the Algerian government takes over.

Whatever limited influence the American Embassy and the USIS have in the country was largely offset under Ben Bella by an unrelenting press campaign against United States activities in Vietnam, Cuba, and Santo Domingo. Embassy officials could only get up in the morning and read ulcer-breeding articles in the newspapers while they hunted in vain for a tiny mention of the food deliveries.

Except for the French, other embassies have little better to report. The French, despite the truly atrocious seven years' war they waged to forestall independence, have the best relations of any. Part of it is the old school tie; the French in the embassy and the Algerians in the government in many cases went to the same schools in Paris or worked in the same departments in Algeria before independence.

Boumedienne's fast coup left him all the slow-moving problems Ben Bella had not solved. This year's budget of $840 million carried a built-in deficit of $83 million.

The dragging oil negotiations were bequeathed to him. The oil has been choked off out in the desert where it comes up under high pressure, boiling hot, but far from

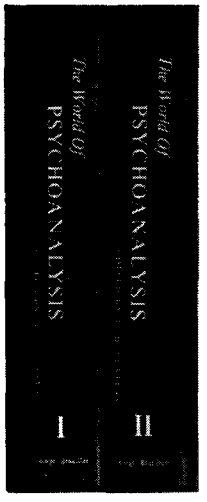
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

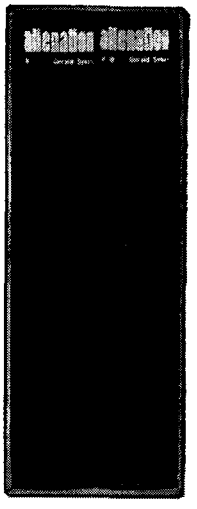
ANY 2

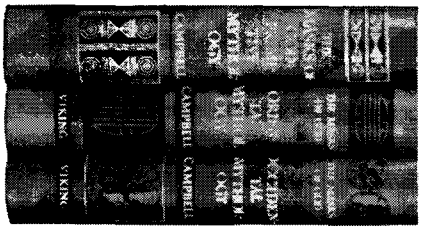
OF THESE VALUABLE REFERENCE WORKS

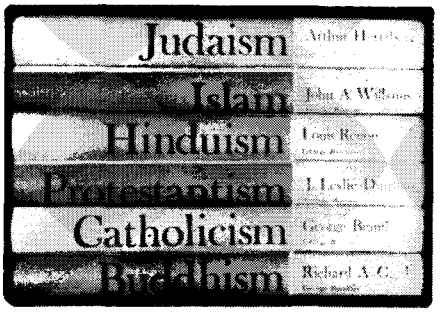
FOR ONLY $4.95

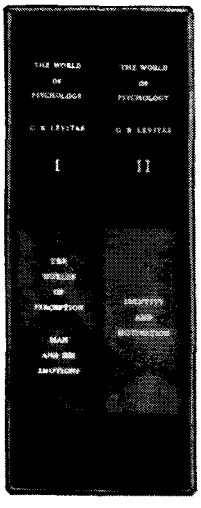
(as many as 10 volumes... combined retail values to $45.45)

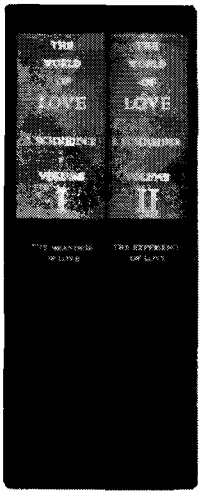


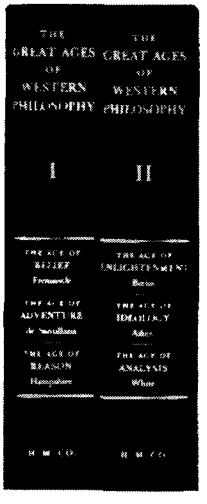


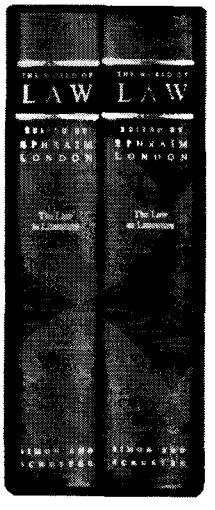


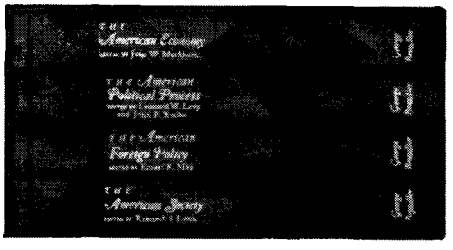












283. GREAT RELIGIONS OF MODERN MAN: Buddhism, Catholicism, Protestantism, Hinduism, Islam, Judaism.

A massive home library presenting the meanings and contemporary significance of the world's major faiths – with extensive selections from their great writings. **Retail $24.00**

305. THE WORLD OF PSYCHOLOGY

Exploring the whole range of motives underlying man's behavior – his perceptions, myths, dreams, fears; his love, hate, and guilt; his ventures into self-discovery – this massive compendium of theories, case studies, and works from world literature contains essential writings by Plato, Freud, Dostoevsky, Jung, Nietzsche, Kafka, Huxley, Fromm, Sartre, and more than 70 other foremost writers. **Retail $17.50**

323. THE MASKS OF GOD: Primitive, Oriental, and Occidental Mythology
Joseph Campbell

The oldest truths of man's inner life seen in the light of a new science to which psychology, anthropology, and archaeology contribute. **Retail $21.45**

267. THE WORLD OF LAW
edited by Ephraim London

From the writings of judges and lawyers, novelists, playwrights, philosophers and prophets, an exciting library of literature about and in law. Among the 90 *authors represented are Douglas, Camus, Hand,* Faulkner, Brandeis, Miller, Cervantes, Frankfurter, Gandhi, James, Rabelais, Swift, Shaw, Zola and Holmes. **Retail $17.50**

309. THE AMERICAN IMAGE
edited by Ernest R. May
Society, Foreign Policy, Political Process, Economy.

A basic 4-volume library of significant writings on American Civilization – from Jefferson and Lincoln, to Roosevelt and Kennedy, from Twain and James to Reisman and Baldwin. **Retail $20.00**

332. ALIENATION: The Cultural Climate of Our Time.
edited by Gerald Sykes

Alienated man – his relentless search for personal identity; rarely has the cultural predicament of modern man been depicted so vividly or comprehensively. Ninety-eight selections from literature, philosophy, psychology, religion, drama, sociology, poetry, and personal narrative expose the harrowing reality of alienation as the universal condition of our time. **Retail $15.00**

289. THE GREAT AGES OF WESTERN PHILOSOPHY

The major writings of the great philosophers through history to today – accompanied by interpretive commentaries to reveal the development of philosophy from St. Augustine to James, Sartre, and Russell. **Retail $15.00**

344. THE WORLD OF PSYCHOANALYSIS

More than 80 leading psychoanalysts and creative writers from Freud and Jung to Menninger and Bettelheim, from Dostoevsky and Proust to Updike and Roth explore the heights and depths of the human psyche: its growth and development, its regression and neurosis individually, within the family, and its profound impact on human society. **Retail $15.00**

322. THE WORLD OF LOVE

The full scope and depth of human love – from its experience, meanings, and pathologies to its social and moral aspects – explored in the great writings of over 100 philosophers, psychologists, theologians, anthropologists and novelists – including Menninger, Proust, Freud, Aristotle, Fromm, Adler, Malinowski, Dostoevski, and James. **Retail $17.50**

AN EXCITING OFFER FOR DISCRIMINATING READERS

Ranging from psychology, myth, law and philosophy to a massive set surveying the world's major religions, these distinguished reference volumes are indicative of the high quality of selections that are available to members of the Book Find Club. These are books of current interest and lasting value – books that will make precious additions to your home library.

To receive the two sets of your choice for just $4.95, you need only agree to take four more books in the coming year from among the many Selections and Alternates that will be offered to you month by month. In addition to the savings you enjoy on every book offered by the club, you will receive bonus credit for each book or record you purchase after completing the introductory agreement. Whenever you have three such credits, we will mail you a certificate that can be redeemed for a FREE book of your choice from our extensive list of bonus selections.

Each month members have the opportunity to obtain such outstanding books as the following – all selections of the Book Find Club:

The Words, Jean-Paul Sartre; *and* **The Heart of Man,** Erich Fromm. Combined retail price $8.95 Member's price (for both books) $5.95

The City in History, Lewis Mumford. Retail $11.50.....Member's price $6.95

The Invisible Government, David Wise and Thomas B. Ross. Retail $5.95.....Member's price $4.50

The Act of Creation, Arthur Koestler Retail $8.95.....Member's price $5.95

The Mother Tongue, Lancelot Hogben Retail $7.50.....Member's price $5.95

Take advantage of this unusual opportunity today. Simply fill out and return the coupon to us. You can receive as many as 10 volumes with an immediate savings of up to $40.50.

The Book Find Club, Inc.
One Park Ave., New York, N.Y. 10016 **65-9A**

Please enroll me as a member of the Book Find Club and send the two reference works indicated, by number, in the boxes below, billing me for only $4.95 (plus a small charge for postage and handling). I agree to buy four books in the coming year from among the wide range of Selections and Alternates that will be made available to me at membership savings. I may cancel my membership at any time after buying these four books. If I continue as a member I will earn a bonus credit with each additional purchase, and for every three credits, I will receive a certificate that can be redeemed for a FREE book of my choice from the bonus selection list.

INDICATE BY NUMBER THE REFERENCE WORKS CHOSEN ☐ ☐

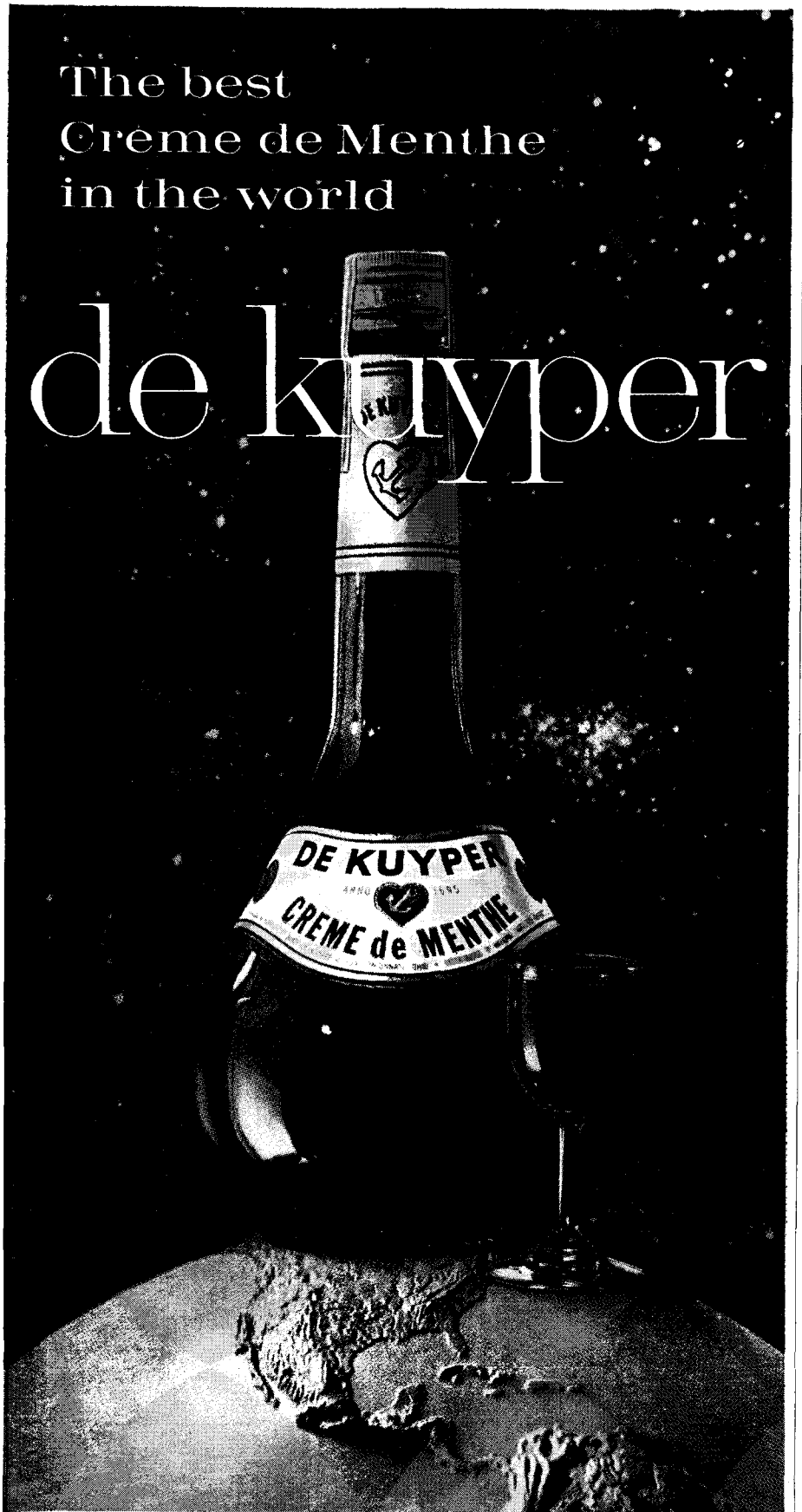
MR.
MRS. .....
MISS
ADDRESS .....

CITY.....STATE.....

(Same offer and prices apply in Canada: 105 Bond St., Toronto 2, Ont.)

ST-2

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



...and its cool, delicious taste is out of this world, after dinner or any time. It's one of 27 fine-tasting de Kuyper Cordials, a Dutch name famous since 1695. To get free cordial recipe booklet, write de Kuyper, Murray Hill Box 47, New York, N. Y. 10016.

60 PROOF. NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CO., NEW YORK

the refineries and tankers awaiting it along the Mediterranean coast. The wells at Hassi Messaoud could produce three times the amount the few available pipelines now haul. Haggling over terms for building them and over terms for continuing the leases has brought great loss to the country and frustration to the oil companies. Neighboring Libya to the east, with fewer ideological preoccupations, quickly came to profitable terms with the big world producers and now is selling more oil only two years after it was discovered there than Algeria delivers after seven years of development.

With the putsch over, Algeria, at least superficially, again took up its regular way of life. People streamed to the beaches on Sundays. Beggars were in the streets. The government continued to try by various methods to get Algerians to pay rent to the state for the thousands of French apartments they had crowded into, often as squatters.

Boumedienne has promised that the new government will look after Algerians first, the rest of the world later. Whatever long-term effect the sacking of Ben Bella and postponement of the Afro-Asian conference will have on Algeria's relations with other countries will emerge only with time. The operation has undoubtedly chilled the once warm contacts between Algeria and the Soviet Union, and has created a rift between Algiers and Cairo, and other Middle Eastern capitals.

The colonel announced to a graduating class that he was building Algeria on Algerian socialist principles and did not need any coaching from socialist states on the outside. Algiers, he said, would no longer be a broadcasting center for Communist propaganda.

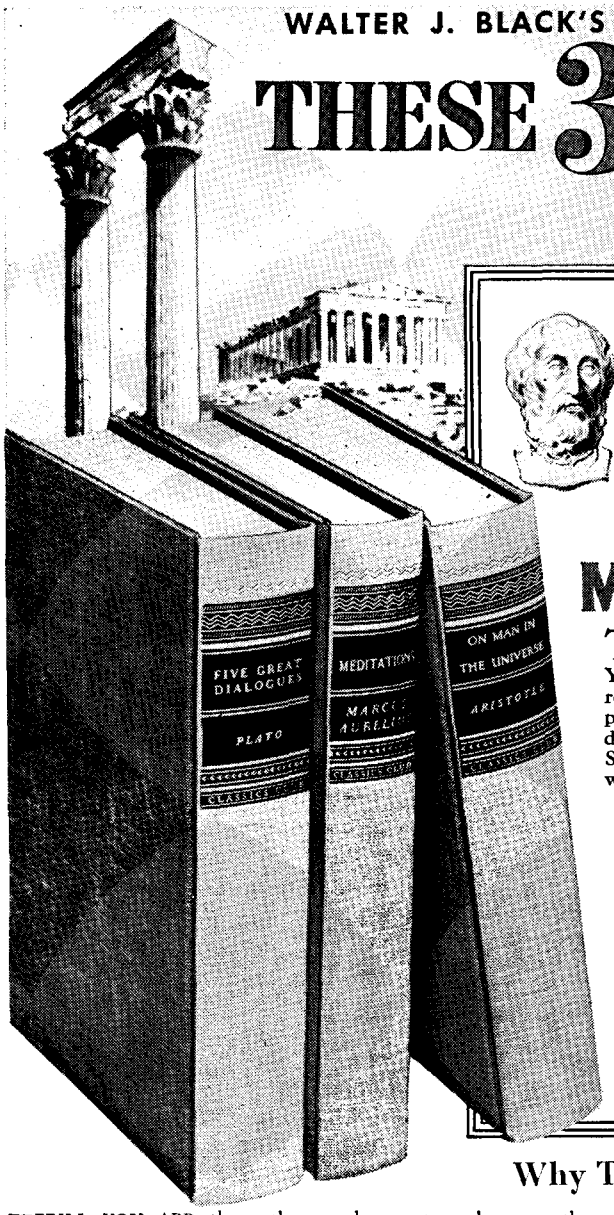
If the country truly settles down, though, many will be surprised. Several of the leaders who made the revolution against the French still choose to remain in exile. Boumedienne after the putsch called Ben Bella a despot. Nobody could be certain whether the epithet would come to fit Boumedienne.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WALTER J. BLACK'S CLASSICS CLUB INVITES YOU TO ACCEPT

THESE 3 *beautifully bound classics*

FOR ONLY $1.00 [REGULAR PRICE $10.17] AS A NEW MEMBER



PLATO FIVE GREAT DIALOGUES

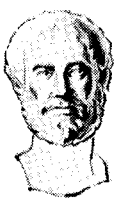
NOTHING short of amazing is the way this great classic (written more than two thousand years ago) hits so many nails squarely on the head today! Here, in the clearest reasoning in all literature, is the pure essence of how to get the best out of life — whether we possess worldly wealth or only the riches in our hearts and minds.

This beautiful edition contains the five great dialogues. In these conversations between friends — fresh, spontaneous, humorous, informal — you have "philosophy brought down from heaven to earth."

MARCUS AURELIUS MEDITATIONS

THROUGH these writings, you gaze as if through a powerful telescope at the Rome of eighteen centuries ago. You will be struck by resemblances to our own era as you read the wise Meditations of the great emperor-philosopher, Marcus Aurelius, the Stoic who found peace in traditional customs . . . the witty arguments of Lucian, the Skeptic . . . the impassioned words of Justin, the Christian, willing to die for the new religion.

ARISTOTLE ON MAN IN THE UNIVERSE



"THE master of them that know," this supreme mind of the fabulous Golden Age of Greece was called by the poet Dante. He was so far ahead of his era that his ideas are astonishingly timely today. Nature, politics, art, drama, logic, morals — he explored them all, with a mind open to truth and a heart eager for understanding.

Included is the essence of his five celebrated essays. You will be amazed, as you read them, how Aristotle discovered by pure reason so many truths upon which modern thinkers have only recently agreed.

Why The Classics Club Offers You This Superb Value

WILL YOU ADD these three volumes to your library — as an introductory offer made only to new members of The Classics Club? You are invited to join today . . . and to receive on approval beautiful editions of the world's greatest masterpieces.

These books, selected unanimously by distinguished literary authorities, were chosen because they offer the greatest enjoyment and value to the "pressed for time" men and women of today.

THE HALLMARK of a cultured home has always been its library of books. Books fill gaps in formal education . . . set a person apart as one who has sought and tasted the wisdom of the ages.

For filling leisure hours with sheer enjoyment, nothing can surpass a classic. No one need ever be friendless or dull if he or she chooses for companions the wisest, wittiest, most stimulating minds that ever lived.

Why Are Great Books Called "Classics"?

A true "classic" is a living book that will never grow old. For sheer fascination it can rival the most thrilling modern novel. Have you ever wondered how the truly great books have *become* "classics"? First, because they are so readable. They would not have lived unless they were read; they would not have been read unless they were interesting. To be interesting they had to be easy to understand. And those are the very qualities which characterize these selections: *readability, interest, simplicity.*

Only Book Club of Its Kind

The Classics Club is different from all other book clubs. 1. It distributes to its members the world's classics at a low price. 2. Its members are not obligated to take any specific number of books. 3. Its volumes are luxurious De Luxe Editions — bound in the fine buckram ordinarily used for $7 and $10 bindings. They have tinted page tops; are richly stamped in genuine gold which will retain its original lustre — books you and your children will read and cherish for years.

A Trial Membership Invitation to You

You are invited to accept a Trial Membership. With your first books will be sent an advance notice about future selections. You may reject any book you do not wish. You need not take any specific number of books — only the ones you want. No money in advance, no membership fees. You may cancel membership at any time.

Mail this Invitation Form now. Today's low introductory price for these THREE beautiful volumes cannot be assured indefinitely, so please respond promptly. THE CLASSICS CLUB, Roslyn, L. I., New York 11576.

THE CLASSICS CLUB JC
Roslyn, L. I., New York 11576

Please enroll me as a Trial Member, and send me at once the THREE beautiful Classics Club editions of PLATO, ARISTOTLE *and* MARCUS AURELIUS. I enclose NO MONEY IN ADVANCE; within one week after receiving my books, I will either return them and owe nothing, or keep them for the special new-member introductory price of ONLY $1.00 (plus a few cents mailing charges) for ALL THREE superb volumes.

As a member, I am to receive advance descriptions of all future selections, but am not obligated to buy any. For each future volume I decide to keep, I will send you only $3.39 (plus a few cents mailing charges). I may reject any volume before or after I receive it, and I may cancel my membership at any time. *(Books shipped in U.S.A. only.)*

Name .....
(Please Print Plainly)

Address .....

City & State ..... ZIP CODE ZONE NO.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SOME 180 miles south of Salisbury, in the sparsely populated Midlands countryside of Rhodesia, seventy-five African men live in a 1000-acre prison without walls. Most of them sleep in eight-by-ten-foot galvanized iron huts, six men to a hut. Their food is meted out in ounces. There are no guards in the compound area, but every morning at eight fifteen there is a roll call, and if an inhabitant has decided to walk out to freedom through the snake-infested bush and high grass, chances are better than even that within hours he will be recaptured.

These men are political prisoners. Members of the Zimbabwe African National Union (ZANU), a political party banned by the white minority government, they have been arrested without specific charges and confined without trial, some of them for five-year terms. Their leader, the Reverend Ndabaningi Sithole, is "in restriction" with them, living in a small grass hut near the edge of the compound. He was brought there May 19, after serving an eleven-month term in jail for circulating a "subversive statement."

In the southeast section of Rhodesia, some 220 miles from this compound, there is another, larger one, holding Joshua Nkomo and about 800 members of his People's Caretaker Council (PCC), also banned. Thus Rhodesia's two leading African nationalists and their parties are immobilized.

Hardening racial policies

The likelihood that a racial confrontation would eventually occur in Rhodesia has existed since the rise of African nationalism some dozen years ago. But the crisis that is coming to a head there now was spurred in 1962, when the white electorate cast out the wavering middle-of-the-road government of Sir Edgar Whitehead and brought the right-wing Rhodesian Front Party to power. Since then, the government has detained or restricted more than 3000 persons (Africans, Asians, and Coloreds of mixed blood) without trials or specific charges; banned one daily newspaper and expelled several editors from the country; expelled at least four missionaries, including the Reverend Ralph E. Dodge, a bishop of the Methodist Church; set up a propaganda machine under the direction of P. K. van der Byl and Ivor Benson, both of them ultra-right-wing white supremacists from South Africa; dismissed the chief of staff of the army and the director of the state broadcasting system; and threatened repeatedly to declare independence unilaterally from Britain.

Rhodesia has been a self-governing colony since 1923. Thirty years later it joined Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland to form the Central African Federation, but that fell apart at the end of 1963 when these two states stepped out to become the independent nations of Zambia and Malawi, under African leadership.

Rhodesia lies south of the Zambesi River, along with South Africa and the Portuguese colonies of Angola and Mozambique, and the Zambesi has become Africa's Mason and Dixon line, the ideological boundary below which white supremacy clings to power. Prime Minister Ian Smith, a forty-seven-year-old tobacco farmer, has vowed that there will be no African government in Rhodesia in his lifetime.

Rhodesia under Smith continues steadily to harden its racial policies. Multiracial opposition has grown weaker as it has become more liberal, and the organizational home for this opposition — the Rhodesia Party — could not capture a single seat from the Rhodesian Front opponents in the May 7 parliamentary elections. As a result, liberals are hard to find, and the few who remain are being forced underground by social and economic ostracism.

For whites, the only liberal pockets left are in some segments of the press, the church, and the schools, including the University College of Rhodesia and Nyasaland, and all three of these areas are feeling increasing pressure from the Front. The middle ground they represent is rapidly eroding, and a polarization at the extremes is taking place.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Go ahead and read the fine print! This is

ONE RECORD CLUB WITHOUT RESTRICTIONS:

- **Choose any LP, any label**—no pre-selections!
- **Buy 1 record or 100**—no yearly quotas!
- Join once for a lifetime—**no annual fees!**
- **Save at least ⅓**—and much more on special sales!

This is the way you want it . . . a record club without restrictions. With the Record Club of America you can order any LP available in the entire Schwann Catalog (over thirty thousand selections) and save on every one! Nobody limits you to one label or two. Nobody sends you a card that means you get an unwanted record if you forget to return it. Nobody says you have to buy 4, 6, or 8 times a year. And nobody asks you to pay an annual membership fee. With Record Club of America you join once—and belong for a lifetime.

Here's HOW Record Club of America Works:

Fill out your Lifetime Membership application. Send it, with your check or money order for $5 to Record Club of America. By return mail you'll receive your membership card guaranteeing you our regular discount of more than 1/3 off on every record you buy. That means you buy at dealer costs: all $3.79 LP's at $2.39; $4.79 LP's at $2.99 and $5.79 LP's at just $3.69. And our publication, Disc., which regularly supplements Schwann's listings, keeps you informed of the Club's extra-saving "double discount" specials like those featured at right. Disc. also presents timely critical reviews by many of the nation's leading authorities. For your convenience we always enclose an order blank. Your order is processed the day we get it. Records come to you factory new. If not completely satisfactory they can be returned, immediate replacement guaranteed. Over 250,000 individual members and many of the nation's leading schools and libraries are today enjoying tremendous savings made possible through Record Club of America. Why not join them . . . and join us, today?

GIFT MEMBERSHIP SPECIAL!

Your membership entitles you to buy or offer gift memberships to friends, relatives and neighbors for only $2.50 with full privileges. You can split the total between you—the original membership and one gift membership divided equally brings your cost down to $3.75; one original membership and four gift memberships brings your cost down to $3 each. Get a gang together —everybody saves!

© 1965 RECORD CLUB OF AMERICA, INC.

TYPICAL "DOUBLE DISCOUNT" SPECIAL SALE!

LIST PRICE	OUR PRICE
3.79 Capitol, Columbia, RCA Victor Bestsellers	$1.99
5.79 Westminster, Vox, Everest, RCA Victor Classical Albums	$1.77
4.79 & 5.79 Audio Fidelity, Command Albums	$1.99

CLASSICAL | OPERA | JAZZ | FOLK | COUNTRY & WESTERN | MUSICAL COMEDY

Join the more than 250,000 happy members of

RECORD CLUB OF AMERICA

FREE SCHWANN CATALOG

Over 30,000 selections
from more than 300 manufacturers!
CAPITOL • COLUMBIA • ANGEL
RCA VICTOR • DECCA • MERCURY
WESTMINSTER • DEUTSCHE GRAMMOPHON
VOX • VERVE • LONDON
ROULETTE • ABC PARAMOUNT
ELECTROLA • AND HUNDREDS MORE

928-A

Record Club of America
1285 Princess Street
York, Pennsylvania 17405

Gentlemen:

☐ Enclosed please find my check or money order for $5.00 which will guarantee me Lifetime Membership in Record Club of America. I understand that I am under no obligation to purchase at any time, and that any purchases I do make will be at CLUB SAVINGS. I am free to choose any album as listed in the Schwann Record Catalog or Record Club of America's regular publication, *Disc.*

☐ Add _____ Gift Memberships to my request. I enclose a check for _____ at $2.50 each gift member, and have listed on attached sheet their names and addresses.

Signed_____

Address_____

City_____

State_____

Zip Code_____

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

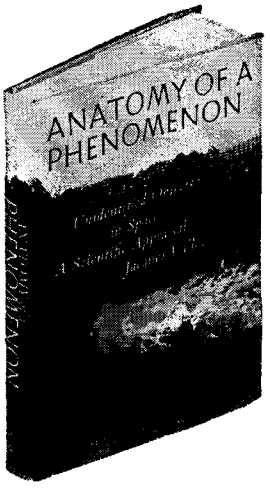
"Space travel is utter bilge!"

So proclaimed the Astronomer Royal of England in 1956. One year later, Sputnik was orbiting the Earth 15 times each day.

Eight years later, Mariner IV raced at 25,000 miles per hour to intercept and photograph Mars. In June and July of 1965, as Mariner IV neared the mysterious planet—and as Mars reached the point in its orbit which brought it closer to Earth than it had been in several years—a rash of "flying saucer" sightings occurred, a number of them by scientists who stated that while strange objects hovered above their laboratories, certain scientific apparatus went haywire.

Are Flying Saucers Utter Bilge?

Quite Possibly Not, says Jacques Vallee, French astronomer and mathematician, and consultant to the National Aeronautics and Space Administration's Mars-Map project, in an intriguing and revealing study of Unidentified Flying Objects—their history, possible nature and significance.



$4.95

Henry Regnery Company PUBLISHERS

114 West Illinois Street, Chicago, Illinois 60610

Report on Rhodesia

There are three principal protagonists in the Rhodesian drama, each capable of precipitating a tragedy of major proportions: the Rhodesian Front, the African nationalists, and the British government.

The Front has made perfectly clear what it wants: independence from Britain under the present constitution and white supremacy forever. Nobody knows for sure how many of the country's 217,000 whites are in full sympathy with this position, but it is generally conceded that most of them are. They argue simply that the white settlers made Rhodesia; there would have been little reason for the black Africans to come there in numbers were it not for what the whites had built.

In two elections during the past nine months, white voters have given overwhelming support to the Front. One close observer of the political scene, a liberal journalist, estimates that perhaps 200 whites would accept with equanimity a black government fairly soon, and as many more would not object to such a government within the next twenty years. "The vast majority will never accept it quietly," he said.

B-roll and A-roll

To control the more than 4 million nonwhites in the country, the Rhodesian Front has a small but powerful military and police force, well equipped and well trained, which is backed up by a ready reserve of some 25,000 young men. On top of that, every white man between the ages of eighteen and fifty can be called into service in an emergency. There is also the CID, Rhodesia's version of the FBI, which is coldly efficient and genuinely feared. Documented cases of brutality by these forces are numerous, causing more than one Rhodesian to say publicly that the Front is reminiscent of Germany under Adolph Hitler.

Life for the African in such an atmosphere is difficult at best. In addition to the detentions, the ban on political activity, and the police brutality, Africans must face a grossly inadequate school system, a comparatively higher cost of living,

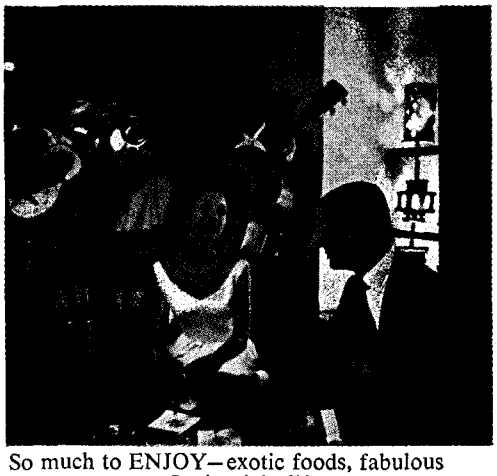
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The place to go is

méXico

So much SUN—breathtaking beaches, lush foliage, surf-skiing, scuba-diving, snorkeling, game fishing in the blue Pacific.

So much to SEE—colorful fiestas, native theatre, modern museums, art centers.

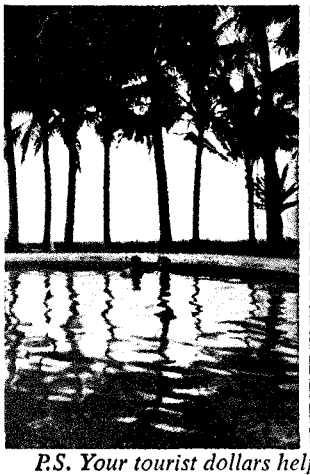


So much to ENJOY—exotic foods, fabulous restaurants, gay Latin night life.

So much ACTION—golf, horse-back riding, exciting "charreadas."

So much to EXPLORE—awesome pyramids, ancient cultures, picturesque colonial towns.

So much FUN—thrilling bullfights, racing, jai alai, championship international soccer.



P.S. Your tourist dollars help boost U.S. exports. Mexico is America's best Latin American customer. See your travel agent.

Department A-2
Mexico Information Office
2 East 55 St., N. Y., N. Y. 10022

Gentlemen:
Please send illustrated literature on Mexico.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ STATE____ ZIP____

Mexico ■ Site of the 5th World Golf Championship, 1966 ■ World Soccer-Football Cup, 1970 ■ Home of the 1968 Olympic Games

Mexican National Tourist Council ■ Mexican Government Tourism Department

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Cointreau Strawberries Romanoff.

Cointreau is brimming with talent!

Adding drama to desserts is only one of the manifold talents of Cointreau Liqueur. World-famous after-dinner solo performer, Cointreau is also a big hit at cocktail parties, giving a special dimension to such favorites as Side Cars, Margaritas...And Cointreau Liqueur on the rocks (the "Cointreau Pearl") rates enthusiastic encores every time! Write for your free copy of "Gourmet's Guide" recipes today. Cointreau Liqueur and its companion cordials, 50 to 80 proof, are produced and bottled by Cointreau Ltd., Pennington, New Jersey.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

an average income one tenth that of whites, and a high unemployment rate. As required by law, they must live either in the ghettolike townships or in reserves far out in the bush, and they must carry identification to go outside those areas.

Voting in elections is based on a complicated formula involving income, property, and education, with the effect that only a relative handful are eligible. Furthermore, all but a few hundred of the qualified African voters are on the so-called B-roll, which means they can vote only for the fifteen B-roll Parliament seats, and not for the fifty A-roll seats held by whites. Even the B-roll members, who are Africans, cannot escape discrimination because the Parliament itself observes numerous petty forms of segregation. Most hotels, theaters, and restaurants in the country are closed to nonwhites, and job advancement, even for the highly qualified, is a rare thing to accomplish.

In fairness to Smith and the Rhodesian Front, it must be said that they alone are not responsible for white supremacy in the country. Not since Garfield Todd lost the prime ministership to Sir Edgar Whitehead in 1958 has a man sympathetic to African rights been in office, and even Todd looks liberal to a great extent by comparison. Whitehead and his colleague Sir Roy Welensky, the former prizefighter and railway worker who became Prime Minister of the Central African Federation, were only mildly interested in giving the African a political voice. Though Whitehead toward the end of his reign seemed to be mellowing a bit, he could hardly be called liberal or even moderate, except perhaps in comparison with Smith, and if he was more genteel than the present Prime Minister, he was also more hypocritical. No one need wonder what Smith's feelings are; he states them bluntly.

It was Whitehead who first introduced detention without trial, the ban on African political parties, and a host of oppressive laws aimed at intimidation, imprisonment, and even death for black protesters. And it was Whitehead who negotiated the present constitution in 1961 (a constitution which, incidentally, was opposed so strongly by Ian Smith, then a Member of Parliament in Whitehead's United Federal Party, that he walked out in protest).

The constitution has never been recognized by the African nationalists. It theoretically could bring about African majority rule in ten to fifteen years, but Smith, who now seems willing even to leave the British Commonwealth in order to save it, has said repeatedly that Africans will never control the government. The constitution has no guarantees against search without warrant, arrest without charge, or detention without trial, and it is generally conceded that Smith wants independence under it only to amend into oblivion the few remaining freedoms it preserves.

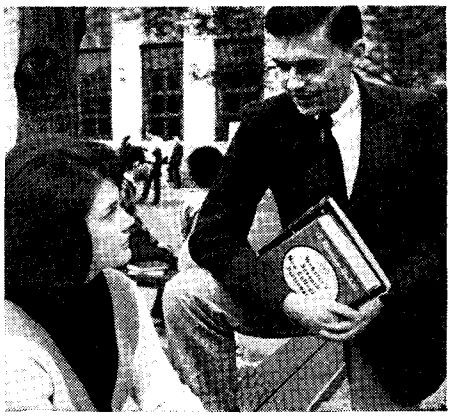
In spite of the fact that they are outnumbered almost twenty to one, the whites in Rhodesia, as represented by the Front, are in firm control, and they want independence from Britain in order to make their position permanently secure.

Nationalism versus tribalism

The second major character in the Rhodesian drama is the African, represented by Joshua Nkomo's PCC group and Ndabaningi Sithole's ZANU. With both of the leaders in restriction and all political activities by their followers banned, the African is without a voice.

Furthermore, the once unified nationalists split in 1963 when Sithole and a small group of dissidents grew tired of Nkomo's indecisiveness and formed their own group. Though the two disagree on little of real substance, they have drifted farther apart, and all efforts at reunion have failed. Sithole, an American-educated intellectual, is generally considered the best organizer and policy maker, but Nkomo, who also is a university graduate (South Africa), has a much broader appeal with the people, thanks to his spellbinding oratory.

Further hurting the nationalist cause is the fact that the African tribal chiefs of Rhodesia have given support to the white government, and Smith had advertised this as



Success in school starts with Webster's Seventh New Collegiate Dictionary... and there are 20,000 reasons why!

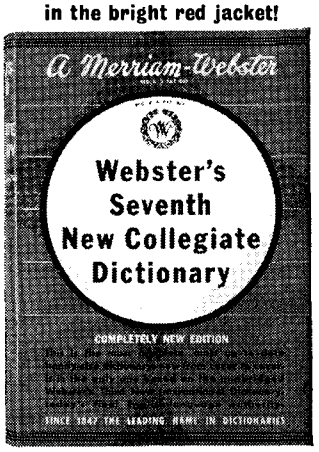
Old dictionaries cannot give today's students the thousands of new words that have entered our language — words they use daily in their courses.

But Webster's Seventh New Collegiate does: with 20,000 *new* words and *new* meanings . . . with 130,000 entries in all. It is the only "Webster" with scientific names of plants and animals . . . rules for spelling and punctuation. Required or recommended at schools and colleges everywhere, this is the only desk dictionary based on Webster's Third New International, final word authority of the U. S. Printing Office and our courts of law.

Start the school year right with this proven aid to success. At book, department, stationery stores. $5.75 . . . $6.75 indexed.

© G. & C. Merriam Co., Springfield, Mass.

Look for the book in the bright red jacket!

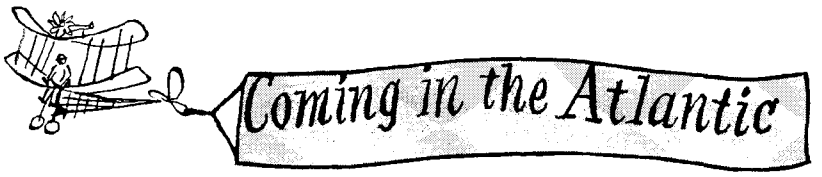


Beware of substitute "Websters". Insist on the genuine

MERRIAM-WEBSTER

The leading name in dictionaries since 1847

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



A TRIO OF LITERARY PLEASURES

Young Dylan Thomas:

His escape to London and his first love affair with a budding authoress, from a forthcoming biography by Constantine FitzGibbon.

Frank Kermode on Muriel Spark:

A fine critic talks with elegance and perception about a fine novelist's latest work, *The Mandelbaum Gate.*

Eudora Welty on Writing Fiction:

A probing analysis of the novelist's voice in revealing mankind to man, by one of America's best writers.

A POLITICAL EVENT

The first of a spate of books by John F. Kennedy's White House intimates, *Kennedy,* by Theodore Sorenson, his legal counsel and speech writer, is examined by political columnist Murray Kempton.

A PAPAL PORTRAIT

Pope Paul VI and his works, as seen by Sanche de Gramont, reporter, writer, and student of the Vatican's newly reconvened Ecumenical Council.

and THE ATLANTIC EXTRA

One of today's most brilliant conveyors of foreign sights, sounds, smells, and people, James Morris, tells of the "Unquiet Genius of Egypt."

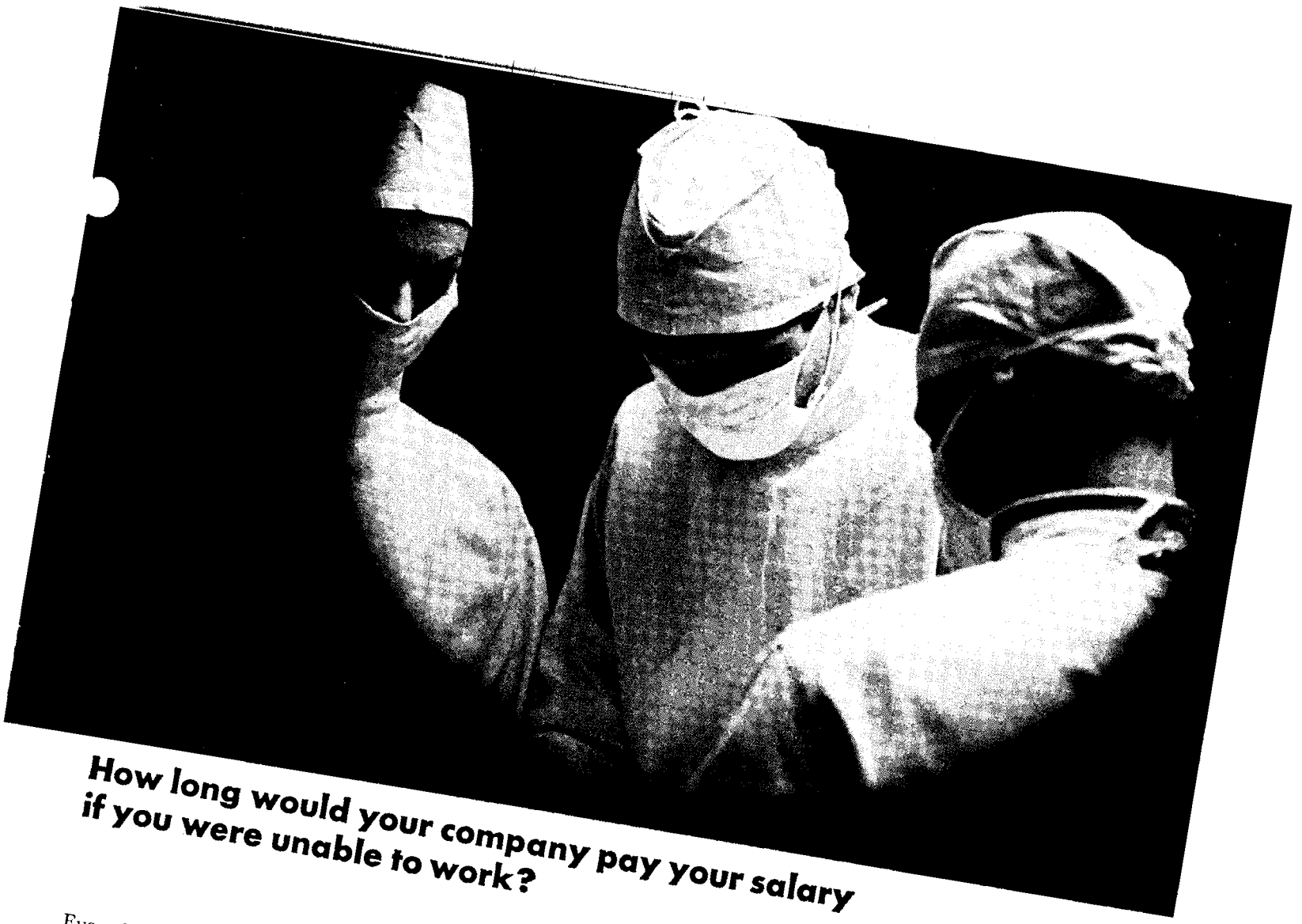
being representative of the feelings of the African people. Even some of the Rhodesian Front supporters laugh up their sleeves at this, though, since the government has boldly bought the support of the chiefs with handsome salaries and periodic junkets overseas. Tribalism is less a factor in Rhodesia than in most African countries, and most people think there is little significance in the chiefs' sellout to the Front. The chiefs are poorly educated and lacking in influence, and cannot be said to represent the people truly. "If the Front is convinced that rank-and-file Africans will echo their chiefs, why don't they let the people vote?" asks Sithole.

Nationalism is the antithesis of tribalism, and it is not difficult to see why the chiefs might be motivated to support the antinationalist white government. It is ironic, though, that whites who continually urge Africans to throw off their past and accept the modern world's advantages in medicine and agriculture would at the same time urge them to cling to the "wisdom" of their political witch doctors, the chiefs.

The fifteen B-roll seats in Parliament, held by Africans, are both ineffective and unrepresentative. The vast majority of Africans have refused to register to vote and have boycotted every election since the one in 1961 at which the constitution was approved. Their position has been that acceptance of the fifteen seats and participation in the government would have the appearance of complicity with a government and a constitution that they totally reject.

Few alternatives are open to the nationalists except violence. Their buying power is not sufficient to make an economic boycott successful, and they are already too crippled by unemployment to gain anything from a general strike. In their frustration, Africans have turned to clumsy and uncoordinated acts of sabotage. There are some well-informed persons who fear Communist support of these efforts from outside the country; now those fears have been heightened by government seizure of several caches of Russian-made arms.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



How long would your company pay your salary if you were unable to work?

Even the most generous employer couldn't be expected to carry you, at full salary, through a lengthy disability. That's why income replacement is your *first* health insurance need.

Consider this. If you're age 32 and earning $7,500 a year, your future earning potential is well over a quarter of a million dollars. If you owned property worth that much, you'd never dream of letting it go uninsured—yet you're probably doing just that to yourself.

Perhaps you're the rare person with enough health insurance to meet heavy medical bills. But what about your living expenses . . . rent, food, clothing, schooling? What happens to all that when the paychecks stop?

A good way to insure that the paychecks won't stop is through Ætna Life's Health Estate Program. A program that forecasts your needs. Analyzes your present health protection. And seeks to close the gaps, as economically as possible.

There is no substitute for such thorough, reassuring Health Estate Programming. Nor is there a substitute for Ætna Life. Ætna has long been the choice of businessmen. More businesses are group insured with Ætna Life than with any other company. Contact your local Ætna Life or Ætna Casualty representative today. You'll sleep a lot easier tomorrow.

Ætna
LIFE & CASUALTY

THE CHOICE OF BUSINESSMEN LETS YOU CHOOSE WITH CONFIDENCE

ÆTNA LIFE INSURANCE CO., Ætna Casualty and Surety Co., Standard Fire Insurance Co., Hartford, Conn. ■ The Excelsior Life, Canada

DON'T MISS "NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC: AMERICANS ON EVEREST" ON CBS-TV, FRIDAY EVENING, SEPT. 10.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

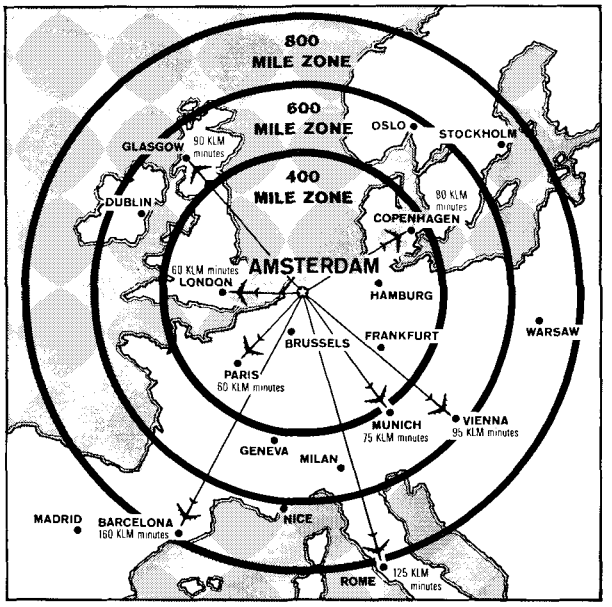
"You bet I'm going to Paris. But – by George – I'm going to Amsterdam first"

Reliable KLM reveals some of the reasons people start and end their vacations in Surprising Amsterdam–now one of the four most popular cities in Europe. For more surprises, clip coupon.

Intensely European. "Amsterdam is the most intensely European of all cities," says Arthur Frommer, popular travel writer. "It's the perfect spot from which to begin a European vacation. There is no letdown when you arrive, no feeling that you have yet to reach the 'real' Europe." Above: Amsterdam's 295-year-old Magere Brug.

Surprising night life. Amsterdam's night life will quicken your pulse, *but the prices won't.* You can have a first-night fling – including a 21-dish rijsttafel dinner, drinks, and a floor show with an ecdysiast (above) – for $6.50. All prices are remarkably low. When you press on from Amsterdam, your budget will be intact. A happy feeling.

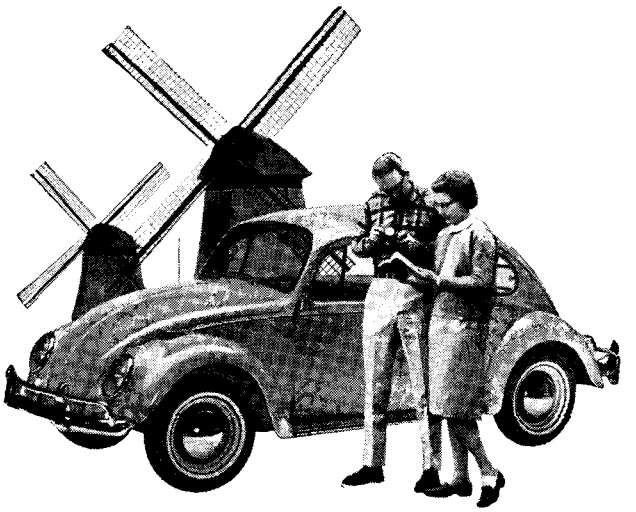
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The hub of Europe. Amsterdam makes an ideal starting point because of its strategic location. It sits at the *edge* of the Continent—which, surprisingly, turns out to be the *middle* of Europe. Look at the map. *Fourteen* of Europe's brightest capitals are within KLM's 800-mile circle above.

KLM can whisk you to London or Paris in 60 minutes, to Copenhagen in 80, to Rome in 125. You can also leave by car, bus, train *or boat*.

Incidentally, ask your travel agent about KLM's plan that gives you *first class* hotel with private bath, breakfast, and *unlimited* sightseeing in 14 European cities—for $10 a day (P.S. After Oct. 17, you can get 2 days *free* by starting in Amsterdam!)



Low car rental rates. Hertz and Avis rates in Amsterdam are unusually low. Example: you can rent a Volkswagen for as little as $3.75 a day and 6½ cents a mile. *On a typical 30-day auto tour, you could save as much as $100 by starting in Surprising Amsterdam.*

No language problem—on the "telefoon," or face to face. Nearly 90 percent of Amsterdammers can speak *English*. This makes your visit more interesting. And what a blessing when you're first getting used to Europe's customs, currency, and geography.

Tax-free shopping. Here's a surprising reason to *end* your trip in Amsterdam. The tax-free center at the airport is the *largest* in Europe. Sample bargain: brand-name Scotch for just $2 a fifth. Save up to $30 on radios, $10 on fountain pens, too.

Clip coupon for new "Surprising Amsterdam" Guidebook

(Or pick up a free copy from your travel agent.)

☐ Please send KLM's new 208-page *book*, "Surprising Amsterdam." I enclose 25¢ in coin for mailing costs.

Please send free brochures on:

☐ KLM's "Europe on $5 a Day"—with hotel, meals, sightseeing for 2 days *free* when you start in Amsterdam.

☐ KLM's "Europe on $10 a Day" (same free offer above).

☐ KLM's "Mediterranean Highlights"—choice of 2 air tours, 6 air/sea *cruises*.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____ Zip Code_____

_____
(My travel agent is)

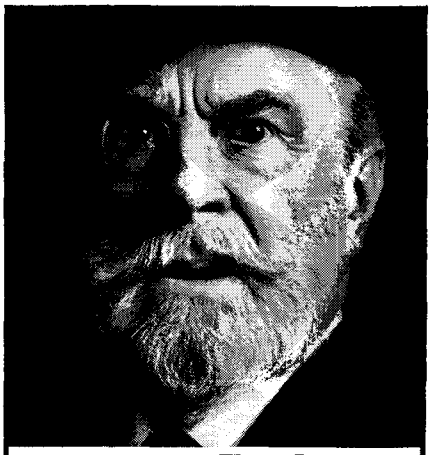
KLM Royal Dutch Airlines,
G.P.O. Box 1869
New York, N.Y. 10001. (PL 9-3600)

KLM
ROYAL DUTCH AIRLINES

AT-4

See KLM-Cinerama's show "To the Moon and Beyond" at the World's Fair—Transportation and Travel Pavilion

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"with Beef and Yorkshire Pudding?"

POSITIVELY WIZARD! For Blue Nun is a white wine that ends all that poppycock about "red wine with beef...or lamb...or veal...or pork." Blue Nun is correct with all of them. The taste of this Rhine Wine actually adapts to different dishes. It is light with fish...bolder with beef...subtle with dessert. (You could search the Empire before you would find a red wine that can do all that!) Don't even try. Just buy a bottle of Blue Nun for your next dinner party—no matter what you're serving.

BLUE NUN

LIEBFRAUMILCH

FROM THE HEART OF GERMANY

Imported by Schieffelin & Co., N.Y.©

Report on Rhodesia

Sithole, with a five-year sentence to serve in restriction, gives the impression of being a patient and confident man. "Only the whites can provide a constitutional solution to this stalemate," he said. "If they won't, the only alternative is bloodshed. This oppression can't be maintained forever. Sooner or later, it will break down." Nkomo has said essentially the same thing. Both of them are waiting for the white man to make his choice.

White patience

The choice must be made in part by Britain, the third major character in the Rhodesian struggle. Under both Conservative and Labor governments the British have expressed unequivocal opposition to Rhodesian independence "so long as the government of that country remains under the control of a white minority." The Rhodesian Front, by threatening unilateral independence, has kept the issue hot, but so far Smith has been unwilling to drop the other shoe.

Negotiations between the two governments are continuing, and one informed source in Salisbury believes a British "sellout" is imminent. "Britain wants badly to be rid of Rhodesia," said the source, "and it seems likely that some sort of compromise that will allow the white minority to perpetuate its control is in the making."

In such an event, the Rhodesian Front could probably hold out indefinitely, perhaps for twenty years or more. While the country is not as prepared as South Africa to thumb its nose at the world, it has plenty of advantages nonetheless. Rhodesia is a beautiful country with an ideal climate and probably the highest state of development of any former colony in Africa.

The government controls an educational system in which white parents are given stiff fines for failure to send their children to school while only 15,000 nonwhites in the entire country are enrolled in classes above the primary-school level. It controls employment and the economy so tightly that Africans literally owe their souls to the company store. It has at its command all the weapons of press control, detention, deportation, political ban, and suspension of civil rights, and it shows an increasing willingness to use these powers. It is, in sum, close to being a solid white nationalist regime that can thrive with or without independence.

Buoyed by the sweep of Parliament seats in the election and sure of its ability to maintain rigid control, the Rhodesian Front is showing signs of confident patience. Smith apparently believes he can get what he wants without independence, and time is on his side. The economic slump of the past two years appears to have halted, as does the heavy out-migration of whites.

The pressure now is on Britain, for it must either intervene and force majority rule or stand by and let apartheid become complete and permanent. The British Labor government, walking a tightrope with its crumpet-thin majority, seems unlikely to precipitate a showdown now; thus the "sellout" rumors grow ever more persistent.

On May 29 the Front restricted a white man for the first time when it ordered Leo Baron, Nkomo's attorney, not to venture beyond a fifteen-mile radius of the Bulawayo post office. The next day, the Rhodesia Party — a remnant of Whitehead's opposition party — disbanded after its annihilation in the May parliamentary elections. And the day before Baron's restriction, the government declared a "state of emergency" in the area surrounding Nkomo's restriction camp in an obvious effort to prevent the courts (the only section of government Smith does not completely control) from freeing the restrictees in response to an appeal now pending.

So the stalemate continues, and the Rhodesian Front grows bolder in its disregard for legal processes. Phones are tapped, mail is opened, plainclothes detectives tail "suspicious" persons, and police at roadblocks search cars for hidden weapons. Nkomo and Sithole try to maintain control of the Africans while they themselves are divided and without latitude for maneuver. Britain marks time, attrition nibbles away at the already depleted ranks

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

1 *Did you know Tom is studying the new math in school?*

Oh, yes—we were just discussing Diophantine equations.

2 *I still don't understand the old math.*

I notice you sometimes count on your fingers.

3 *When I was in school, my best subject was lunch.*

How did you ever manage to get a degree?

4 *Plain old horse sense, that's how.*

Well, have you ever used that plain old horse sense to figure out where we're going to get the money to put Tom through college?

5 *I sure have. We're going to get it from my Equitable Living Insurance policy. If something happens to me, the policy will help pay Tom's bills. But since I intend to be around, we can use the policy's cash values to help do the job.*

You may not be much at ***math,*** *but you're summa cum laude in my book.*

Look ahead with Living Insurance

The EQUITABLE Life Assurance Society of the United States

Home Office: 1285 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N. Y. 10019

© Equitable 1965

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Space contributed as a public service by this magazine.

Photo from a United Way children's service, contributed by Jack Fleming.

Her shining face represents millions of people of all ages who receive merciful help and hope each year from the agencies and services of your United Campaign. She is a symbol of their need and their gratitude. But she also reminds us of the work that remains to be done in every community. There are homeless children without hope and laughter. Teen-agers who need guidance. Troubled families who need counsel. Elderly folk unable to care for themselves. Crippled and handicapped who need treatment to take the first step. Your United Way gift can make this help available. It can assist a child or an aged person. Look at her. Can she be denied?

Your One Gift Works Many Wonders/THE UNITED WAY

25 million families benefit from child care, family service, youth guidance, health programs and services for the armed forces through 34,500 United Way agencies

of white liberals in Rhodesia, and the independent African states mutter dark threats of intervention.

Brooding stalemate

There was a time when the nationalists in Rhodesia spoke of their desire for a nonracial government. They still use the term, but as Ian Smith pulls the white minority further to the right, the conflict polarizes into black versus white, and sooner or later it seems sure to explode. Viewing the decline in the liberal ranks with despair, Sithole now speaks of white liberals as "sugar-coated white supremacists," and the number who still maintain the confidence of either Sithole or Nkomo is minute.

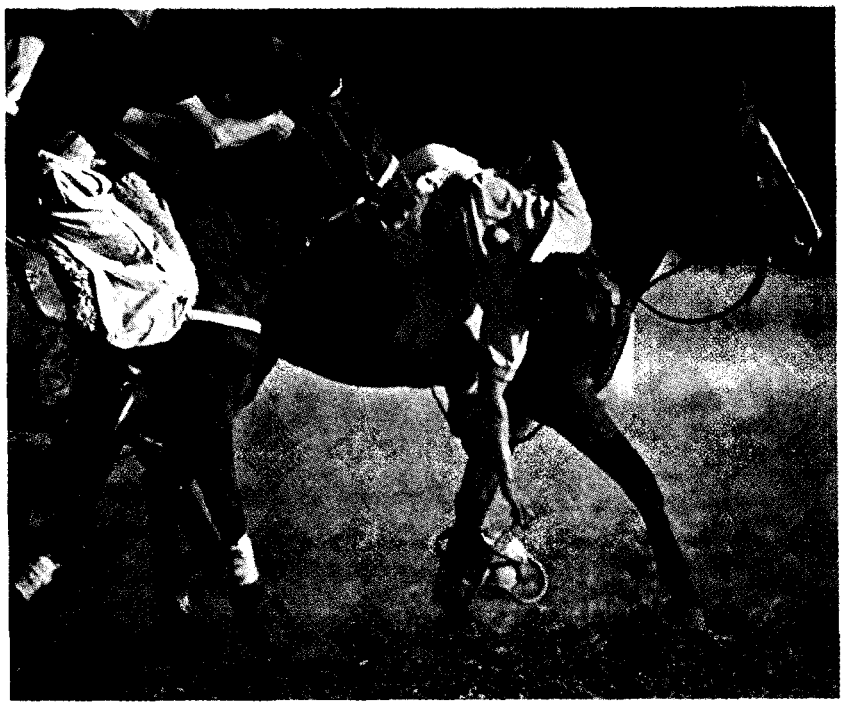
Many Rhodesians had expected some sort of dramatic new developments either at the opening of the Rhodesian Parliament June 9 or at the Commonwealth Prime Ministers' Conference in London later that month. Neither event produced such a climax. Instead, the tense uneasiness created an intrusion of British royalty into the political sphere. In a speech to a group of college students, Prince Philip suggested off the cuff that the ultimate end of white rule in Rhodesia is inevitable. He then added: "But I think a few years here or there do not matter if we can achieve this result peacefully and quietly."

The remark drew a startled response from the press; one angry Labor MP said that the same restrictions which prohibit the Queen from speaking out on political matters surely apply as well to her husband. African nationalists both in and out of Rhodesia were equally critical. But it has not altered the brooding stalemate.

The African nationalists, who refer contemptuously to Smith's Rhodesian Front regime as "the white settler government," find themselves in somewhat the same position as embattled Indians in a cowboy movie. But there is a difference. This time the white man is outnumbered, and the "Indians" are determined to direct the last reel. It is getting late to pass the peace pipe in Rhodesia.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Going to Europe? That's nice. Going to South America? That's exciting!



South America is crossing polo with basketball and coming up with an incredible game called Pato that starts with horsemanship and ends up with brinkmanship. It's unique to Argentina.

South America is discovering the national drink of Peru . . . the Pisco sour—Pisco, lemon juice, white of egg, sugar . . . olé!

South America is the dancers at Sacsahuaman performing the same ritual sun dance that their ancestors did centuries ago.

South America is umbrellas growing wild in Ecuador. When it rains, this family of Colorado Indians plucks a four-foot-wide "elephant ear"—voilá, an umbrella!

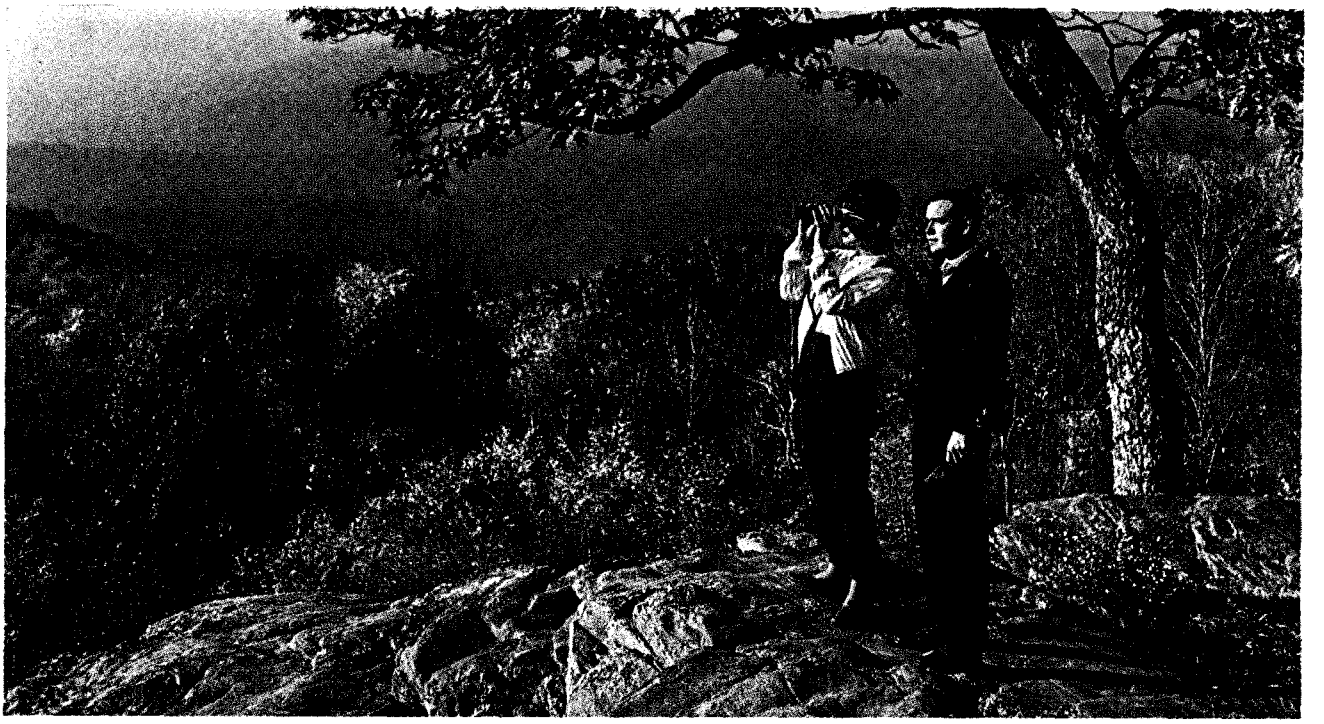
South America is the untrampled beauty of the Chilean-Argentine lake country, where giant trout rise to the fly. Here, peace and contentment come with the fish.

South America is now only $550 away, round trip on Panagra. And you can go First Class for only $165 more, on the same 30-day round-trip jet excursion from New York to Buenos Aires. Panagra is the one U.S. airline specializing only in South American travel. Panagra's daily *El InterAmericano* DC-8's are the most frequent jets to South America's West Coast and Buenos Aires. You fly with no change of plane over the routes of National, Pan Am and Panagra—from New York or Miami. For reservations, see your Travel Agent. Or call Pan Am—sales agent for Panagra.

FLY PANAGRA

WORLD'S FRIENDLIEST AIRLINE

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



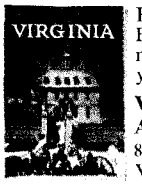
The late show's a great show in VIRGINIA

On Virginia's mountain-gabled roof, cruise 300 miles along Skyline Drive in Shenandoah National Park, and Blue Ridge Parkway. Stop for far-spreading views of peak and valley, or close-ups of mountaineer cabins, a splashing millwheel, an old moonshine still. Late September through October, see vast hardwood forests stage a fall color spectacular.

Turn back 358 autumns as you roam through England's first enduring New World colony, reborn before your eyes at Jamestown Festival Park. It's just minutes from Williamsburg along the beautiful Colonial Parkway.

See history in our times at the General MacArthur Memorial, housing mementoes from his half century of service. It's part of the Norfolk Tour that takes you from America's oldest brick home to the world's greatest naval center.

FALL VACATION HIGHLIGHTS: Take **Virginia's Annual Autumn Pilgrimage,** October 1-3, 8-10, and visit scores of plantations, homes, churches, some almost 300 years old. Include Loudon County's **Annual Waterford Home Tour and Crafts Exhibit,** October 1-3; Richmond's gay **Tobacco Festival,** October 9-16; and a Broadway hit at **Barter Theatre,** Abingdon.



FOR FREE 100-PAGE PICTURE GUIDE, "Carry Me Back To Old Virginia," plus illustrated state highway map, drop us a card. Ask about places, events, sports you want to enjoy on a Virginia trip.

VIRGINIA DEPARTMENT OF CONSERVATION AND ECONOMIC DEVELOPMENT
811 State Office Building, Richmond, Virginia 23219.
Virginia Film Catalog Available

Mix fun and history in VIRGINIA, birthplace of the nation

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Atlantic Report WEST GERMANY

INEVITABLY, all other issues in West Germany are dominated by the prospects for the Federal election which takes place the middle of this month, the fifth since the German Federal Republic came into being. The general expectation is that there will be a neck-and-neck race between the two principal parties, the Christian Democrats, led by Chancellor Ludwig Erhard, and the Social Democrats under Willy Brandt, mayor of West Berlin. Only once before was a Federal election really close between these two parties. That was in 1949. Since then the Christian Democrats have been steadily mopping up the support of non-aligned conservatives and liberals and absorbing some of the smaller parties of the right.

The only counter available to the Social Democrats has been to become increasingly moderate and "non-Marxist" and extend their appeal to the prosperous middle classes. Their success in doing this is the chief reason for the waning of Christian Democratic dominance. West German politics are now in a more fluid state than at any other time since the Federal Republic came into being.

Political pundits expect the Christian Democrats to poll 44 or 45 percent of the votes, and the Social Democrats 41 or 42 percent. Now for the first time the Free Democratic Party, led by Erich Mende, will be able, as coalition partner, to put either principal party into office. For one salient reason the Free Democrats have always offered their support to the Christian Democrats, save when the latter have had an absolute majority of seats in the Bundestag. This is because the financial support of a few large corporations and of a great many small but thriving firms would be withdrawn if the Free Democrats coalesced with the Social Democrats.

The Free Democrats would drop completely out of the political reckoning if they lost this financial backing. They have ceased to be a genuinely liberal party. Their "old liberal" followers, most of them either in Württemberg or in the great north German cities of Berlin, Hamburg, and Bremen, are now elderly people. Rather surprisingly, Bavaria has become the last stronghold of this "old liberal" wing of the party. For the rest, the Free Democrats have attracted only a shifting segment of uncommitted right-wingers. There are fewer true liberals in their ranks today than in those of the Christian and Social Democrats.

Party look-alikes

The decline of the Free Democrats has led to increasing talk of the feasibility of a Big Coalition between the Christian and Social Democrats. Defeated in four successive elections, the Social Democrats are hungry for a share of power. Now that they have dropped their demand to nationalize the steel and engineering industries, there is virtually no major domestic issue which divides them from the Christian Democrats. West Germany already has a fully functioning apparatus of the welfare state. Its social services are about the best run in Europe. The principle of "fair shares for all" has been boosted by profit-sharing schemes of big industrial undertakings and by the reservation of stock for the small investor in previously state-owned, now "denationalized" firms. In foreign affairs, the two main parties have few differences apart from a slight Social Democratic bias in favor of the Anglo-Americans and the Atlantic alliance and against dependence on the dictates of General de Gaulle.

A Big Coalition, it has been argued, would enable a new government to speak with a convincing voice on the question of German reunification and to institute policies leading toward that goal which a government based on a small majority in the Bundestag would not risk. In the Christian Democratic Party there are plenty of people who agree with this view, even if they do not openly propound it, among them Foreign Minister Gerhard Schroeder, former Defense Minister Franz-Josef Strauss, and — probably — Chancellor Erhard.

Yet West German democracy is not just a matter of personalities, and the bulk of the Christian Democratic Party will want to continue to retain the firstfruits of power, which have all the more

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

USO
IS THERE...
ONLY IF YOU CARE

Who cares if he's up to his neck in a rice paddy, six thousand miles from home?

Who cares if he's lonely, at that frozen Arctic outpost?

Who cares how he feels, patrolling the barbed-wire edge of danger—Berlin, Korea, Guantanamo Bay?

Who cares what he does, when his ship comes in to that teeming foreign port?

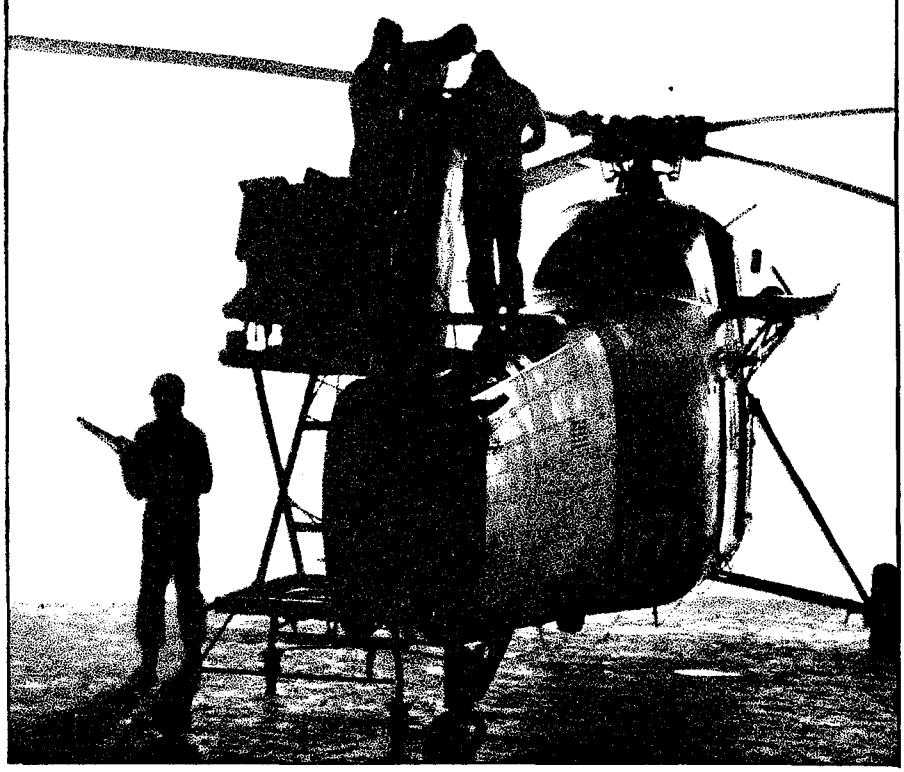
You care, when you give to USO. Because USO is there, bringing the grateful handclasp from home to faraway places. Bringing entertainment and laughter to our loneliest outposts. Offering a choice of conduct in overcrowded cities and camp towns here and overseas.

Is USO needed today? Just ask our 2,300,000 servicemen and women, who visited our 167 clubs and 71 camp shows over 20 million times last year!

Know a better way to say you're grateful to them, for helping to safeguard you? Remember, civilian-supported USO depends entirely on your contribution to your local United Fund or Community Chest. Give, because USO is there, only if you care!

ADVERTISING COUNCIL PUBLIC SERVICE

Published as a public service in cooperation with The Advertising Council.



attraction because they have been enjoyed for the past sixteen years. It is therefore a reasonably safe bet that this fall will see another Christian Democrat – Free Democrat coalition installed in Bonn and led by the still indispensable Erhard — "Mr. Prosperity" to millions of his countrymen, a man of moderation and thickly padded charm.

Yet although the West German voters — so matter-of-fact, so well aware of which side their bread is buttered on, with a floating vote of well under 10 percent — are unlikely to want a change, there may be several interesting developments within the present government coalition. The first is the further decline of the Free Democratic Party.

Franz-Josef Strauss is attempting a major comeback, following his departure from office more than a year ago as a result of involvement in violent personal controversy with the weekly newsmagazine *Der Spiegel*. Strauss, it will be remembered, ordered the arrest of a *Spiegel* correspondent while the latter was holidaying in Spain, subsequently denied the fact, but was finally forced to admit it. His feud with *Der Spiegel* had begun two years before that. His resignation from the Defense Ministry left him free to build up his immense following in Bavaria. The Bavarian, Christian Social wing of the party will probably emerge stronger than ever before, thanks to his intense energy and power of leadership. His position in the Christian Democratic Party will be correspondingly strengthened.

Strauss wants the job of Minister for All-German Affairs, but he wants, too, to give greater scope to that somewhat lackluster office. This he would do by making it a "Ministry for All-German and European Affairs," a sort of second, but in some ways more important, Foreign Ministry. In this way Strauss could become the most important cabinet minister, next to the Chancellor, without risking a confrontation with Gerhard Schroeder.

Strauss would, moreover, give added purpose to his ministry by

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Think you can't afford a brand-new Baldwin Piano?

(that's no reason not to have one)

Three dollars a week puts a brand-new Baldwin Acrosonic piano in your house, and starts your child's learning now—for a song. For just $3.00 a week rent we'll deliver the piano free, and let you keep it long enough to prove that a fine piano can make music a part of your children's lives—now! If you decide to buy it—subtract your rental payments from the purchase price. If you change your mind—we'll take it back with a smile. No return charge either. How's that for a sweet-sounding deal?* But the sweetest sound is the Baldwin Acrosonic itself, inspired by the Baldwin Concert Grand. Its resilient touch and brilliant tone provide the standard of musical excellence children should have from the very start. Its authentic styling is fine music visualized in handsome cabinetry at home in any surrounding. The reason most children can't play the piano is that they never had a piano to play. But their parents never had a deal like this. Start now. For $3.00 fill your home with music. But first—fill out the coupon below.

*Offer ends September 30, 1965, and is optional with dealer.

Baldwin Piano and Organ Company
1801 Gilbert Ave., Dept. A 9-65
Cincinnati, Ohio 45202

I am interested in your rental plan. Please send more information.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

For residents of Canada: Baldwin Piano Company (Canada) Ltd., 86 Rivalda Road, Weston, Ontario

BALDWIN AND ORGA-SONIC ORGANS • BALDWIN, ACROSONIC, HAMILTON AND HOWARD PIANOS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

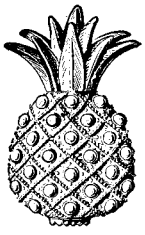
Scientists & Engineers

Lockheed Missiles & Space Company, one of the nation's foremost technical teams, proudly maintains its leadership in aerospace technology.

The POLARIS Fleet Ballistic Missile and the AGENA booster/satellite are typical of the contributions which helped create that leadership.

To help assure both your future and our own, positions are available to scientists and engineers of proved merit, accomplishment and leadership. We invite your inquiry.

LOCKHEED
MISSILES & SPACE COMPANY
Dept. 600, P.O. Box D504
Sunnyvale, California
An equal opportunity employer



Understated Elegance in a Jeweled Pineapple Pin in a choice of Gold with Pearls, Turquoise or Rhinestones [shown actual size]. Quietly priced at $5.95 [tax and postage included].

Send check or money order to:

clothes, incorporated
27 elm st., new canaan, conn.

instituting what he calls a policy of "Europeanizing the German question." The reunification of Germany would be seen as a first step in the uniting of Europe as a whole and not just the "rump Europe" of the Common Market Six. East-West relations would be improved by contact between the West Germans and the Poles, Czechs, and other satellite states of Central Europe. Disarmament would be pursued as a logical aim for both the Western alliance and the Soviet bloc.

Up from Bavaria

Strauss believes that the time has come for his return to Federal as opposed to purely Bavarian politics. He is barely fifty years old and bursting with vitality and ideas. But his tendency to make enemies as well as mistakes may block the path to the chancellorship which he envisages for himself. The same may not be true of his principal rival among the younger members of the Christian Democratic Party, Rainer Barzel, the leader of the party on the floor of the Bundestag.

Barzel is only forty years old. Born in East Prussia, he has interested himself especially in the problems of Berlin and German reunification. He believes that Franco-German friendship must be the basis of German foreign policy, that the Common Market Six constitutes the most enduring political factor in Europe, and that a European Political Community should be created as soon as possible.

Barzel is the inheritor of the policies of Konrad Adenauer, who saw in the steady building up of the strength of the Western alliance the surest means of securing the eventual solution of the German problem and the only effective safeguard for Western Europe. Barzel will probably remain for a time in his present post, and his next goal may be the chairmanship of the Christian Democratic Party when Adenauer retires. His power and his reputation should grow.

A third development in Christian Democratic Party politics is the probable dropping, after the election, of the Minister of Transport, Hans-Christoph Seebohm. This may not sound significant, but Seebohm has been a cabinet minister for the past sixteen years. He organized the dissolution of the right-wing German Party and brought most of its members into the Christian Democratic fold.

Most important of all, he is the leading spokesman of the German refugees from Eastern Europe, and his wild speeches are one of the main obstacles to a better understanding between West Germany on the one side and Poland and Czechoslovakia on the other. If Seebohm goes, "refugee politics" may end too — with beneficial consequences for Europe as a whole. The Czech Sudetenland and the Polish provinces east of the Oder-Neisse Line have ceased forever to be German. The tacit recognition of this fact will clear the air in Central Europe.

There has, indeed, been increasing interest in West Germany in the possibility of improving relations with Poland and Czechoslovakia in the first place and with other Communist satellite states afterward. Earlier this year Fritz Erler, the Social Democrats' chief spokesman on foreign affairs, suggested publicly that West Germany should negotiate with Poland on the question of the eastern frontiers. He was supported by Eugen Gerstenmaier, the Christian Democratic president of the Bundestag. But with an election in the offing and one in every eight voters a refugee from beyond the Oder-Neisse Line, the Federal government sharply rejected this proposal. The government restated its view that Germany's frontiers can be determined only when a German peace treaty is signed.

Conditional recognition of the Oder-Neisse Line may come up for discussion again after the Federal election. In the meantime, there have been efforts to improve relations with Poland, in particular through the medium of trade. The steel firms of Krupp and Rheinstahl have been negotiating with the Polish government for long-term agreements providing for technical cooperation, joint sales in third markets, and international sales of industrial plant produced under joint Polish-German projects.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A deaf girl blows the blocks over—an exercise to help her make the sound "O." Photo: "San Juan Star."

"The City of Silence"—a remarkable school for the deaf opens in Puerto Rico

THE Puerto Rican child in our photograph is *not* playing with the blocks. She is learning to speak.

Teaching at Puerto Rico's new school for the deaf is based on the oral method. This three-year-old, pursing her lips, is about to blow the blocks over—an exercise for making the sound "O."

The school—Saint Gabriel, the City of Silence—is remarkable because it prepares the deaf for the world outside. They learn to make a living here. They experience for the first time the good feeling of *self-sufficiency*.

Saint Gabriel is one example of the Commonwealth's all-out crusade to give every child a full life.

Today, no country in the western world is spending a higher part of its income on education. During 1966, more than a thousand new schoolrooms will be built in Puerto Rico.

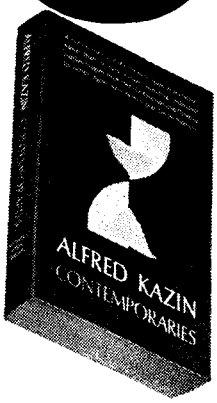
This is a land where spiritual gains are just as important as material gains—and where the deaf will have their full share of the prosperity to come.

One of a series on the cultural and economic development of Puerto Rico. Manufacturers: write for information on productivity and special incentives. Commonwealth of Puerto Rico, Dept. C1A, 666 Fifth Ave., New York 10019.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

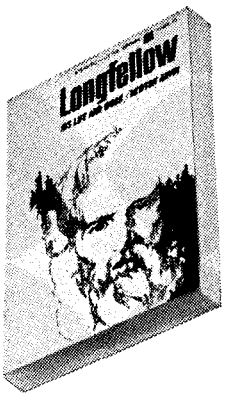
NOW IN PAPERBACK

THE LITERARY SCENE



ALFRED KAZIN
Contemporaries

Individual studies ranging from Melville, Emerson and Thoreau to James Agee, Saul Bellow and James Baldwin. "This impressive collection reveals a diversity of interests rare in this age of literary specialists."
—N.Y. Times Book Review.
LB 44. $2.65



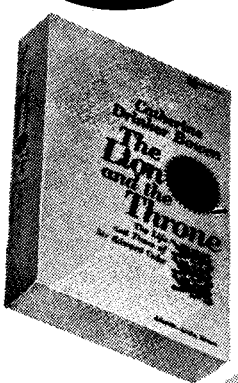
NEWTON ARVIN
Longfellow
His Life and Work

A brilliant re-evaluation of Longfellow's work and re-creation of the nineteenth-century *milieu* of which he was a part. "Arvin has done more than render justice to Longfellow; he has set a standard of critical excellence."
—Saturday Review.
LB 47. $2.45

ATLANTIC-LITTLE, BROWN

NOW IN PAPERBACK

Great Biographies



CATHERINE DRINKER BOWEN
The Lion and The Throne

Winner of the National Book Award for nonfiction, this biography of Queen Elizabeth's powerful Chief Justice, Sir Edward Coke, "represents an accomplishment that may justifiably be described as spectacular."
—N.Y. Herald Tribune.
LB 29. $2.65

ERNEST J. SIMMONS
Chekhov
A Biography

"This is a fully authenticated biography, its historical accuracy illuminated by the author's compassionate understanding of his subject." — Saturday Review. "The 'definitive' biography of Chekhov in English."
— Chicago Daily News.
LB 45. $2.95

ATLANTIC-LITTLE, BROWN

Report on West Germany

The West German Trade Mission in Warsaw has been discussing plans for utilizing Poland's surplus labor in other joint undertakings in which West Germany would supply capital and know-how and would be repaid by a share in export sales. Meanwhile, the West German government has been angling to establish a similar trade mission in Prague. But its efforts have been blocked by the Czech government's insistence that Bonn must first declare the 1938 Munich Agreement, which resulted in the cession of the Sudetenland to Nazi Germany, to be null and void. Trade missions, have, however, been set up in Hungary, Rumania, and Bulgaria.

Ulbricht's war of nerves

One setback to West Germany's relations with Communist Europe was the visit to East Berlin of President Tito of Yugoslavia. This took place in June and was made the occasion for a powerful propaganda barrage by the ruler of East Germany, Walter Ulbricht. The latter was delighted with Tito's effusive recognition of East German statehood, a gesture which was probably primarily intended to please the Soviet Union and to help pave the way to improve Russo-Yugoslav relations. These have been strained since Tito's "break" with Moscow, only two years after the war.

Ulbricht was admittedly left with some awkward explaining to do, since Tito has conventionally been denounced in East Germany as the "tool" and "lackey" of American "imperialism."

The Tito visit may have been one factor which helped to encourage Ulbricht to launch yet another war of nerves on West Berlin. In mid-June East German helicopters repeatedly violated West German airspace, both over Berlin and at Helmstedt, at the western end of the Berlin autobahn. Understandably touchy where Berlin is concerned, the West German government inquired of its Western allies whether it might be possible to force down intruding helicopters by sending up larger American helicopters to fly directly above them. This would set up a slipstream, depriving the East German machine of air to "bite on" and so making it lose height.

At the same time, and as another part of his war of nerves, Ulbricht decided to raise by about 20 percent the charges on barges plying between West Germany and Berlin. He accompanied this step by announcing that relations between the two German states should be "normalized" by signing "the long overdue peace treaty" between Bonn and East Berlin. He threatened an increase of about 10 percent in the tariffs for goods carried by train to West Berlin and said that eventual discussion of this subject would have to be on a high level, appropriate in negotiations between two sovereign states.

The West Germans have no intention of admitting that East Germany is a sovereign state, and the reason is not hard to find. In a recent computation by a West Berlin study group the following facts were noted about the East German regime.

Since 1949 it has imprisoned more than 75,000 people for alleged political crimes. Its repressive measures have forced 2,845,000 people to seek refuge in West Berlin or West Germany, including 23,000 members of the armed forces and People's Police. It has handed 45,000 people over to Soviet justice, resulting in the award of some 250 life sentences by Soviet tribunals and other sentences totaling millions of years imprisonment in all, and it has allowed 31,000 people to be deported to the Soviet Union. It collaborated with the Russians in imprisoning more than 180,000 people in concentration camps, of whom roughly half have died. Understandably, the West Germans regard the Ulbricht regime not merely as unacceptable but as criminal.

One strident voice, however, has been raised in West Germany in favor of acceptance of the East German state as a reality. Speaking to Bonn University students in June, Rudolf Augstein, the publisher of *Der Spiegel*, said that the division of Germany was a fact and that Germany could never be reunited as long as American and Russian soldiers remained on German soil. The only feasible path to unity was that

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

VULCAN, A.D. MCMLXV

If the Roman god, Vulcan, were around today, that extraordinary ironworker might be astounded by the feats which his modern counterparts are performing —and *without* the use of supernatural powers.

At Central Foundry Division's Saginaw plant, he would find skilled metal-molding technicians using a specially designed electric induction furnace which keeps molten metals at 2750 degrees Fahrenheit. The metals are poured into molds which produce an amazing variety of vital automotive components with superior quality and dependability.

More than 25,000 General Motors people are employed in various phases of metal casting. This is not surprising because metals are basic to the manufacture of all GM products. Actually, these workers are but a small fraction of the total of 660,000 employes on the General Motors team. Each is a highly important factor in the progress of a most progressive company.

General Motors Is People...

making better things for you

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Chimbote, Peru

Chimbote, Peru two years after the Peace Corps

The Peace Corps doesn't work miracles. Don't expect any.

The work is hard, the hours long—but the progress is slow. Two years later not much has changed in Chimbote—on the outside.

Inside, a lot has changed.

A child learned the alphabet and pretty soon will know how to use it.

A soccer team was organized to ease some of the monotony, the soul crushing monotony of poverty. And they're winning.

A health clinic was started. Maybe it won't solve all the medical problems of Chimbote, but at least it's a start.

These aren't miracles—only a start. And for the Peace Corps Volunteers that follow, the job of easing this community into the twentieth century might be a little easier. These are things the picture can't show. If you think you can take on a job where progress is never too obvious, put yourself in the picture.

Write: The Peace Corps, Washington, D.C. 20525.

Published as a public service in cooperation with The Advertising Council.

of recognition of the East German regime, supplemented by West German economic help to its less prosperous neighbor. An "equalization" of living conditions in the two German states would enable some sort of confederation between them.

This economic equalization remains a long way off. East Germany is, indeed, making steady economic progress. The shops have more to sell than at any other time since the war. Firms are being encouraged to explore markets with less reference to centralized authority, and "profits" has ceased to be a bad capitalist word. The reduction of centralized planning is in step with what is happening everywhere in the Soviet bloc at present.

But East German economic progress cannot match that of West Germany — the only one of the Common Market Six which can point to a record of uninterrupted success. This year West German industry has been able to afford wage increases of between 10 and 12 percent. Production costs have risen by only 2.5 percent, and the cost of living by under 2 percent in the last year. Private savings are a billion marks higher than a year ago.

It is ironic that in this period of vigorous economic growth the Federal capital of Bonn is worrying about its own near-bankruptcy. The city has an estimated deficit this year of $750,000, or rather more than 3 percent of its total budget. It has also had to postpone various building projects, reduce its investments, and cut municipal staffs. Its town clerk has asked the Federal government to contribute $4.5 million a year for Bonn to be able to carry out necessary development plans. And the point has been put to the Federal government that it is high time to cease referring to Bonn as the "provincial" capital of West Germany. The division of Germany is beginning to look too permanent for that.

The American presence

The huge American commitment in West Germany and Berlin has been amply justified in the light of recent developments. Two major strains have been placed on American-German relations, and thanks to the groundwork carried out in explaining American policies to the Germans and demonstrating American friendship in practical ways, these major strains have been successfully surmounted so far. They are, first, the anti-American bias which General de Gaulle has displayed and his effort to involve the West Germans in his policy of getting the Americans out of Europe, and second, the concern and practical disillusionment caused by the war in Vietnam and its effect on thinking in a West Germany which is in the front line of the East-West confrontation in Central Europe.

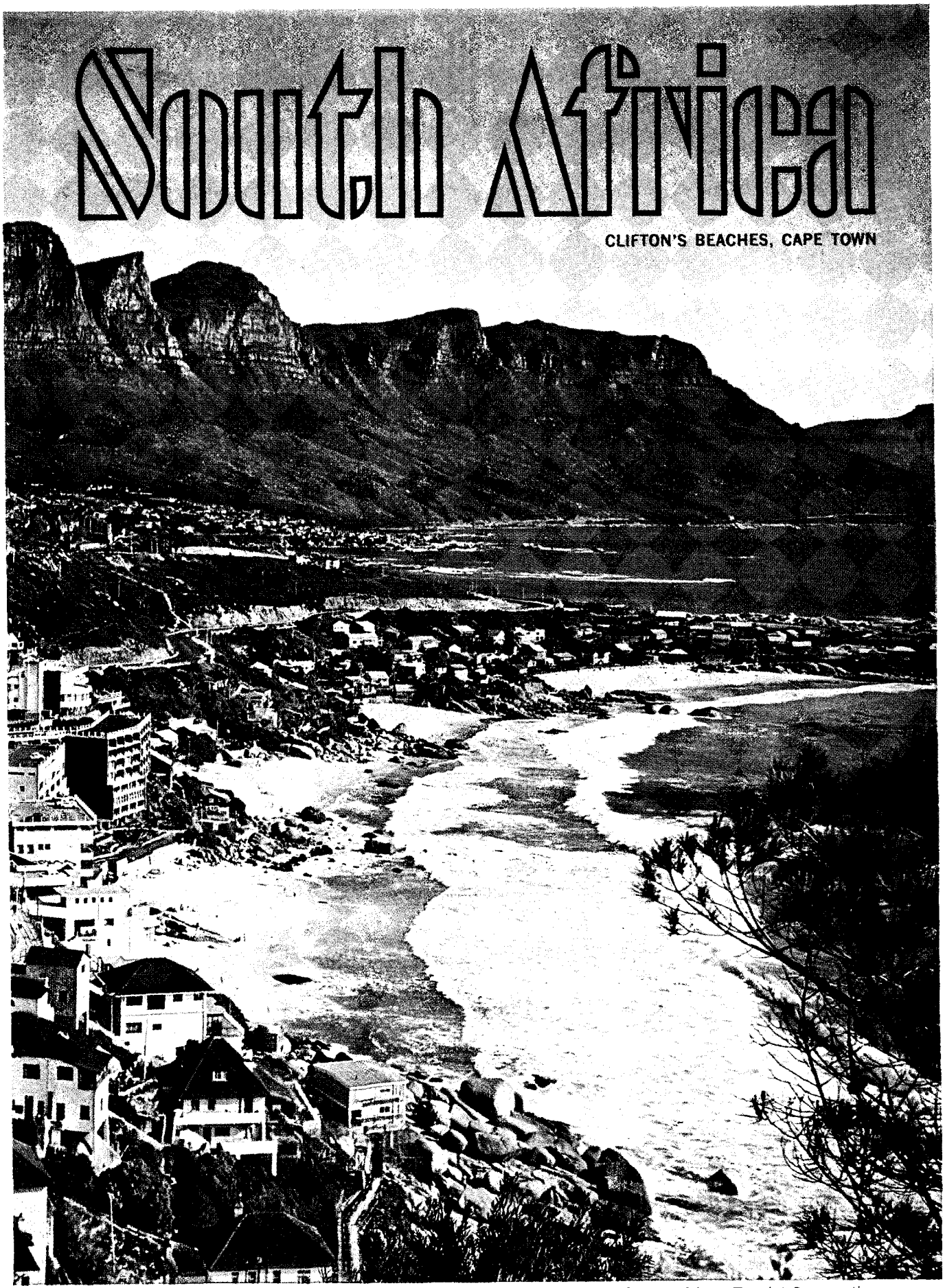
These two major strains have affected quite different shades of political opinion in West Germany. There is a Gaullist wing of the Christian Democratic Party, which has become increasingly vocal in the last two years. One of its leading spokesmen, the Freiherr zu Guttenberg, has just demanded that the United States should pledge itself to break off relations with any country which has relations with the East German Republic. Konrad Adenauer, who has become thoroughly Gaullist in his semiretirement, has said that the United States is becoming increasingly isolationist as far as Europe is concerned, and that this may tempt the Russians to extend their power in Europe.

On the other hand, the war in Vietnam has had an inhibiting effect on the exponents of a more flexible foreign policy in Europe and of efforts to exploit peaceful coexistence in order to make progress toward a solution of the German question. These exponents include Foreign Minister Schroeder, Willy Brandt, and to some extent, Chancellor Erhard. These men realize that Poles, Czechs, and other Central Europeans have been rendered less ready for détente as a result of the Vietnam war. There has been as a result some criticism of American policy in Southeast Asia in the West German press, although this criticism has been mainly guarded and balanced.

Three factors have helped to maintain a fair view of the American image in face of these major strains. The first is the role of the U.S.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

South African



CLIFTON'S BEACHES, CAPE TOWN

Consult your Travel Agent. For beautifully illustrated literature, write to South African Tourist Corporation:

610 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10020

9465 Wilshire Blvd., Beverly Hills, Cal. 90212

2 St. Clair Ave. W., Toronto 7, Ont., Canada

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

There are important reasons why the medicines shown here come to you in banded capsules bearing unique color combinations.

For one, the color combinations are marks of identification. They signify that these medicines were developed and made available by Parke-Davis.

For another, when you receive capsuled medicines that have been made by Parke-Davis, you may be sure that they have passed the quality, purity and potency standards required of every medicine bearing a Parke-Davis label.

These medicines were developed through continuing research by Parke-Davis, and are made available, through our world-wide system of distribution, for physicians to prescribe for people who need them, wherever they may live.

PARKE-DAVIS

BETTER MEDICINES FOR A BETTER WORLD

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

armed forces, 250,000 strong and constituting, along with the Bundeswehr, the two main props of the Western alliance in Germany. West Germans are plainly aware of the importance of American military alliance. Little interest has been shown in General de Gaulle's ideas of a European *force de frappe*, and there is increasing pressure for the creation of an Atlantic Nuclear Force, under American leadership.

The second factor is the massive American diplomatic commitment in West Germany. There are 113 on the executive staff in the U.S. Embassy in Bonn, 69 in the U.S. Mission in Berlin, and a further 167 in six consulates. The U.S. Embassy in Bonn is well led by George McGhee, whose industriousness and good humor are useful qualities in an era where representatives as forceful as General Lucius Clay or John McCloy are no longer needed. American diplomacy in Germany has moved from the plane of mentor to that of elder brother. One flaw is the continuation of a built-in American community in Bonn with too little contact with the Germans. This is certainly not the case with the consulates, though, and two particularly active and intelligent consuls general represent the United States in Hamburg and Düsseldorf.

The third positive factor is the maintenance of a major cultural effort in West Germany. There are four *Amerikahäuser*, with large libraries and busy cultural programs of films, lectures, and seminars. There are nine additional Binational Centers carrying out the same sort of work, and eight U.S. libraries. American grants totaling over one and a half million dollars a year enable student exchanges of roughly 650 in both directions between the United States and Germany. The American way of life is familiar to millions of Germans and is usefully propagated by Mr. McGhee and his staff in their readiness to give addresses and lectures and to join in discussion groups.

All in all, the American image is surviving successfully during what is a difficult period of American-German relations.

If you read

THE *Atlantic*

you should own

...the new

MERRIAM-WEBSTER UNABRIDGED

In recent years the English language has changed tremendously. Your everyday language. And the language of science, technology, business, and the professions.

To be well informed today, you need to keep up with these changes. And the way to do it — *the only way* —is to own the new Merriam-Webster Unabridged: Webster's Third New International Dictionary.

100,000 new words, new meanings!

The first completely new unabridged in 30 years, this new Merriam-Webster gives you full understanding of 100,000 **new** words and **new** meanings — 450,000 entries in all. It covers every area of human thought, answers more questions about today's English language than any other dictionary.

Get the new Merriam-Webster Unabridged at your book, department, or stationery store today. It is recognized as the final word authority by the U. S. Government Printing Office, and by federal and state courts of law.

Beware of substitute "Websters". Insist on the genuine

MERRIAM-WEBSTER

The leading name in dictionaries since 1847.

***FREE BOOKLET* — just mail coupon**

G. & C. Merriam Co., Dept. 708, Springfield, Mass. 01101

I'm interested in keeping up with the new words and new meanings in today's English language. Please send me a free copy of your 12-page booklet "Hold the English language in your two hands."

Name.....

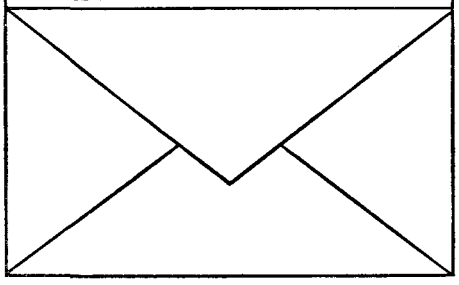
Address.....

City & State.....

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Atlantic Repartee

LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR



Alaska and the Rampart Dam

SIR:

The July *Atlantic* published a reply by Paul Brooks to my rebuttal in that issue, "The Plot to Strangle Alaska," to his article in the May issue ("The Plot to Drown Alaska"). His understanding of my position is completely at variance with my views.

Brooks starts by saying: "I am happy to see that Senator Gruening does not question any of the facts in my article. He questions only the conclusions that I draw from them: conclusions that, I regret to say, seem to me inescapable."

On the contrary, I do question — indeed challenge — not merely "any of the facts" in Paul Brooks's article, but virtually all of them.

I challenge his statement that the Rampart Dam and the reservoir would destroy most of the wildlife. On the contrary, I believe that with an imaginative and creative agency working for enhancement, not only would existing fauna not be destroyed, but new ones added. This great lake behind the dam, like other man-made lakes, will breed trout, whitefish, and other valuable fisheries. The dislocated feathered and furred animals will find ample habitat in Alaska's vastness.

I challenge Brooks's statement that electricity is equally available elsewhere in Alaska. It is decidedly not, at prices that will do what low-cost power can do, as it has done in Norway — namely, attract vital industries. Only lack of space prevented my describing that nation's achievements in securing them. They include nitrate and phosphate fertilizer production, magnesium from salt water, aluminum, petrochemical products, and much else.

I challenge his repeated allegation that Rampart is "spending federal money." He should know that these hydro projects are repayable in principal and interest from the revenue generated by the sale of power!

I challenge his statement that the electric current will not pay for the dam, which he bases on the out-of-date report from Arthur D. Little, Incorporated, which did not even deal with electric power except incidentally; he neglects the far more knowledgeable report by true experts and specialists in this field — namely, the Development and Resources Corporation, headed by David Lilienthal and the late Gordon Clapp, who are the outstanding authorities in the world.

I challenge his statement that the timber in the flooded area cannot be economically marketed. On the contrary, there is a very substantial market for it in the Orient.

SENATOR ERNEST GRUENING
Democrat, Alaska
Washington, D.C.

The automobile in American life

SIR:

Nothing in the splendid articles which make up the section of the July *Atlantic* on the Automobile in American Life is more pleasing than the point made in Raymond Loewy's informative and entertaining discussion of design ("Twenty Years From Now") that the massive bulk which makes a car door akin to the door on a bank vault is unnecessary. The other possibilities in automotive revision noted by the author are also most comforting to a buying and using public from which they have been so long withheld.

It is to be doubted whether a design team having only the personnel desired by the author will accomplish the high purpose which he intends.

Surround the professional designer, who has done at least a bit of racing, with a hypnotist, a statistician, a psychoanalyst, and a neurosurgeon whose practice has made him familiar with ambulance cases, and unite all of these with engineers in aerodynamics, plastics, stresses, strains, light metals, and steel, and it is likely that the team will be in such counterbalance that if it succeeds at all in leaving dead center, it will come forth with a covered wagon. Most desirable here is leaven. Add to the team a boy from the car wash, the proprietor of an automobile junkyard, and a negligence lawyer.

WILLIAM S. ANDERSON
Rochester, N. Y.

SIR:

I am full of admiration for your July automobile supplement, which is quite the best motoring magazine I have read for years.

RICHARD BENSTED-SMITH
Editor of Motor
London, England

SIR:

I am surprised that Raymond Loewy omits from his list of suggested "nonengineering specialists" one whose absence from involvement in the design of automobiles I have

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Designed by Don Wier • Limited to an edition of five • Height 10½ inches • $6,000

The Muses

IN THE crystal panel above, the Muses, daughters of Zeus, appear within the silver frame of Apollo's lyre.

Urania, muse of astronomy, gazes with wonderment at a star. Terpsichore frolics nearby. Clio, muse of history, faces ever to the past, even while moving toward the future.

Below them, Polyhymnia and Euterpe sing of sacred and lyric poetry. Calliope sings of epic poetry. Behind theatrical masks are the muses of drama, Thalia and Melpomene.

At the foot of the lyre, Erato sings of the passion and perfection of love.

STEUBEN GLASS

FIFTH AVENUE AT 56th STREET : NEW YORK · N.Y. 10022

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Back to the 4 "R"s

ADD regular meals to reading, 'riting and 'rithmetic for a sound back-to-school program. Summer's grab-a-bite-and-run days are over. It's back to balanced diets and sensible eating habits for the whole family. Here are some important tips.

A tall glass of milk with meals is a great energy booster for adults as well as children. And when you plan balanced meals that include milk and other dairy foods, you know you're providing your family with all the necessary food nutrients. So whether it's back to school or off to work, get back to the kind of eating habits that have proved to be most beneficial. Get ready for the active days ahead.

It's up to you!

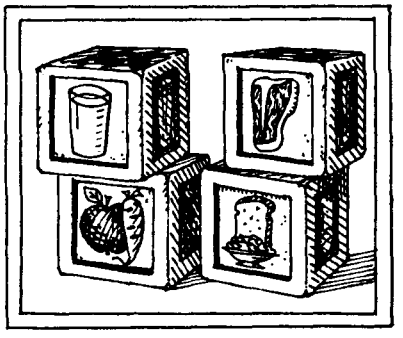
Parents who are really interested in the health and happiness of their children cannot ignore the importance of cultivating good eating habits. Allowing a child to overeat or to eat a poorly balanced diet, with the hope that the child will ultimately outgrow these bad habits, is a good example of how some parents encourage the development of lifetime behavior patterns that cannot help but lead to unhappiness.

Far too many parents either do not realize or overlook the damage that can occur when children do not learn good eating habits. Some children do not achieve all that they might in school and in other

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

activities simply because their bodies are not properly nourished, and this happens in high income homes as well as in low income homes.

There is nothing complicated about establishing a family meal pattern if the Daily Food Guide is followed. The Guide suggests four major food groupings to provide a foundation for a balanced diet.



The foods are grouped on the basis of the kinds of nutrients they supply. The groups are: (1) Milk and Other Dairy Foods; (2) Meats, Fish, Poultry, Eggs, Dried Peas and Beans, Nuts; (3) Fruits and Vegetables; (4) Cereals and Breads. Foods not included in these four groups may be selected to round out the diet and to provide adequate calorie intake.

Milk and Other Dairy Foods Three to four glasses of milk daily for children and teen-agers; at least two glasses daily for adults (or equivalent amounts of milk in other dairy foods such as cheese and ice cream). Milk is a very versatile food and can be used in many ways. For those family members who insist they do not like the taste of plain milk, it is easy to incorporate milk into cooking, or milk's flavor may quickly be changed by adding any of a wide variety of flavorings.

Here is why milk and other dairy foods are suggested as one of the four major food groupings in the Daily Food Guide: two 8-ounce glasses of milk each day provide for the moderately active adult man about 25% of his daily recommended protein allowances (high quality protein, too, with the amino acids needed for repairing and building body tissue); more than 70% of his calcium (calcium is recommended for the adult diet as well as for that of growing children); about 45% of his riboflavin (which is vital in the body's metabolism); about 15% of his vitamin A (which helps prevent night blindness and is involved in skin health); and 10-15% of his calories.

For an adult woman, the percentages of these nutrients are slightly higher because nutrient allowances for women tend to be slightly lower than those for men. The four glasses of milk recommended for teen-agers provide substantially higher percentages of all these important nutrients. We call milk's calories "armored calories" because milk does provide so many essential nutrients at a comparatively low cost in calories.

The Daily Food Guide makes it possible to enjoy America's abundance of good food because wide choices in food selection are possible. If some family members don't like one kind of fruit or vegetable, for example, many other varieties are available and should be tried until the family tastes are satisfied.

For more information on the Daily Food Guide, write: Daily Food Guide, American Dairy Association, 20 N. Wacker Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60606.

a message from dairy farmer members of
american dairy association

always deplored, namely a woman — preferably a wife and mother.

One of my major criticisms of the modern car is that it is so very difficult to get in and out of. It is hard enough even for the able-bodied to cope with many cars in this respect, but for the old or handicapped it can be sheer torture.

Since women are more likely than men to be the traveling companions of the aged and the infirm (as well as to live longer themselves), they should have valuable advice to offer on how this situation could be improved.

Another area where the help of women is desperately needed is in the design of the car's interior. I have frequently been appalled at how hard it is to clean the inside of a car, especially when it is cluttered with sand and crumbs after a trip to the beach, though even ordinary dirt is almost impossible to remove. No designer of homes could ever get away with such awkward floor and furniture construction. I have never understood how anything so streamlined in its exterior could have such a completely impractical interior.

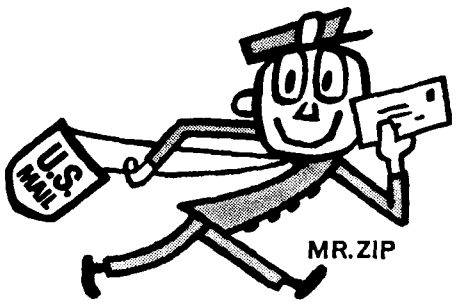
ALICE D. WOLFSON
New York City

SIR:

I'd not been aware of the hair-raising whambangery of the modern dragster until reading Ken Purdy's fascinating account ("At Ten Tenths of Capacity . . ."), and I thought you would like to know that the reported attainment of 200 mph in a quarter mile from a standing start is almost exactly equivalent to 1G. In other words, the acceleration the driver is subjected to is rather like falling off the Empire State Building — with the technically trivial difference of a parachute brake instead of a sidewalk squelch to round out the trip.

Impressive enough; but when I learn further that the "cars" (if the word is applicable to the monsters) cross the finishing line in the "7- to 8-second range," which is very substantially less than the 9 seconds that a steady 1G would need, I conclude that the initial acceleration must be even greater. In fact, an elapsed time of 7½ seconds is consonant with an initial 2G followed by a smooth decline. This sort of takeoff is likely to be the best ever by any self-propelled machine. Come to think of it, it

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



ARE YOU USING
YOUR ZIP MAIL CODE
IN YOUR ADDRESS?

FIVE NUMBER ZIP CODES NOW PERMIT ELECTRONIC SORTING OF MAIL, ELIMINATE MANY HANDLINGS, WILL HOLD DOWN COSTS IN THE FACE OF SOARING MAIL VOLUMES, CAN SPEED THE MAIL.

EVERY POSTOFFICE HAS A SPECIAL ZIP CODE NUMBER. ASK YOUR LETTER CARRIER FOR THE ZIP CODE OF YOUR DELIVERY OFFICE — AND START USING IT NOW AFTER THE STATE NAME IN YOUR ADDRESS.

ZIP YOUR MAIL WITH
ZIP CODE

AMERICAN GRAPHIC ARTS
... an innovation in art circles

The Graphic Arts have entered an era of renaissance with 20th Century artists exploring the endless possibilities of working in lithography, etching, etc. (Artists in this country are producing graphics so exciting in concept as to wield the major influence in the world's art trends). So complete is the transition that experienced art collectors are coming to regard prints as the "chamber music" of art...beginning collectors find the graphics to be a means of obtaining Fine Art by well-known artists within a modest income.

AMERICAN GRAPHIC ARTS is a single source for this nation's finest graphic artists, artists whose reputations are firmly established. The graphic works are each signed and numbered by the artist, and offered in extremely limited editions... some as low as 15 prints. Each work of art represented by AGA is illustrated and documented in a catalogue. A biographical sketch, a must for serious collectors, is included for each artist.

Charter Memberships, available for $10, entitles you to a 10% collector's discount on all purchases, as well as advance notice of Suites and future catalogues at no charge. Simply fill out the coupon below, enclose $1 for the catalogue *or* $10 for Charter Membership and mail immediately. You will receive the fully illustrated catalogue, plus brochures on available Suites.

AMERICAN GRAPHIC ARTS, Dept. 209
16212 Ventura Blvd., Encino, California
Enclosed please find $..... for ..... AGA catalogues at $1 each.
Enclosed please find $..... for ..... Charter Memberships at $10 each.
Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

must rival that of the pronghorn antelope — if we ignore the fact that this smart creature achieves his spectacular "muzzle velocity" with only a tenth of one percent of the horsepower of a dragster.

N. T. GRIDGEMAN
Ottawa, Ontario
Canada

SIR:

John R. Bond's encomium to the durability and engineering qualities of the American automobile ("How Good Are American Cars?") left me with a slight feeling of nausea.

Every little detail — for example, rearview mirrors — exhaustively tested? Poppycock! One of the most vital parts in any car is the hosing linking the radiator to the engine block, transmission, heater, and so on. If Ford is testing their mirrors for salt corrosion, they and the others are certainly not testing the hosing — and the results of a break in a hose can be disastrous.

While American technology has designed rubber and plastic alloys that will withstand extremes of 250 degrees to minus 400 degrees Fahrenheit in outer space, and nuclear modifier (sodium chloride) conductors for submarines, our vast automobile industry is unable to produce, at a low cost for the public, automobile hoses that will stand up along the coastal areas where salt air is prevalent, or in wintry climates where salts are used in road deicing. Salt makes rubber brittle. Brittle rubber breaks under pressure.

RICHARD L. GROSSE
Savannah, Ga.

SIR:

Your section on automobiles which appeared in the July issue is very fascinating.

Y. T. Li
Professor of Automatic Control
Dept. of Aeronautics and Astronautics
School of Engineering, M.I.T.

SIR:

I thought it very kind of you to allow Mr. Bond, publisher of *Road and Track*, the privilege of summarizing Detroit's view of the automobile. His remarkable ability to avoid any crass, ugly commercialism merits praise.

His astute motordom designers, keenly tuned to the market they serve, have done a phenomenal job of stuffing tigers into tanks, enabling us to "mark" the pavements, and developing the personalities of many a retarded teen-ager. They must be commended for not myopically concentrating on details relating to safe, economic transportation to the supermarket or the office.

Possibly the caption to Mr. Osborn's tailpiece drawing could have been, "In the beginning there was chaos."

ROLAND K. GRIFFITH
Redwood City, Calif.

SIR:

After reading Mr. Bond's article, I had to read it over again to be sure he covered so lightly the most important component of the American car, the tires.

Really, Mr. Bond, mirrors, bar joints for mirrors, seats, jacks, roof racks, switches, and no mention of tires and their testing?

J. N. JACOBS
Indiana, Pa.

Experiment on animals

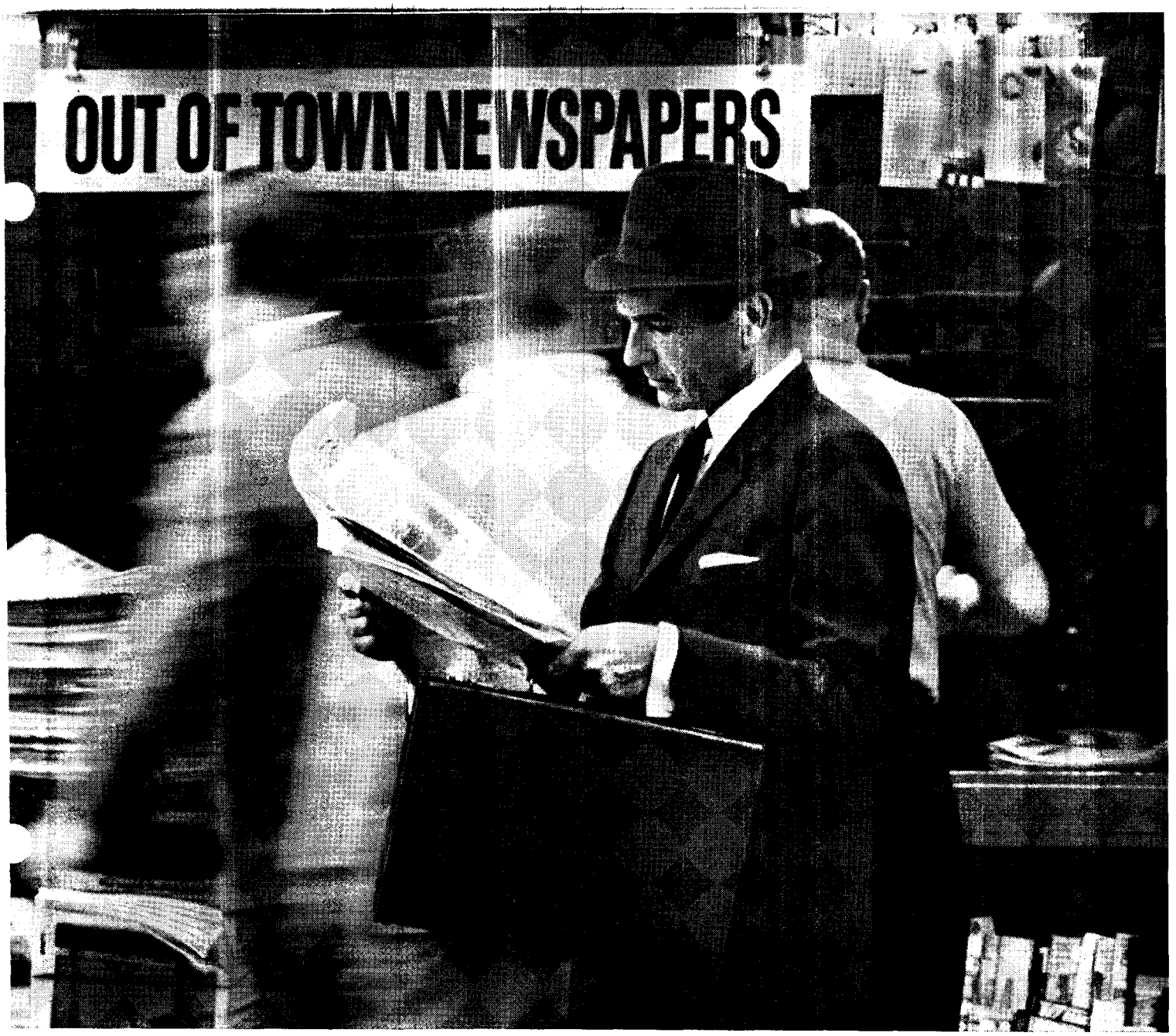
SIR:

I read with interest your story in the April *Atlantic* of the high school in Green River, Wyoming ("Science in the Small School" by John V. Bernard), which has "achieved a national reputation for its teaching in science," for its "atypical approach" to making "biology an exciting subject," and for the fact that "student projects have ranged from training a rat to walk on a tightwire, to inducing beriberi in rats . . . and to rat surgery." There was even the story of the "sophomore students" who "successfully removed the pancreas from a pregnant rat" — an experiment which, one gathers, is all part of the day's work in the "wonder, excitement, and thrill a youngster has from a discovery of his own."

Apart from all other considerations — including, obviously, the lack of any — may I point out that your Green River High School is undoubtedly breaking the law. There are state anticruelty laws in every state in the union, which can be, and often are, invoked when amateur surgery of this kind is evident. Even in Texas last year the State Board of Education clamped down on a teacher who was permitting such surgery in his class.

You may also be interested to know that when I asked the country's leading humane organizations to take part in the Animal Kingdom

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Out of town again? Alone again? American Express asks, why?

Coming across your hometown paper on a business trip should make you feel good.

It doesn't.

All it does is remind you about home and your wife and what she's doing and how much better you'd feel if she were with you.

Why go it alone?

Next business trip, bring your wife. It's never been easier.

With "Sign & Fly" service, you can charge *her* plane ticket on your American Express Credit Card and take a year to pay.

When you "Sign & Fly," your credit is unquestioned. Show your American Express Card when you buy the ticket. Sign your name. No red tape, delay or deposit.

And you can choose the way you want to pay for her ticket.

1. Extended plan. Take up to a year to pay. The service charge is substantially lower than similar plans.

PLAN	12-MONTH CHARGE PER $100
"Sign & Fly" service	$6.00 (Averages 50¢ a month)
Other major credit card plans	More than $9.50

2. Regular billing. You can also pay for your wife's ticket on your next American Express statement with *no* service charge.

"Sign & Fly" Air France, American, Continental, Delta, Eastern, Icelandic, National, Northeast, Northwest Orient, Pan Am, TWA, United, Western, 49 other airlines.

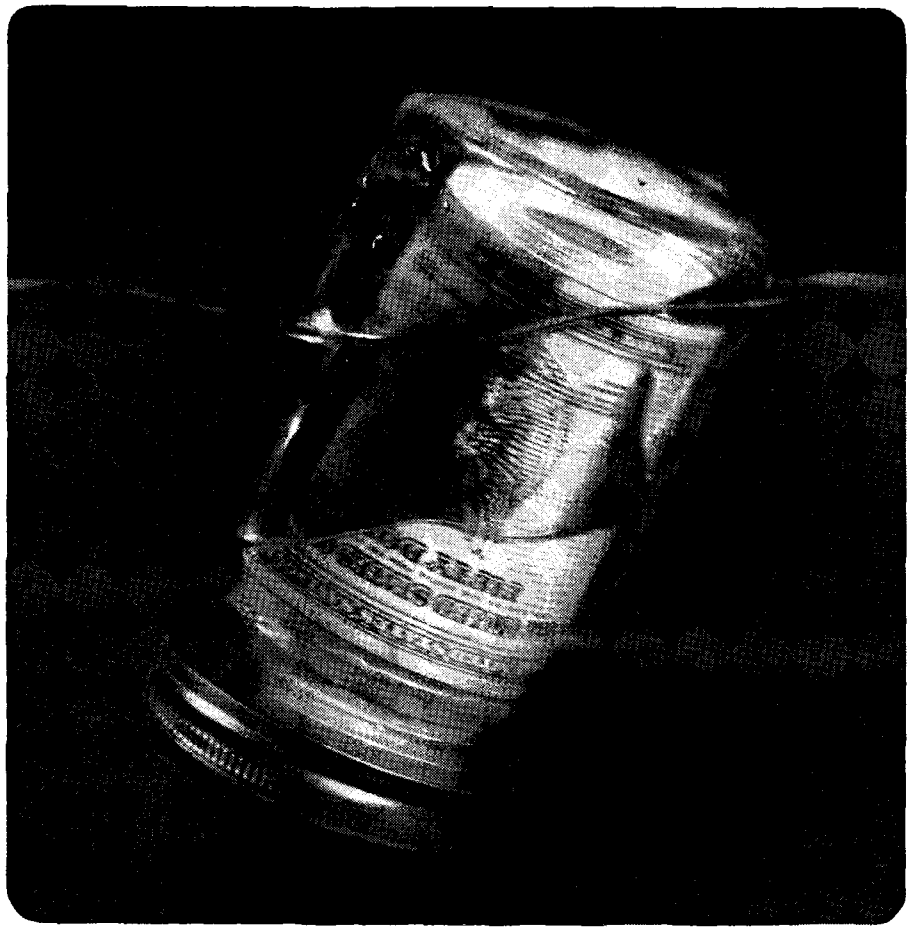
New lower family fares now available on most major U.S. airlines.

And next vacation, "Sign & Travel." This new credit card service lets you charge tours and take a year to pay.

AMERICAN EXPRESS

The Company For People Who Travel

PRODUCED BY ONZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Waterlogged in Warsaw Bailed out in Chicago

Mention flooded basements to Lloyd Adams of Warsaw, New York, and he'll probably take a friendly swipe at your head.

It all started when Mr. Adams buried a glass jar containing $1625 in Savings Bonds under his home. A heavy rainstorm, an unusual amount of seepage, and a leak in the jar produced a gummy wad that bore little resemblance to the former family savings.

Fortunately, the Chicago office of the Treasury Department could check the record of Mr. Adams' purchase, and issue new Bonds—no charge. (Mr. Adams sent them the serial numbers, but the Treasury could have traced the Bonds even if he hadn't.)

Every Bond purchase is recorded on film so it can be quickly traced, and the Bond replaced if lost or destroyed. This helps make Savings Bonds one of the safest places in the world to put your money. Uncle Sam guarantees it.

And incidentally, the more Bond dollars you lend Uncle Sam, the stronger our country will be. And the straighter Uncle Sam can stand up for freedom. Aren't those both pretty good reasons for you to buy Bonds?

Help yourself as you help your country

BUY U.S. SAVINGS BONDS

This advertising is donated by The Advertising Council and this magazine.

exhibit which I am producing under the sponsorship of the Humane Society of the United States in the Better Living Center at the World's Fair this summer — organizations which, incidentally, range from the Massachusetts SPCA and New York's Animal Welfare Institute to the Florida Federation of Humane Societies and Washington's National Catholic Society for Animal Welfare — the one area of humane work on which every single one of them was in total agreement was the matter of high school experimentation on live animals. It has become a national scandal — one which, I am glad to say, has, the country over, aroused the indignation of parents, teachers, and perhaps most wonderful, exciting, and thrilling of all — if you will pardon the re-"discovery" of those words — even the students themselves.

CLEVELAND AMORY
New York City

SIR:

In our animal investigations here at Green River High School our students follow religiously "The Principles of Laboratory Animal Care" as set forth on page 360 of the current May, 1965, issue of *Bioscience*. It might be well worth anyone's time to read this article on the use of animals in biomedical research.

The dosage level of the aspirin tablet, the tranquilizer, and the laxative was initially determined through animal experimentation. Modern surgical miracles such as arterial, kidney, and bone transplants were originally performed and perfected on small animals. Any experimental use of small animals, such as the rat, must be carried on under strict, capable, and efficient supervision.

The biology teacher who teaches from a text without including some animal experimentation (in a humane way) is not helping his students develop themselves to their maximum scientific capacity. Modern biology teaching demands the introduction of scientific inquiry and investigative processes, together with experimentation, in order to seek out that spark of genius which we are so earnestly seeking in our young people.

EDWARD G. PROCTOR
Biology Instructor
Green River High School
Green River, Wy.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The spacious Seaview Dining Room

Enjoy ship-top banquets in a Seaview Dining Room.

Then feast your eyes ashore.

Cruising into the heart of Curacao, N.W.I.

A Caribbean cruise is twice the fun when you go Grace.

You savor the good life to the fullest on a 13-day Grace Line cruise. For one thing, the all-first-class *Santa Rosa* and *Santa Paula* are the only ships specifically designed for Caribbean cruising. Sun decks are sunny. There's plenty of play room, pool room, living room. And the spectacular view from the Seaview dining room adds icing to the cake.

But a Grace Line cruise is more than sunshine, sea breezes and seagoing luxury. The twin "Santas" are familiar friends in the ports they visit: Curacao, La Guaira, Aruba, Kingston, Port-au-Prince and Fort Lauderdale. Their passengers are local celebrities ashore; the "in" group on sight-seeing tours and shopping jaunts.

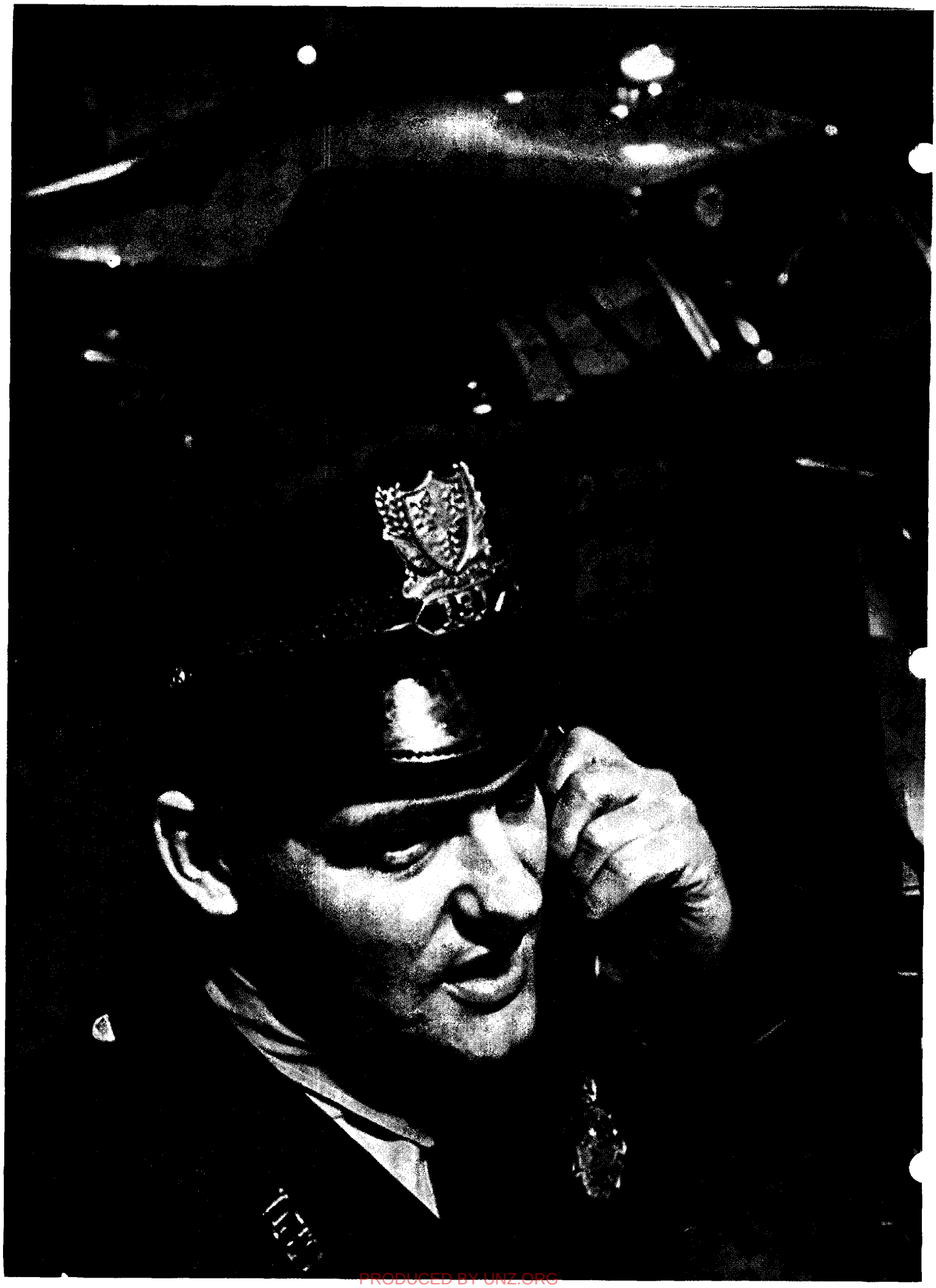
There's a sailing from New York every Friday, week in, week out, all year round. See a Travel Agent. Grace Line, 3 Hanover Square, Digby 4-6000 or 628 Fifth Avenue (Rockefeller Center), New York, Circle 7-3684. Agents and offices in principal cities.

Grace Line also has 26-day Casual cruises through the Panama Canal to the Pacific Coast of South America, 24 to 26-day vagabond voyages to the Caribbean, 40-day vagabond voyages to Chile. Ask about them.

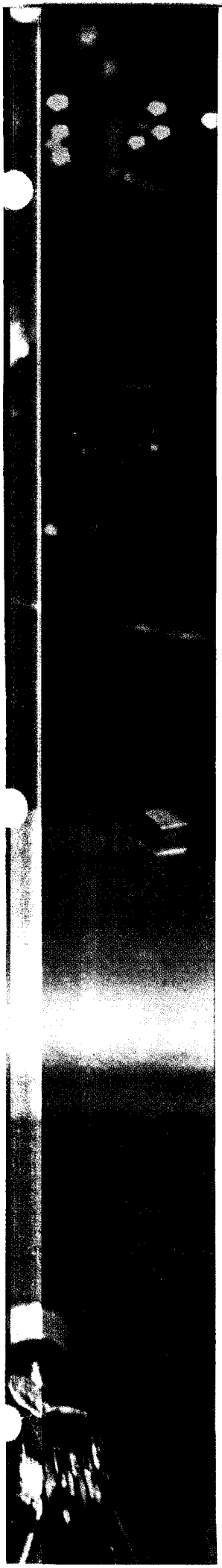
GRACE LINE

U.S.-FLAG SHIPS SERVING THE AMERICAS EXCLUSIVELY

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



IBM computers help police speed up war on crime

It is two a.m. A truck has crashed through a warehouse gate and roared off into the darkness.

A patrol car speeds to the call. The police learn that a load of furs has been stolen. A vague description of the driver and a thumbprint are the only clues. Yet, by dawn, detectives have identified the driver, and are on the way to making an arrest.

A number of factors make rapid police work possible. One is new. It is the use of IBM computers.

Computers versus crime

A computer is only a machine. It cannot patrol a beat or chase a prowler. But a computer can help a police force analyze patterns and trends of crime—so police can take countermeasures at once.

Computer analysis of daily precinct records helps police in many cities to pinpoint potential trouble spots, and assign special patrols to nip crime in the bud.

The same IBM computers can also help keep track of pawnshop records, gun licenses, stolen property reports, violations and arrests.

In New York City, police use an IBM computer to find *at once* a set of matching fingerprints from files of tens of thousands.

Other IBM equipment can quickly locate available policemen with special skills—those who speak Cantonese, those who can drive a subway train, or those who are experts at tracing missing persons.

In several major cities, IBM computers are helping police check the registration of suspicious cars five times faster than was possible before—and take prompt action.

More efficient police work

IBM computers are relieving police of mountains of routine but necessary paper work. More officers can now spend more time on the work they were trained to do best.

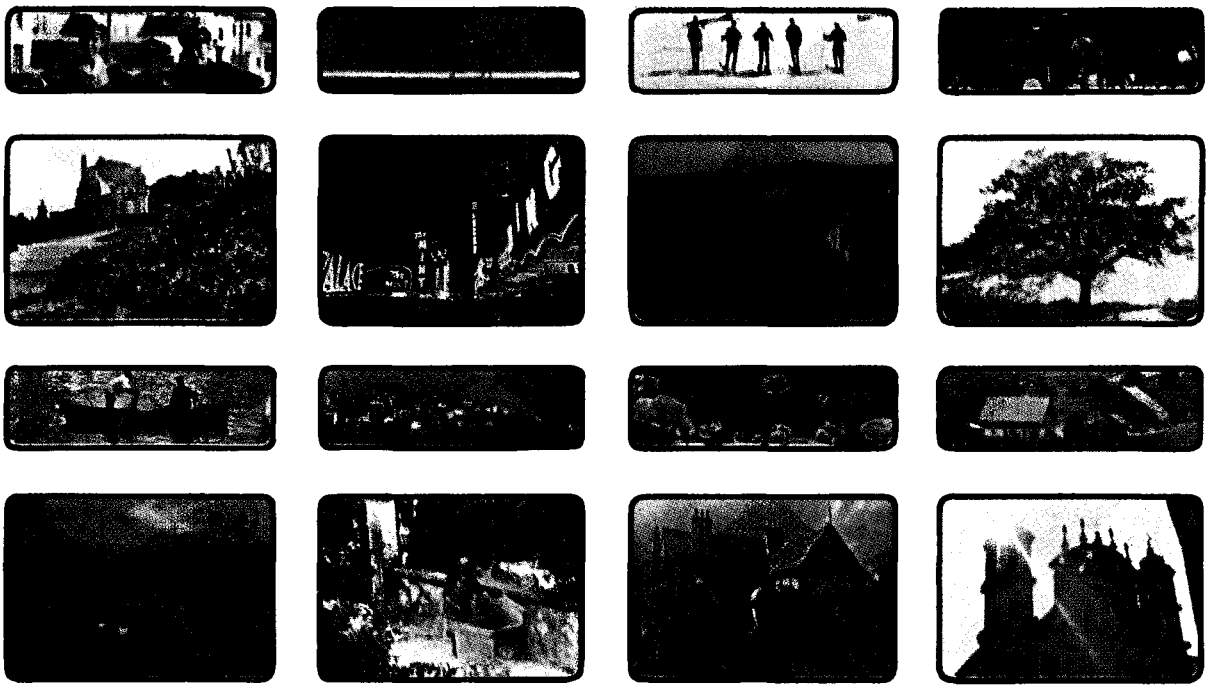
"Computers are virtually revolutionizing law enforcement," says a police inspector. "Their detailed, up-to-the-minute reports enable us to do our work more effectively, and to speed up the war on crime."

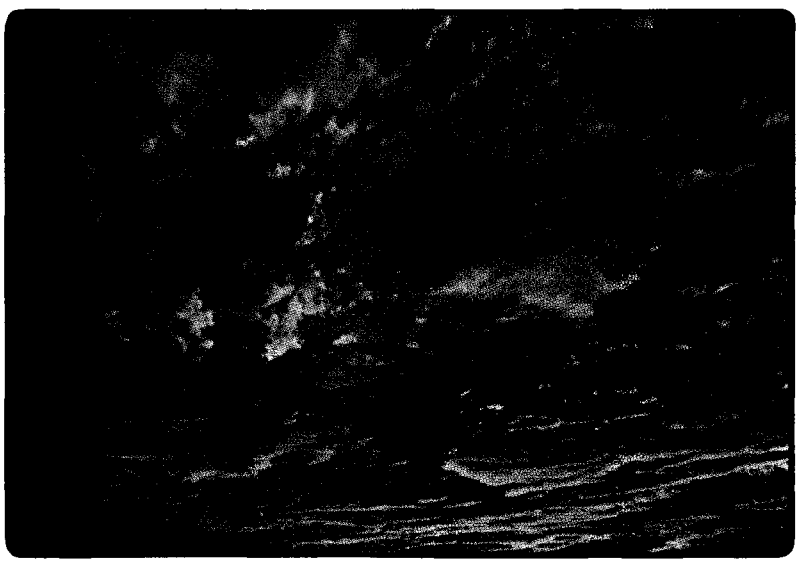
IBM®

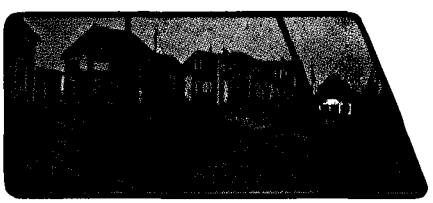
IBM computers are helping many major cities anticipate where police will be needed next.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

©VOLKSWAGEN OF AMERICA, INC.







The Volkswagen Station Wagon comes with 21 views to choose from.

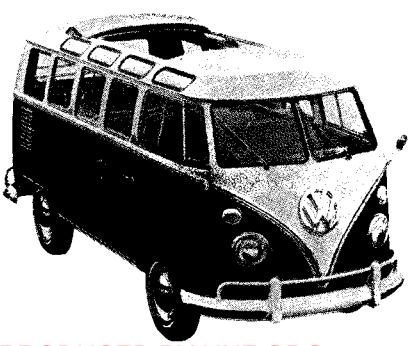
This is what the world looks like from the inside of a VW Station Wagon.

There are 21 windows all around. And a 14-square-foot hole in the roof.

So each of your nine passengers gets 2⅓ views apiece.

(The VW has twice as much room as most wagons, so we have room for a lot more windows.)

The best seat in the house is right behind the steering wheel.



There's no hood in front to look over because the VW engine sits in back.

(This design not only lets you see better; it lets you park easier. Our Wagon is only 9 inches longer than our Sedan.)

And the extra time you spend looking at scenery comes from the time you don't spend looking for gas. (23 mpg on regular is about average.)

Who knows? After you've looked out of one, you may want to look into one.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE ATLANTIC

TRIAL BY NEWSPAPER

BY IRWIN ROSS

A longtime contributor to magazines and a former reporter on the New York POST, *Harvard-educated Irwin Ross is the author of* STRATEGY FOR LIBERALS *(1949) and* THE IMAGE MERCHANTS *(1959). He lives in Manhattan and travels widely in the United States and abroad in search of material for articles and books.*

On April 24, 1964, police in Brooklyn, New York, picked up a semiliterate nineteen-year-old Negro named George Whitmore, Jr., on suspicion of attempted rape. The next day, after Whitmore had been continuously questioned for twenty-two hours, the police announced that he had confessed to three crimes — the attempted rape, the murder of a charwoman in Brooklyn, and the killing of Janice Wylie and Emily Hoffert, young career girls who had been brutally stabbed to death in their Manhattan apartment eight months before. The gruesome Wylie-Hoffert case had shocked New Yorkers as few crimes of violence do; the police, under great pressure to solve the murder, had floundered helplessly. Now their professional honor was vindicated.

The newspapers hailed the coup. The *World-Telegram's* headline, "Wylie Murder Solved: Drifter Admits Killing 2," was typical. All the papers set forth details of Whitmore's confession, as authoritatively furnished by Chief of Detectives Lawrence J. McKearney — how Whitmore had been wandering around New York that summer morning, how he had casually entered the girls' apartment when he found the door unlocked, how he had been surprised by one of the girls while "rummaging around" in the kitchen, and how he had successively murdered each of them. The *Journal-American* interviewed the father of one of the victims, its story beginning with his characterization of Whitmore: "An animal . . . obviously deranged . . . a horror . . . should be imprisoned with no chance of parole."

At his arraignment, however, Whitmore repudiated his confession, his court-appointed lawyer arguing that it had been exacted under duress. The newspapers were unimpressed, and in rebuttal published further details of the confession, endorsing the police contention that Whitmore had such intimate knowledge of the crime that he had to be the murderer. Reading all this, the average citizen could only agree with Chief McKearney that "we got the right guy. No question about it."

A great many questions subsequently arose, however, as well as evidence that Whitmore had been 120 miles away on the day of the crime. Nine months after his arrest, District Attorney Frank S. Hogan cleared Whitmore of the Wylie-Hoffert murder charge. Another suspect was arrested for the crime. The delayed exoneration was welcome, but Whitmore had meanwhile suffered grievous damage, for he had been tried, convicted, and damned in the newspapers long before he had his day in court.

In the intervening period, he had also stood trial in Brooklyn on the lesser charge of attempted rape and had been convicted, partly on the basis of the

Copyright © 1965, by The Atlantic Monthly Company, Boston 16, Mass. All rights reserved.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

same contested serial confession. But it soon became clear that he had not received a fair trial, owing to the prejudicial atmosphere created by the press. In March, Brooklyn District Attorney Aaron E. Koota joined the defense in asking that the verdict be set aside and a new trial scheduled. The court agreed.

Trial by newspaper is not a new phenomenon in the United States. Recently, renewed debate on the subject has been stimulated by the Warren Commission's criticism of the way the press covered the initial police investigation of President Kennedy's assassination. The Commission put most of the blame on the Dallas police department for its amazing lack of restraint in releasing information; item after item of evidence against Lee Harvey Oswald, as well as hearsay and unverified leads, were announced to the world at a series of frantic impromptu press conferences. As for the news media, they were criticized for badgering the police beyond the call of normal journalistic diligence.

"A fundamental objection to the news policy pursued by the Dallas police," the Commission wrote, "is the extent to which it endangered Oswald's constitutional right to a trial by an impartial jury. . . . The disclosure of evidence encouraged the public, from which a jury would ultimately be impaneled, to prejudge the very questions that would be raised at trial."

Partly as a consequence of the events in Dallas, the American Bar Association launched an intensive study of how the requirements of fair trial can be reconciled with the demands of a free press. Committees of the American Society of Newspaper Editors and the American Society of Newspaper Publishers went to work on the same question. The Justice Department, after months of deliberation, issued a policy directive limiting the kinds of information to be released to the press by the FBI and U.S. attorneys. Late last December, the Philadelphia Bar Association got in ahead of the crowd with a set of guidelines that would drastically restrain police, prosecutors, defense counsel, and the news media. For its pains, the Bar Association found itself denounced by the Philadelphia press for trying to subvert the First Amendment.

In law, the accused is presumed innocent until proved guilty. The press pays formal obeisance to this principle but frequently betrays it in practice. In a variety of ways, news stories tend to convey a presumption of guilt. If the police announce that the accused has confessed, the press usually accepts the assertion as proof of guilt, even though the confession may later turn out to be false. If no confession is mentioned but the police provide a lengthy chronicle of what the accused is supposed to have done, the newspaper account usually reads like a statement of fact rather than merely an elaboration of the charge. The occasional qualifying phrase "as the police allege" or "the police charge that" is likely to be lost on the average reader.

Moreover, the news media often report incriminating evidence which the judge may rule to be inadmissible at the trial. And inevitably, prominent attention is given to the defendant's prior criminal record, if he has one, which cannot be mentioned in court unless the accused takes the stand in his own defense.

The endless elaboration of detail about what the accused supposedly did or confessed or was previously convicted of readily creates an impression of guilt. Moreover, even the rhetorical devices of journalism favor acceptance of an accusation as a fact. Thus, "Malcolm X Assassin Charged" is a more effective, though far less accurate, headline than "2nd Muslim Seized in Malcolm Killing." It is a commonplace when an unprepossessing suspect is arrested for him to be referred to as "hoodlum," "thug," or even "killer."

In routine criminal cases, especially in large cities, prejudicial pretrial publicity may not matter: by the time the defendant goes on trial, weeks after the crime, prospective jurymen will have forgotten the half-column news story, if indeed they ever read it. But in sensational crimes, which agitate the entire community, memories are longer, and the cascade of one-sided news accounts usually begins again on the eve of trial. Only an illiterate shut-in who does not listen to radio or watch television could avoid any acquaintance with the case.

In *The Innocents*, a recent book about celebrated miscarriages of justice, Edward D. Radin tells of the weird case of James Foster, a hapless itinerant worker whose unfavorable press notices almost led him to the electric chair. Late in the spring of 1956, a burglar shot a prominent merchant, Charles Drake, in the living room of his home in Jefferson, Georgia. Mrs. Drake, who had been hurt, was able to give the police a description of the intruder. Some days later, detectives found a likely suspect in Foster — then in jail in Gainesville, Georgia, on a traffic violation — for he vaguely fitted the killer's description.

Foster was brought to Jefferson and identified by Mrs. Drake in a confrontation in her home. Colorful newspaper accounts described the bereaved widow as demanding "Why did you kill my husband?" The newspapers also pointed out that Foster had previously served time in Florida for armed robbery. Unmentioned was the fact that his complicity was meager and the judge had let him off with a light sentence.

Soon afterward, the newspapers presented even

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

more conclusive "evidence." Foster's cell mate in jail stated that he had spoken of murdering a man in Jefferson. The newspapers now had a "confession" with which to hang Foster; they did not ask whether the cell mate was telling the truth or merely trying to curry favor.

When Foster went on trial for murder a few weeks later, his lawyers asked for a change of venue because of the pervasive atmosphere of prejudice in the community. It is a standard motion when a trial by newspaper seems to preclude a fair trial by jury. The judge denied the motion. The case against Foster consisted of Mrs. Drake's identification and the "confession" related by his former jail mate. Foster's defense, supported by several witnesses, was that he had been with Gainesville friends throughout the entire evening when the murder took place in Jefferson. He was convicted and sentenced to death.

Then a strange thing happened. A group of townspeople who had been convinced by his defense raised money for an appeal, and while it was making its way through the higher courts — a period which lasted for two years and resulted in successive defeats for Foster — the true killer was found and confessed. Foster was freed.

Even where pretrial publicity does not result in a conviction, its inequity can be painful. A few years ago in a park in San Francisco, a young nurse and her escort were assaulted by a knife-wielding maniac. The escort was bound and gagged, after which the nurse was raped, beaten, burned with a cigarette, and shorn of her hair. The girl got a good look at the rapist, whose most prominent feature was buckteeth, which led to the headline tag "Fang Fiend."

A few days later, the police picked up a twenty-three-year-old ex-convict on suspicion of the assault. He had no buckteeth, and he kept protesting his innocence, but the distraught girl identified him in her hospital room. "That's Him!" the headlines quoted her, and the papers went on to detail the suspicious evidence which the police found in his quarters: surgical tape, scissors, rubbing alcohol, and vaseline. "These common items took on added significance," one newspaper noted, "since the park rapist used surgical tape to bind his victims and he carried a kit of various medical supplies."

The papers made great play with the suspect's prior criminal record, including "two sex arrests." These were actually less damning than they sounded, for in one instance, the youth, then seventeen, had been convicted of statutory rape (intercourse with a girl below the age of eighteen), and in the other the police had dropped the charge as "unfounded." Even the suspect's alibi — that on the night of the crime he was at home tape-recording some of his writing — was used against him, with the press quoting a police inspector as commenting that the tapes revealed him to be a "sexual psychopath and sadist." The inspector went on to suggest that the poet-sadist had become so intoxicated with his own words that he had rushed from his apartment to turn fantasy into horrible fact.

By the time the papers were finished with the "park rapist," it would have been difficult to find a prospective juror in San Francisco who was unacquainted with the case against him. Then, unexpectedly, the police arrested another man for the crime and released the poet. He had been as innocent as he claimed, and on examination, his verse showed no evidence of sadism or sexual psychopathy.

In recent years, the federal courts have taken a stern view of prejudicial reporting. In *Marshall v. United States*, one Howard R. Marshall was convicted of illegally dispensing pep pills. At his trial, the prosecutor had tried to introduce evidence that Marshall had previously practiced medicine without a license. The judge cut off this approach, saying that "it would be just like offering evidence that he picked pockets or was a petty thief . . . and I think would be prejudicial to the defendant."

Thereafter, two newspapers published the inadmissible evidence while the trial was still on. The judge questioned each of the jurors privately and discovered that seven of them had read one or both articles, but they all assured the judge that their impartiality had not been damaged, and he allowed the trial to proceed. In 1959, the Supreme Court reversed Marshall's conviction, stating, "The prejudice to the defendant is almost certain to be as great when the evidence reaches the jury through news accounts as when it is a part of the prosecution's evidence. It may indeed be greater for it is then not tempered by protective procedures."

A 1961 Supreme Court decision, *Irvin v. Dowd*, vividly documented the impact of pretrial publicity on jury attitudes. Six murders had been committed in the vicinity of Evansville, Indiana, in a four-month period. After the suspect was arrested, both prosecutor and police officials issued press releases saying that he had confessed to all six killings, though he was subsequently brought to trial for only one.

As Justice Tom Clark summarized the press campaign: "A barrage of newspaper headlines, articles, cartoons and pictures was unleashed against him during the six or seven months preceding his trial. . . . These stories revealed the details of his background, including a reference to crimes committed when a juvenile, his convictions for arson 20 years previously, for burglary. . . . The headlines announced his police line-up identification, that

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

he faced a lie detector test, had been placed at the scene of the crime. . . . Finally, they announced his confession. . . ." Before the trial, a roving reporter even solicited man-in-the-street opinions about the accused's guilt and appropriate punishment, and broadcast these interviews over local radio.

The defendant's lawyers initially won a change of venue from Vanderburgh County, where Evansville is located, to adjoining Gibson County. They then tried to get a second change of venue, on the grounds that public prejudice was as great in Gibson County, but it was refused. Of the 430 people on the jury panel, 370 stated on examination that they thought the accused was guilty, their opinions ranging from suspicion to outright certainty. Of the twelve jurors finally selected, eight admitted that they believed the defendant to be guilty but claimed that they would be fair and impartial. The Supreme Court was unwilling to take them at their word, stating, "With his life at stake, it is not requiring too much that petitioner be tried in an atmosphere undisturbed by so huge a wave of public passion." It reversed the conviction and ordered a new trial.

CRIME-REPORTING that is heavily weighted against the defendant is a difficult problem to eradicate because the police, the prosecutor's office, and the press all have a stake in the present system. The police have an understandable desire to show they are doing an effective job. More than vulgar headline-grabbing, though there is a good deal of that, can be involved here. As Police Chief W. H. Parker of Los Angeles has rather ponderously put it, "The commission of heinous or serious crimes in a community invariably results in the public demand for an enumeration of police efforts directed toward a solution. . . . This includes, of course, the apprehension of suspects and an explanation of the basis for such arrests." In the absence of effective restraints, explaining the basis of arrests often involves trying the suspects in the public prints.

The District Attorney's office faces similar pressures. Rarely is a prosecutor in the position of New York's Frank S. Hogan, who has held office for over two decades, invariably being elected with major all-party support. Hogan could take a principled position eleven years ago that he would no longer release confessions by defendants, but most D.A.'s have to fight for their political lives at every election and continually face the temptation to sacrifice a bit of the punctilio of due process in order to burnish their public image.

The press is under compulsions of its own. There is, first of all, its purely commercial interest in purveying crime news; few stories sell papers as well as a sensational murder does. But tendentious crime-reporting can also be the consequence of a crusading zeal that is genuinely disinterested: in an effort to bring criminals to book or to prevent a political "fix," it is all too easy to prejudge the guilt of defendants against whom the weight of evidence seems overwhelming.

The British arrange things much better. When a suspect is arrested, almost nothing can be published except his name, age, address, occupation, and the charge against him. If he has made any admissions to the police, they cannot be alluded to in print; nor can the press indicate how he is supposed to have committed the crime; publication of any evidence is forbidden, as is prior criminal record or any expression of belief in his guilt or innocence. Even the defendant's photograph cannot be printed if there is any likelihood that the question of identification will be a relevant point at the trial. These restrictions are enforced by the contempt powers of the British courts. Infractions result in fines and even jail sentences imposed on the offending journalists.

While the British press occasionally grumbles, it hardly suffers from the court-imposed restraints. Once a case comes to trial, newspapers are free to publish everything that transpires in the courtroom; if anything, the popular press plays up crime news even more sensationally than in the United States. All that happens is that the commercial exploitation of crime is postponed from the arrest to the trial stage. Nor does the British system produce public relations problems for the police; after the case is over, there is plenty of occasion for the police to take their bows. On the other hand, in Britain there is no problem about politically ambitious district attorneys, for full-time prosecutors are not employed. One week a barrister will be retained as a prosecutor, the next as defense counsel.

IN THIS country, the results of the British system are more admired than its methods; few reformers propose adopting them here. For one thing, the Supreme Court has shown extreme reluctance to uphold contempt proceedings against the press, on grounds of infringing the First Amendment. That problem aside, it is felt that it would be unwise to allow so vast an expansion of a judge's contempt powers. We have too many political hacks and incompetents on the bench; the possible caprice and vindictiveness of judges, suddenly capable of fining and imprisoning editors, are rightly feared. "We know that judges as well as editors can be tyrants," Mr. Justice Douglas has tartly observed.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

On the other hand, our present methods of dealing with prejudicial publicity are clearly inadequate. Adjournments sometimes provide time for passions to die down, but not in celebrated cases, where press attention resumes as the trial date approaches. A change of venue can be useful only when a case is of purely local interest. Reversals of conviction in general provide an ineffective remedy; if the defendant is innocent, he may have been victimized by a long stay in jail; if he is guilty, society may be victimized, for after the long lapse of time it may be difficult to secure a conviction in a new trial.

As a consequence, various proposals have been made to curb publicity before a defendant's rights have been prejudiced. The most moderate approach is cooperative self-restraint; in Oregon and in Massachusetts, representatives of the news media and the bar have adopted voluntary codes of good behavior. Since Oregon's "Statement of Principles" was adopted in 1962, no substantial complaints of press excesses have occurred, but Oregon does not have an especially sensational press. The "Massachusetts Guide for the Bar and News Media," now two years old, has been adopted by twenty-six daily and thirty-one weekly papers, but except for the *Christian Science Monitor*, all Boston papers have rejected it. The problem with voluntary codes, it is clear, is simply their voluntarism.

Legal authorities have made a number of proposals for compulsory restrictions. In a speech before the American Bar Association last year, Dean Erwin N. Griswold of the Harvard Law School suggested that the bar's canon of ethics be amended to prohibit both prosecutors and defense counsel from releasing a wide range of prejudicial information. The restrictions would be clearly spelled out; infractions could then be dealt with by the grievance committees of the local bar associations and by disbarment proceedings in the courts. "Until we take this step," Griswold said, "we cannot really criticize the news media very severely if they publish the information which lawyers give them."

As for enforcing more restrained behavior on the police, Griswold proposed that it be done through the rule-making and contempt powers of the courts. Imposing contempt penalties on garrulous cops, he argued, did not involve the same constitutional problems as punishing a newspaper for contempt. Federal legislation along these lines has been proposed by Senator Wayne Morse. Morse's bill would levy fines of up to $1000 on any federal investigator or prosecutor, as well as defendant or counsel in the federal courts, who released for publication information that was not part of the court record "which might affect the outcome of any pending criminal litigation."

A more far-reaching proposal by New York Supreme Court Justice Bernard S. Meyer has aroused considerable interest. Meyer advocates passage of a law which would prohibit both the release and the publication of prejudicial material; thus the press as well as police and lawyers could be punished. The restrictions would apply only to jury trials, for judges in any event have to be exposed to prejudicial material when they rule on the admissibility of evidence.

In Meyer's proposed statute, certain matters would be specifically prohibited, such as publication of prior criminal record, or of a confession, or of the offer of a settlement in a civil case, or of opinions about the credibility of a witness or the guilt of the accused. In addition, there would be a second category of material which might or might not be prejudicial, such as interviews with the victims of a crime, statements about the expected testimony of a witness, publication of the addresses of jurors. Whether the printing of such matters substantially endangered a fair trial would have to be determined by a jury, evaluating all the circumstances of the case.

The press, understandably, is apprehensive about all such proposals. Any suggestion of court-enforced restraints raises fears of full-blown censorship. Many journalists, though by no means all, also oppose restricting the utterances of the police and the D.A.'s office, on the grounds that the public's "right to know" would be infringed. While the right to know, unlike the right to print, has no constitutional sanction, it is clearly in the public interest that the police, prosecutors, and courts be subject to continual journalistic scrutiny. This goal can be achieved, however, without the press's inquisitiveness being satisfied at so premature a stage in a criminal proceeding as to victimize a defendant. The right to know is not an absolute, in the police station any more than in the Pentagon or the State Department. While unnecessary secrecy in any area of government is to be avoided, the press can hardly demand instant candor.

On the other hand, proposals like Meyer's, Morse's, and Griswold's, while pointing in the right direction, all share a common defect: they admit of no exceptions. To ensure that a jury is uncontaminated by extraneous impressions, they would prohibit virtually all statements to the press, before and during a trial, by both defense counsel and prosecutors.

Such a sweeping approach assumes that justice is always done in the courtroom, that throughout the fifty states we always enjoy an equitable and efficient judicial system. The truth is that on occasion pretrial publicity serves the ends of justice;

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

instead of damaging the case of an innocent defendant, it may ensure fair treatment. It has not been unknown in some parts of this country for trade-union organizers occasionally to be run in on trumped-up criminal charges; what would be gained if defense lawyers were prevented from saying that the real crime was organizing a union? Similarly, during the civil rights upsurge in the South, the ostensible charge on which arrests are made is usually far removed from the real offense — an assertion of constitutional rights which the local authorities regard as intolerable. It would certainly be a perversion of justice if defense attorneys (and newspapers, under Justice Meyer's proposed statute) were to be punished for stating that their clients were being unfairly harassed.

Some of the most celebrated civil liberties cases of the past could never have been effectively fought if Dean Griswold's or Justice Meyer's proposals had been in effect. In the Scottsboro case, back in 1931, nine Negro youths who had been riding a boxcar through Alabama were falsely charged with rape by two white girls (one of whom later recanted) who were on the same train. Eight of the boys were convicted and sentenced to death in a judicial atmosphere that would have dismayed an English court. The case remained a *cause célèbre* throughout the thirties. There were endless trips to the appellate courts, two reversals by the U.S. Supreme Court, and several jury trials in Alabama; in the end, most of the youths were released. But had some of the restraints currently proposed been operative, the campaign for the Scottsboro nine would have had to halt every time a new trial was pending. It is difficult to see how such restrictions would have furthered justice; and they would certainly have made it more difficult to raise money for the defense.

The George Whitmore case, with which this article began, ironically illustrates not only the inequities of the present system but also how the engines of mass publicity can aid a hapless defendant. On the basis of false information from the police, the New York press initially damned Whitmore beyond the point where he could get a fair trial. On the other hand, long before District Attorney Hogan exonerated him of the Wylie-Hoffert killings, a number of newspapermen became suspicious of the charges and launched a press campaign in his behalf. It is true that an assistant district attorney had also begun to doubt the validity of Whitmore's confession, and in the end (partly aided by journalistic investigators), turned up the crucial evidence that cleared him. But no one who has followed the case doubts that relentless newspaper attention has had much to do with the scrupulous concern for Whitmore's constitutional rights now manifested by all the authorities.

What would have happened to Whitmore if the British rules or Dean Griswold's rules had been in effect? At the outset, his false confession would not have been published; he would unquestionably have been tried on the initial charge, that of attempted rape, by as close to an impartial jury as one can get in a sensational case. Once the press began to doubt his guilt, the papers would either have been prevented from saying anything in print or would have at least been denied access to Whitmore's lawyers while the two additional trials were pending. Whitmore has clearly gained by the present arrangements.

Obviously, some balance must be struck between total lack of restraint and restrictions so severe as to defeat, under some circumstances, the very ends they seek to secure. As a practical matter, it is unlikely that any legislation could pass that would penalize the press for derelictions in crime-reporting. The only approach that has a chance to work is one that would stop the flow of prejudicial material at its source: the police department and the prosecutor's office, which routinely furnish the press with the bulk of information about confessions, incriminating evidence, "bombshell" witnesses.

As a general rule, the defense counsel should be put under the same restraints, for it is clearly as unfair for one side as for the other to try its case in the newspapers. But one escape clause should be provided, wide enough to accommodate the exceptional case like the Whitmore affair or the Scottsboro boys — defendant's option. The defendant already has the option in criminal trials of deciding whether to testify. Under the present proposal, the defendant who thought he was being framed could take his case to the press; his lawyer could talk. In that event, of course, the prosecutor would have the right to respond. One would anticipate that only under unusual circumstances would the defendant exercise the publicity option; in most cases he would be better off avoiding all but the most neutral press comment.

This may not be a perfect solution, but it is one which is likely to prevent the excesses of trial by newspaper without relinquishing the safeguards of a crusading press. In the vast majority of cases, it would sweep away the fog of prejudice that frequently clouds the jury's vision. It would, in short, return the trial to the courtroom.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE BALD PRIMAQUEERA

BY SEAN O'CASEY

It is fitting and typical of Sean O'Casey that his last work, this essay on the theater of decay and despair, should be more than a polemic. It is a vigorous affirmation that life is worth living from a great playwright whose own early work set off a riot in a Dublin theater and was called "sewage." Mr. O'Casey wrote the article a few weeks before his death last September at the age of eighty-four.

OH, DON'T tarnish the memory of the marvelous play we've just seen. Let not your heart be troubled, nothing ridiculous can linger longer so. Let us steep and seep our souls in the gospel, the last gospel according to Artaud.

Artaud! Artaud!
Pounding a play to a wordless thesis,
Beating up life into bloody pieces,
An' the birds of Swan Lake to a gaggle of geeses.
Artaud!
Cut down the ivy, hack down the holly,
Life is sure gruesome, death is most jolly,
Keep the axe poised over Pineapple Polly.
Artaud!
Rape, murder, and suicide for brave British writers,
And a kicking to hell for the song-singing blighters.
Artaud! Artaud!
For man is a louse and woman's a folly,
An' the way to the grave's the way that is jolly,
So hack down the ivy and burn up the holly,
So into black urns with each Mick and his Molly,
An' keep the axe poised over Pineapple Polly.
Artaud!

There are mild Mabels among the axemen, those of calmer and more civilized propulsions, who rarely go further than marauding invasions into bedroom curiosities, and spectroscope probing into the mysteries of the toilet, the lavatory, or the water closet, according to the more or less refinements of the several writers of the several plays.

There was a play done on B.B.C. television in which a man and woman visiting a couple met in the hall, came up together, and exchanged remarks when they had settled down on chairs, one making himself known to the lady, explaining that he lived in a certain road, to be surprised by the lady saying that she lived there too, adding that it was "a remarkable coincidence" followed by the coincidence of living in the same house, the same floor of the house, the same flat on the same floor, the same bedroom in the same flat, the same bed in the same room. All just coincidence, variously called "Marvelous, Amazing, Extraordinary, Astonishing, and Tremendous." Seeing that though they came so close together in so many ways, even to his, presumably, mounting her while they were in bed together, yet could never become acquainted, they were persons of very poor power of observation.

Then in the midst of the coincidences came the climax — a maidservant slipped forward to tell the audience that she had bought a chamber pot, and in the production of this play, as a suitable coat of

Photograph © Robert Emmett Ginna, 1955.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

arms for it, a chamber pot was planted in the stage center, plump and ferocious, in plain view of the audience, their rosy faces trying to keep calm and look ahead as if they had seen nothing. It was the consecration of the house. Apart from being old-fashioned, the chamber pot is almost nonexistent now. It used to be the third piece in a set of three for a bedroom, the ewer, the basin, and the pot, in the upper-class and middle-class homes in the day of my youth, but times and new dispositions displaced them from favor, and now it would be hard to spot them, even in an old-fashioned junk shop. Apart from this, these peering, leering playwrights have no natural or supernatural license to jeer at these essential bodily practices. None of them is the mental and physical outcome of an immaculate conception. Each has a mortal button on his belly.

These are the pacifist Freudians of the Theater, who see sex in a rain cloud, the way a spoon is used, and the way one holds a knife and fork. These, too, are half brothers with the daredevil Horrorhawks of the theater of murder, rape, and cruelty, and all are arm in arm with the theater of the absurd. As Minerva is said to have sprung from the head of Jupiter, so these playwrights seem to claim they have jumped from the head of Freud, a shocking mishap to happen to anyone. They dibble and dabble in their plays with the Freudian faculties, turning them into neurotic fixatives and erotic fribbles and frabbles of their own. There must be some Freudian reason for their frequent leering, sneering among the lower depths of the human body. To them a body is a vile body, and it is nothing more. The Christian Church nourished and nursed this idea, aiming at getting out of the body to be present with the Lord. The idea didn't work, and it doesn't work now — except among a lot of playwrights, busy now making the mind worse than the body. The comic thing is that their plays declare that they know little or nothing about either. Psychology and psychoanalysis are sciences, life studies, and cannot be acquired by just reading a book at bedtime. Freud spent his life studying the human mind, yet at the end admitted he had learned little about it.

Yet a lot of these boyos sit in the minds of their characters like a spider in a web center, noting every vibration and agitation in their characters, as if, like the spider, they themselves had woven the mysterious and multi-multiple web of the human brain. Freud knew the first thing about it, but these know the first and last about it. Each is in his own swollen ego the Alpha and Omega in the know-how of the whole psychological nature of man, the peak of mammals, yet scientists are now studying the psychology of captive animals, in relation to their food and habits, and they aren't finding it as easy as kiss hands.

Do they know much more about the body which they so often abuse by sneer and snarl in their plays? It is odd that the body from the waist down should be used as a gibe in the plays of so many present-day playwrights. It would seem that they resent being endowed with a belly. They seem to regard it as an unnatural and unwarranted degradation. They don't relish the idea of having to carry a basement department with them; they refuse to admit that the lower story is just as wonderful as the upper one, that there can be no apartheid here, for the upper, lower, and middle body, brain, and mind are one unified whole.

It is the middle parts of fortune which hold the golden issues of life, all our wealth of great minds through the ages, in art, science, literature, music, and great and small buildings, all have to make their first passage to life through the belly, and the clash together of complementary bellies has given the world a bewildering mass of wonderful animation in hand and head, with many more to come, all giving problems that keep hands and heads busy trying to keep things steady, shipshape, and cheerful.

It was Artaud — the latest trumpeter of the Primaqueeri — or one of his brethren, who gave us a picture of a beautiful girl, naked, with a malignant tarantula spider between her lovely thighs. An ugly guardian for the seat of life, a vision that could only be seen by a savage Primaqueera — one who is thinking he is looking through a lens which reflects back into the mind of the onlooker, showing that this tarantula spider is squatting, not between the lovely thighs of a woman, but in the searcher's skull, weaving its tendrils in and out of the web of his brain. It is an opposite vision seen by Peter Keegan in Shaw's *John Bull's Other Island*, but is, too, the vision of a madman. All the greatness of man in wealth of science, art, literature, human healing, the fire of vision, the urge of effort have come in a little life from between the thighs of a woman. Such writers blaspheme against humanity, for even the tarantula spider has its place in nature, and in its own haunts is harmless to man.

These fellows rarely mention animals, and when they do, they make them as horrible as they make men and women. None of these Primaqueera playwrights seem to like either beast or blossom. When they do mention any, they seem to give them a sinister or savage symbolism. A travesty on the old and charming tale of *Androcles and the Lion* told us that when the lion and his master had gone through their romance in the arena of Rome, and they were returning home at night in the dark, with the busy streets empty and still, the lion

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

turned on Androcles, rent him to pieces, and ate the poor bugger up, leaving not a wrack behind. Another story tells us of a fellow absorbing the nature of a dog; not a gay dog, but one apparently on the way to madness. Now, a mad one is no more a true dog than a poor demented person is a true human being. Soon there will be no necessity for a da to buy his daughter a bowwow, bowwow, for with little effort, apparently, he can become one, and a fierce one, too. Ionesco, the playwright, tries to show us men and women turning into rhinoceroses, with but one man left opposing the Muttamorphosis. Funny, this, for while there is no fear of the rhinoceros exterminating man, man has to engage in a feverish fight to keep a few of these strange and remarkable animals alive. There is no fear of our turning into rhinoceroses, but there is a possible chance, if these playwrights get their way, of our all turning into Ionescos, a more terrible fate still. Hitchcock is the latest champion in the fray, but he, in a film, gives the venom and the violence to the birds. Our feathered friends become our spear-beaked enemies according to the talk I've heard around me. The birds (very different from those imagined by Aristophanes) set themselves to overthrow the dominance of the human family; to pierce and rend them as the frenzied women of Thebes tore their king, Pentheus, to pieces for ignoring and mocking the power and divinity of the god Bacchus. Euripides was bad enough, but he rent but one man, and him for blasphemy against a god. The present literary group, in their work in drama, novel, poem, and film, seem to revel in the sending of all men, mentally and physically, to act like Shakespeare's wanton boys with flies. They get sport out of it all. They want to be the avant-garde gods. They are a kinda requiem get-together group, and there dare not be any sing-along Saturday in their poem or play.

The most recent addition to the dark stars that have swum into the sky of English dramatic literature is the play *Afore Night Comes*. The scene is a pear orchard on the outskirts of the Black Country. A group of casual laborers gather the fruit under the direction of a bluff, harassed foreman deficient in power of command. Into their midst wanders an outsider — a scrofulous, defeated, defiant, cringing, elderly Irishman, Roche, a lazy visionary who offends and frightens the rest. They kill him, decapitate him, bury him, and go their ways in the dusk.

As among the denizens of these dark stars, this latest one, too, has a psychopath and a homo. The other *personae gratae* are ignorant and stupid country laborers. They are busy gathering a pear harvest, and they are backed by three pear trees placed so as to be a symbol (it is said) of the Crucifixion, and the murder of the Irish tramp is said to be encased or enthroned on or in a Ritual.

We read that after the scrounger had been polished off, the rhapsodic laborers beheaded him with a hayfork. A playful little group, certes! Clever, too, to be able to behead any mother's son with a hayfork. What is a hayfork doing at the gathering of fruit anyway? Fruit is gathered from the trees with the prongs on a hand, not by those on a hayfork. It is said that the play is partly naturalistic, partly documentary. I have watched the gathering of plum and cherry, but never saw a hayfork used in the work. The trees were lofty, fifteen to twenty-five feet high, and they were clustered with fruit. Indeed, the men and I were already treading on fallen plums, and among these sappy ruins lay several blackbirds and some smaller birds I couldn't identify. Against two of the trees were odd-looking ladders, splaying out at the base, narrowing as they mounted, till they tapered almost to a point at the top, so that they could easily be thrust through the higher branches and placed so that the pickers would have the widest possible radius for the reach of their arms and gather all the fruit within touch of them. It was a job of skill, needing quick and flexible hands and delicate fingers so that the fruit in its plucking and its deposit in the basket might never be bruised. No clumsy, stupid worker could do it, for it required an intelligence far above that embodied in the nature of the primitive man who selected one to be a god for a season and then slew him so that the pieces of the body be scattered over the fields in honor of the Corn God and so ensure a plenteous harvest for the coming year. Ritual of any kind isn't a haphazard thing! It always has a custom, a reason in the background — a ritual in the churches, on Remembrance Day, the ritual of Freemasonry, the ritual of the old music hall! — but here we have neither rhyme nor reason for it. This sacrifice of a victim seems to me to have nothing to do with any pagan rite described in *The Golden Bough*, but to have been the act of a group of psychomaniac maniacs.

The strangest thing of all is the foolish and hateful way in which playwrights and critics regard the farm workers as ignorant, stupid, and given to ferocity. It is an odd contemplation of the country worker, and could be very questionable if it were not ridiculous. Even in my early days, although the field workers were often ignorant in the ways of formal education, they were never stupid, were highly intelligent as far as the farming knowledge of the time went, and had a great deal of natural knowledge. They had none of the gaudy or gorgeous knowledge of the higher airs within them, but they were well versed in the knowledge

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of the good earth they husbanded, of the earth that gave us life and provides the wherewithal to maintain it. They knew the odd ways of the sky, the clouds, the wind, and the rain, the ways of the Farmer's Boy, and all the ways of the things around them, the fields, the animals, wild and domestic, the trees, the silent turmoil that went on in hedge and pond, and all this made them one with the most remarkable mysteries of life. Under conditions which would be dreadful to the farm worker today, this harassed folk reared up sturdy children; thousands of them followed the drum to widen Britain's empire, dotting foreign fields with their dead from Crécy to Tel el Kebir.

To say that these were stupid and brutal, if said seriously, is a bare and malignant lie. These fellows with their women have given us over the centuries a rich heritage of folk music, lore, and song which could never have been composed by the brutal, ignorant, and the stupid. Yet today, when the farm workers are more alert, well up in general education, firmly organized in a sturdy union, are mechanics of a sort, dealing with complicated machines, in this play they are presented as a group of savage and senseless thugs. Even in Chaucer's day there were good reasons for the peasants' anger, defiance, and rough usage of a few nobles during their great revolt against intolerable conditions and the deprivations made on their scant possessions by landlord and parson whenever the head of a family died! But even here there was no ritualistic nonsense when a pike speared a body or a billhook slashed at a head! Nor are there accounts of these goings-on by the rude "mechanicals" during the time Spenser wrote his *The Shepheardes Calender* and Shakespeare set down the rough-and-ready manners of the country folk, ignorant but vivid beings whom he knew so well and loved so much. Nor can it be safely alleged that the persecution of what were called "witches," mostly women, was ritualistic. It was the nobility and the learned of the land who used to condemn these poor beings to the stake. Yet on the possible happenings of this play a critic has said, "The play is unbelievable, yet somehow, unbelievably, makes the unbelievable real. In the end it is inevitable that the menacing outsider must be killed by the group." We need time to tease all this out. In such circumstances of fruit-gathering, no time would be wasted in killing an intruder, however menacing he might be. So they bury their victim under the pear trees, the victim that died for the peace of the group. How did they dig this grave? They had no spade, and a hayfork could but scratch the grass. The group should have left him where he fell, lying on top of the world, should have gone home in the darkness, having called upon the robin redbreast and the wren.

Mr. Pinter is more of a gentleman; you could never see him going about with a hayfork. Yet all critics admit, nay, agree, that he is a sinister fellow as far as his work is concerned. Not only every sentence but almost every word is sinister in its menace; hidden, but nonetheless visible in emotional penetration. Rudkin works bare-handed; Pinter wears gloves, so that not even a fingerprint is deposited in the writing. Rudkin roars like any sucking dove. Prim Pinter is genteel; he rarely shouts, but uses the voice like the sibilant purr of a Siamese cat, ready to change to the dangerous hiss of a snake at any minute. His quicker dialogue, as in that of the mother in *A Night Out*, is like the hammering of a woodpecker's beak against the trunk of a tree! His slower tense is like the tap, tap, tap of the stick of Teresius. Pinter doesn't behead his *personae non gratae* with a hayfork! He pulls them to pieces in his pauses; the one kills with a shout, the other in a silence. His silence is like that of a cemetery, menacing and creepy, making each individual hair upon one's head stand up like quills upon the fretful perkypine. In these plays we know not the why or the wherefore. No one knows whence the persons come or whither they goeth. Hecuba doesn't know where she stands. Pinter and Rudkin keep their mouths shut. To any questions they answer not. No names, no pack drill.

They must be meant for No plays. Neither Pinter nor Rudkin likes people. Indeed, Mr. Rudkin declares with a flourish that he despises audiences. Perhaps he means only that he despises them as audiences but really loves them for themselves alone. He dislikes them only when they get in his way. They certainly are a nuisance to all playwrights when they don't come.

Mr. Pinter's play *The Birthday Party* is a tour de farce of the menace in the common word, the cliché, and the menace in the pause. It seems to frighten the critics. One of the radiant members of the Sunday school of radio critics referred to a pause as a "bumbinating vacuum." I imagine that the characters as well as the pauses are another kind of bumbinating vacuum. These are the woman of the house, her husband, a chair attendant, and a lodger named Stanley. There is a young girl, too, and, later on, two visitors who turn out to be megatonic, bumbinating vacuums, who toward the play's end take away poor Stanley to God knows where; God can only know reason. The play opens with an overture on the theme of cornflakes and fried bread for breakfast! — a brilliant line of chatter which is apparently meant to make a heart stand still. It is Stanley's birthday, so a boy's

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

drum is bought and presented to him, apparently for his amusement, or to encourage his musical tastes, for he was once a pianist in some kinda show or pub. He fixes the drum around his neck, beats a simple stepping tap, tap, and parades around the table to the delight of the woman of the house — left, right, left. He increases the beat quicker and quicker, he walks faster, then beats a frantic roll on the toy drum, facing the woman! His whole aspect changes; he looks terrible, so that the lady collapses away from him in abject terror. The dolldrum! The dolldrum! The Congo is strongo, the Congo will how do hoo doo voodo you! Coming events cast their shudders before, the gods arrive in the shape of the two visitors, Goldberg, an effusive Jew, and a surly brutish Irishman, members of the two races which have given a lot of trouble to a too complacent world. They have no trouble here; Goldberg, when he hears it is Stanley's birthday, calls for a party; the woman of the house says she'll wear her party dress and hopes she'll look well, Goldberg replying that she'll look like a tulip.

In the end Stan is taken away by the Visitors for God knows what to God knows where.

As far as the mind can go, this is the one instance in the plays of the avant-garde where a flower is mentioned. The tulip suddenly flowers, but only in mockery, and is swiftly sheared from the mind of any who noticed it. A flowering plant would be an obnoxious intruder into any avant-garde play. If one was brought in it would be a festering lily, for we are told "Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds." I wonder if any of the avant-garde playwrights has a garden, and if he has, do flowers grow in it, and if flowers grow there, does he notice them in his goings-out and his comings-in? If he doesn't, then he is contemptuous of a large part of the loveliness around him, and so is contemptuous of life, for plants are living things as he is a partly living thing; they spring from seed as he does, and germinate in the earth's womb as he does in the womb of a woman. They eat and drink as he does, they are attacked by enemies under the earth and above it, as man is by bacilli and viruses, but in spite of these distresses they express themselves in beauty of color and scent. They are useful, too, for man could not go on living on this earth without them.

One play belonging to what we are told is theater of the absurd, *The Resounding Tinkle*, mentions a garden; no herb or shrub grows there, but an elephant romps around in it. Small chance for a plant or shrub where an elephant is, for an elephant in a garden is as damaging as a bull in a china shop. In the mind's eye one might see a lovely woman in a garden, like Maud among the musk roses, or see the beautiful lady Handel saw walking in a garden shady, bathed with the evening air, with a glory of golden hair. Or a simple farm worker on seeing a daisy might say:

> Wee, modest, crimson-tippèd flow'r,
> Thou's met me in an evil hour;
> For I maun crush amang the stoure
> Thy slender stem.
> To save thee now is past my pow'r,
> Thou bonie gem.

But not they. Tree, shrub, or herb grows nowhere near them. They may have glimpsed a tree as they raced past, but their eyes never seem to have rested on the graceful beech, the sturdy oak, the immemorial elm, or the tender ash. They live in a Silent Spring. Of course we know that this elephant was put into the garden as an item of assurance that this play belonged to the theater of the absurd. For the life of me I can't find anything humanly absurd in any of them. These playwrights seem to be vying with each other as to which can be more absurd than the other. A kinda "what you can do well, I can do better" slogan. Shouldn't be surprised if one day we had a hippopotamus, not in a garden but in the cage of a canary, and he singing away like any nightingale. They see none of the wonder of animals. They don't even take a passing interest in them. All kinship is lost between animals and them. If they be mentioned, they are but mentioned in mockery, like the rhinoceros trotting through the town and the elephant in the garden.

A Pinter play mentions a slug, and that is all, as far as I have read or can remember. Arden, of course, writes about a workhouse donkey, but he isn't one of the avant-garde and doesn't deal only with nonsense and savagery. Indeed, it seems to me that Arden's *Sergeant Musgrave's Dance* is far and away the finest play of the present day, full of power, protest, and frantic compassion, notwithstanding that it was scowled and scooted from the theater by most of our intelligent and unintelligent drama critics. I wonder why! What dazzling Freudian id or idiom swept this rejection into them, making them reject the denunciation of war's horrors, and led them to embrace the plays which despise and hate life. They take all they can get out of life, like the most of us, enjoy its sweets and recreations, pilfer its pleasures, and dial 999 for Scotland Yard as soon as they feel a chill in body or in bone.

There was one lone but grand exception — Mr. Harold Hobson, drama critic of the *Sunday Times*. He told his many readers, without any qualification, how much he regretted the cold reception he gave to such a fine play. He had been greatly mistaken in his first opinion of the work and went on to give the play the fullest and most eloquent praise any

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

intelligent critic could give to any fine and powerful work. It is naturally hard for a critic to proclaim a mistake in the first estimation of a play, and so Mr. Hobson's handsome admission of one was a very courageous thing to do, and it shall be counted unto him as righteousness.

The newest example of the theater's condition of mind is a play now appearing in London called *Entertaining Mr. Sloane*. The author gave an interview on the B.B.C. network recently. The interviewer asked him to explain the plot, the meaning of the play, or to say something about it. The author responded as readily as any of Chaucer's storytellers wending their way to Canterbury. No, he wasn't influenced by either Oedipus Rex or Oedipus Rix. It was a gathering together of many phases and psychologically disturbed characters, woven in and out into a simple dramatic pattern. Shakespeare did the same kind of thing. The play told of a house where dwelt a father with his two adult children, a man and a woman. The woman met a man in a public library who happened to be looking for a lodging. She invited him home to see if a room would please him. He went with her, was very pleased, and decided to dwell in the tent of the scarabs. Within the space of eight pages of typescript, say five minutes, she succeeds in getting his trousers off — the outer barbican stormed. Then the brother of the woman enters, and he, too, immediately desires to take the young man's trousers off. Yet no homosexual he. The author gives us a plump assurance that he is bisexual, so while remaining a man, he could, at a drop of the trousers, become a perfect woman impersonator. Another trivial point — the newcomer, before he arrived, had murdered an old man, and the other old man upstairs knew of it. Some way, the brother and sister became aware of it too, and she blackmailed the lodger into her bed with a hey nonny o. Afterward, the brother succeeded in blackmailing him into his bed in rare counterpoint style, and to brighten the borders, the newcomer kills the old fella upstairs.

Here we have a theatrical gallimaufry of murder, odd sexual surges, a kinda incestuous indulgence on the part of brother and sister, with a man lodger in between, and a variegated assortment of psychiatric phases. A play to make a man pull his trousers up. The future is to have the inheritance of the theater of the ridiculous, of the absurd, of rape, of murder and sudden death, of incest, of futility, of violence, and of a basilisk pot of sexual distortions, and the land of Hope and Glory will disappear beneath the mud of a dull inferno.

Alfred Hitchcock has added an addendum crescendo to all these by his many films of mystery and horror. In a recent interview over the wireless he recounted with opulent satisfaction all he had done, and all he might yet do. Without seeming to see any difference between fear and fright, he told us that people like to be frightened, that they came to the cinema to be absolved from some kind of psychic fear. They joined their emotions with those shown in the picture, leaving the cinema chastened, and easier in mind and stronger in body — the film director adding with a beaming and patronizing air that all this fear and need to be frightened sprang from the nursery rhyme of Little Red Riding Hood. Does the child really carry this rhyme in his or her mind from the cradle to the grave? There was a wise man who said, long, long ago, "When I was a child I thought as a child, but now, having become a man, I put childish things from me," but maybe he didn't know what he was talking about. There are many more nursery rhymes than one, and any one of them might become a psychic influence as the one quoted by Hitchcock. I would shove aside his for this:

> Ride a cock-horse to Banbury Cross,
> To see a fine lady upon a white horse;
> Rings on her fingers and bells on her toes,
> And she shall have music wherever she goes.

Today I heard on the wireless of a fifteen-year-old lass's diving into the sea to save a boy of ten. The boy was saved; she was lost. And of a policewoman who risked her life on a roof ridge to save a baby which a half-mad father had in his arms, ready to jump off the roof, baby and all, had the brave woman not snatched it from the frantic father. Brave woman, brave teen-ager lass. Ah, to hell with the loutish lust of Primaqueera. There are still many red threads of courage, many golden threads of nobility woven into the tingling fibers of our common humanity. No one passes through life scatheless. The world has many sour noises; the body is an open target for many invisible enemies, all hurtful, some venomous, like the accursed virus which can bite deeply into flesh and mind. It is full of disappointments, and too many of us have to suffer the loss of a beloved child, a world that aches bitterly till our time here ends. Yet, even so, each of us, one time or another, can ride a white horse, can have rings on our fingers and bells on our toes, and if we keep our senses open to the scents, sounds, and sights all around us, we shall have music wherever we go.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

POEMS BY ROBERT GRAVES

GOOD-NIGHT TO THE OLD GODS

Good-night, old gods, all this long year so faint
You propped your heavy eyelids up with shells!
Though once we honored you who ruled this land
One hundred generations and ten more,
Our mood has changed: you dribble at the mouth,
Your dark-blue fern-tattoos are faded green,
Your thunderous anger wanes to petulance,
And love to groanings of indifference.
What most you crave is rest in a rock-cave,
Seasonally aroused by raucous gulls
Or swallows, nodding off once more to sleep.

We lay you in a row with cool palm wine
Close at your elbows, should you suffer thirst,
And breadfruit piled on rushes by your feet;
But will not furnish you a standing guard —
We have fish to net and spear, taro to hoe,
Pigs to fatten, coco trees to climb;
Nor are our poets so bedulled in spirit
They could mount a platform, praising in worn verse
Those fusillades of lightning hurled by you
At giants in a first daybreak of time:
Whom you disarmed and stretched in a rock-cave
Not unlike this — you have forgotten where.

THE SNAP-COMB WILDERNESS

Magic is tangled in a woman's hair
For the enlightenment of male pride.
To slide a comb uxoriously
Through an even swell of tresses undisturbed
By their cascade from an exact parting
Could never hearten or enlighten me —
Nor though her eyes were bluer than blue sea.
Magic rules an irreducible jungle
Dark as eclipse and scented with despair,
A stubborn snap-comb wilderness of hair,
Each strand a singular, wild, curling tree.

THE SWEETSHOP ROUND THE CORNER

The child dreaming along a crowded street
Lost hold of his mother, who had turned to greet
Some neighbor, and mistakenly matched his tread
With a strange woman's. "Buy me sweets," he said,
Waving his hand, which he found warmly pressed,
So dragged her on, boisterous and self-possessed:
"The sweetshop's round the corner!" Both went in,
And not for a long while did the child begin
To feel a dread that something had gone wrong:
Were Mother's legs so lean, or her shoes so long,
Or her skirt so patched, or her hair tousled and gray?
Why did she twitter in such a ghostly way?
"*O Mother, are you dead?*"
What else could a child say?

Copyright © 1965, by International Authors, N.V.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE QUIET VICTORY OF THE CIGARETTE LOBBY

How it found the best filter yet—Congress

BY ELIZABETH BRENNER DREW

A Cincinnati-born, Wellesley-educated magazine writer and author of children's plays, Mrs. Drew lives in Washington with her lawyer husband and writes as a free-lancer. A former staff member of the CONGRESSIONAL QUARTERLY, *she has had ample opportunity to study that Americanized Byzantine process by which the United States Congress deals with issues before it.*

AT THE Public Health Service's annual Christmas party last year, some of the agency's employees entertained their colleagues by singing their own version of "On Top of Old Smoky":

On top of Old Smoking
A year has gone by
But the smoke we're deploring
Still gets in our eye.

They were lamenting the fact that a full year had passed since the Report of the Surgeon General on Smoking and Health warned that "cigarette smoking is a health hazard of sufficient importance in the United States to warrant appropriate remedial action," and that still no such action had been taken. This summer Congress passed a bill requiring that cigarette packages carry the warning "Caution: Cigarette Smoking May Be Hazardous to Your Health," but the same song can be sung at the next Christmas party, and the next one, and the next one.

To hear its sponsors tell it, the new legislation "is a forthright, historic step towards the responsible protection of the health of this nation's citizens" (Senator Warren G. Magnuson, Democrat, of Washington), one that "constitutes a legislative approach in which we can take some degree of pride" (Representative Oren Harris, Democrat, of Arkansas). In fact, however, the bill is not, as its sponsors suggested, an example of congressional initiative to protect public health; it is an unabashed act to protect private industry from government regulation. Behind the facade of a requirement for printing a warning on cigarette packages (which is not expected to deter smoking much), Congress tied the hands of the Federal Trade Commission by forbidding it to proceed with its own plans to apply much more stringent regulations. Had it not been for Congress, the FTC, which is charged with preventing unfair and deceptive trade practices, would have required a warning both on cigarette packages *and in cigarette advertising*. The effect of the advertising regulation is what the cigarette industry most feared; Congress obliged by forbidding it for at least four years.

In another remarkable provision, the law prohibits state and local governments from taking any action on cigarette labeling or advertising. It is one thing for Congress to prohibit the states from enacting legislation which overlaps and is inconsistent with its own requirements, as in the case of the labeling, but it is a far different thing for Congress to refuse to act, and to prohibit the states from acting, as in the case of cigarette advertising.

The tobacco industry's success at winning from Congress what it wanted while still providing the lawmakers with an opportunity to appear to be all in favor of health was a brilliant stroke. The industry brought it off because the tobacco lobby employed unusually skilled and well-organized strategy; because it hired some of the best legal brains and best-connected people in Washington to help with the fight; because it successfully grafted onto its built-in congressional strength from tobacco-producing states a sufficient number of congressmen to whom the issue was not one of health, or even of the tobacco industry, but one of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

curbing the powers of regulatory agencies, such as the FTC; and because it succeeded in throwing a heavy smoke screen around the health issue. And finally, it was the industry's good fortune that President Johnson remained aloof from the battle.

The report of the Surgeon General's special advisory committee on smoking and health was instigated at the behest of private health organizations, such as the American Cancer Society, which sought a definitive government position on the accumulating studies pointing to a connection between smoking and disease. The panel of ten scientists established in 1962 to make the study had the approval of the health groups and the tobacco industry, for all parties had been allowed to veto any proposed member. The cigarette industry, it was widely assumed, had been boxed in.

After fourteen months, the panel's report was printed under the security regulations usually reserved for top-secret reports to the National Security Council, and on a Saturday (the stock market was closed) early in January, 1964, it was handed out to reporters locked in the State Department auditorium until the stipulated hour for the report's release. The Surgeon General's panel unanimously found that smoking was related to lung cancer, chronic bronchitis, emphysema, cardiovascular diseases, and cancer of the larynx.

Among those who were ready and waiting for the report was the Federal Trade Commission, which had rejected past requests for action, pending a definitive answer to the health question. Within days after the report was released, the commission announced hearings on proposed new trade regulations for the cigarette industry.

Also ready for the Surgeon General's report was the tobacco industry. Sometime in late 1963, the distinguished Washington law firm of Arnold, Fortas & Porter turned up as counsel to the Philip Morris Company. The Fortas in the firm's title is Abe Fortas, personal counsel and confidant to President Johnson — and later his first choice for the Supreme Court. Faced with the probability that the FTC would move against the companies, the industry formed a committee of lawyers from Arnold, Fortas & Porter and other top Washington firms, one representative of each of the "big six" tobacco companies — R. J. Reynolds, American Tobacco, Brown & Williamson, Liggett & Myers, P. Lorillard, and Philip Morris — and one of the industry's defense lawyers for personal injury suits alleging that smoking had induced cancer. This committee met almost daily, from the time of formation in early 1964 through completion of congressional action on the labeling bill this year. It covered every contingency for the companies: it planned the industry argument in the FTC hearings, it planned a court test of the FTC ruling if that became necessary, and it deeply involved itself in the maneuvering in Congress. Once the issue came before Congress, the lawyers' committee wrote testimony, drafted bills and amendments, served as central casting for witnesses most likely to sell the industry's point of view, and fed to friendly congressmen statements and questions to be asked of witnesses. In gossip-prone Washington, there inevitably was speculation on whether Fortas' involvement had anything to do with the conspicuous absence of any mention of the smoking issue in President Johnson's message to Congress making various proposals in the field of public health. It is more likely, of course, that this omission was due to understandable reluctance on the part of the President to take on a bruising fight that would pit him against many members of his own party. Anyway, according to people in the Capitol, when the time came for key votes on the Hill, Fortas was busy on the telephone.

While the lawyers' committee was providing the legal brainwork for the industry, the political expertise and the overt lobbying were supplied by Earle C. Clements, former Democratic representative and senator from Kentucky, former Senate Majority Whip and lieutenant to then-Majority Leader Lyndon B. Johnson, and former director of the Senate Democratic campaign committee, which dispenses vitally needed election funds. In 1964, Clements registered as a lobbyist for the big six. A more ideal man could hardly have been found, for not only did Clements have excellent political connections; he was well liked, he was a gentleman, and he was a shrewd master of legislative infighting. Clements is believed to be the one who sold the tobacco companies on the core of their strategy, a strategy which seems now the obvious one because it worked, but which was not so obvious at the time: go to Congress and accept the package label (the least alarming and most inconspicuous one possible) in exchange for protection against advertising requirements and state regulation. The industry would then give the impression of a sweet reasonableness, whereas a rigid position might bring more severe consequences. The label might even be a boon of sorts, providing a new defense in future personal injury cases brought by cigarette smokers.

Before the FTC ruling appeared, the industry had to decide whether to fight it in the courts or to seek relief from Congress. Guessing — correctly — that Congress was a surer thing (and a court test could always come later anyway), that is where the industry went. Clements is credited with persuading Oren Harris, chairman of the House Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee, to hold hearings in mid-1964 on the question

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of cigarette regulations, even before the FTC announced its decision later that June.

As the hearings ambled into the late summer and time for going home to get re-elected neared, the committee asked the FTC to delay the effect of the rulings, since Congress would not have time to act by the end of the session. The labeling ruling was to have gone into effect on January 1, 1965, and the advertising ruling six months later. The FTC complied with the committee's request, pushing the effective date for both regulations back to July 1. Thus the stage was set for this year's fight.

THE normally fiercely competitive tobacco companies had long since learned to practice brotherhood when their economic interests were at stake. In 1954 in the face of major studies suggesting a link between smoking and disease, tobacco manufacturers, growers, and warehousemen, under the guidance of Hill & Knowlton, a major public relations house, established the Tobacco Industry Research Council (since renamed the Council for Tobacco Research — U.S.A.). This group has handed out over $7 million in research funds, a good bit of which has produced studies showing other causes of cancer and heart disease besides smoking. In 1958 the tobacco manufacturers established another organization, the Tobacco Institute. The institute ordinarily speaks for the industry and regularly issues a bulletin called "Reports on Tobacco and Health Research," which shows a remarkable facility for ferreting out research indicating causes of lung and heart disease other than smoking. Some examples from one issue: "Miners' Lung Cancers Triple Average"; "Rare Fungus Infection Mimics Lung Cancer" ("well nigh impossible to differentiate clinically"), and so on. Another issue duly reported evidence that charcoaled beef was conducive to cancer. Just after the Surgeon General's report came out, it was announced that the six major companies were giving $10 million to the American Medical Association for research into smoking and health.

The industry's togetherness, as well as its careful preparation for the battle against regulation, was also apparent when it was announced with much ado in the spring of 1964 that the industry would embark on "self-regulation" in cigarette advertising, to cut the appeal of the ads to children and to stop saying or implying that smoking is good for the health. No longer would cigarette ads be placed in college newspapers or comic books; no longer would there be testimonials by noted athletes (but athletic programs were still sponsored); the virile young men and sweet young things who light up on television ads would have to be twenty-five; and there would be no advertising on programs "primarily" aimed at children. The regulations were drawn up by the same lawyers' committee that was preparing for the fight in Congress.

The exact strength of the tobacco industry itself in Congress — that is, the number of members in each chamber from areas heavily dependent on tobacco growing, distributing, and processing — is difficult to gauge and largely irrelevant. The tobacco people claim that some twenty-one states and 700,000 farm families are involved in the industry, undoubtedly counting states and farms where tobacco growing is of minimal importance. Whatever the claims of the companies, the figures on the place of the tobacco industry in the American economy are impressive: In 1963, Americans spent over $7 billion on cigarettes, buying 510 billion of them, or 4350 for each person over eighteen (as compared with 3500 in 1950). Each year the federal, state, and local governments take in at least $3 billion in taxes on the sales of cigarettes alone. And tobacco companies currently spend over $250 million on advertising.

On an issue of such importance to some of its members, the entire Southern congressional bloc will tend to stay together. In addition, because federal regulatory power over a large industry was at stake, a healthy percentage of the Republican members were natural allies for the Southerners on this issue. The fact that a requirement of a warning in cigarette ads might curtail cigarette advertising and therefore cause a considerable loss of revenue for the broadcasting industry influenced still more members. The National Association of Broadcasters submitted statements firmly opposing any advertising regulation ("a substantial expansion of the role now played by government could seriously impair the effectiveness of industry self-regulation by undermining incentive"), and the broadcasters are understood to have been doing their own contacting while the bill to overturn the FTC was moving through Congress. Congressmen are particularly sensitive to the viewpoint of local station owners, and they were aware of where the broadcasters stood.

Whatever there was of the other side was simply no match for this array of forces. Within the executive branch, the Public Health Service had to go it alone. The PHS did its best, however, to rally around itself what friends it had. Shortly after the Surgeon General's report came out, the PHS, the Cancer Society, the American Heart Association, the National Tuberculosis Association, the American Public Health Association (comprising public health workers across the country), and a number of other private health groups formed an unusual federal-private body called the National Interagency Council on Smoking and Health. The

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AMA was not among the health-oriented groups which joined up. What testimony there was on the side of putting the FTC regulations into effect was better presented because of the council, and, more important, the council informed state health societies and doctors about what Congress was actually doing and stirred up a number of letters and telegrams to congressmen, urging them to hold fast for the advertising rule.

These efforts had some effect on the waverers. But the PHS was hurting from lack of true friends in Congress, an institution that has developed over the years a curious bifocal view of health issues. The lawmakers enthusiastically vote hundreds of millions of dollars — more, usually, than is requested — for health research, for when it is simply a matter of research, what congressman is against health? However, when the health officials go to Capitol Hill with proposals to put research findings into effect — to curb air pollution or discourage smoking — they are the skunks at the lawn party. For on these issues there are large economic interests at stake.

The tobacco strategists correctly deduced that the focal point for the fight to overturn the FTC would be the Senate Commerce Committee. The full Senate and the full House could be expected to follow the lead of the committee reporting out the bill, for both committees preside over legislation which affects a wide range of commercial interests and therefore have considerable leverage in their respective chambers. ("Everybody and his dog has business before those committees at some point," says one Hill aide.) The House Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee, heavily laced with Southerners and conservatives, would be no problem; it could be expected to report out a bill requiring the label but forbidding, permanently, the FTC to require health warnings in cigarette ads. This would put the industry in the strongest possible position for bargaining with the Senate.

The Senate committee was not such a sure thing. The six Republicans were reliable enough, for this was clearly a crucial issue for Senator Thruston B. Morton of Kentucky, second-ranking GOP member of the committee, former chairman of the Republican National Committee, and current chairman of the fund-dispensing Senate Republican campaign committee. On the Democratic side, however, the only member whose political life required defense of the tobacco industry was Ross Bass of Tennessee, a freshman. Early in the hearings, Senator Vance Hartke of Indiana, another Democratic committee member, emerged as a tireless cross-examiner of those who opposed the industry's point of view. When questioned about Senator Hartke's seeming devotion to a cause of minimal importance to his own state, his aides took pains to explain that his interest did not stem from his longtime friendship with Clements, as some believed, or from the fact that Clements' campaign committee had given Hartke vitally needed election funds. Hartke himself said that he had come to the hearings thinking that there "must be some connection" between smoking and health, but came away "completely astonished" to find that the connection had not been proved. This gave the industry eight sure votes, and there were others on tap. What it wanted, however, was for the bill that went to the floor to have the support of Chairman Magnuson and of as many committee members as possible.

The industry's task was more difficult than it might have been if Senator Maurine B. Neuberger, Democrat, of Oregon, had not won a seat on the Commerce Committee when Congress opened in 1965. Mrs. Neuberger had long called for closer federal regulation of cigarette merchandising. Now she had an opportunity to challenge the witnesses who appeared before the committee and to proselytize her colleagues. To offset the attempts to undercut the FTC rulings, Mrs. Neuberger introduced legislation giving congressional sanction to what the FTC was trying to do. But in this she stood virtually alone.

The industry's presentation at the Senate hearings was masterful. Bowman Gray, chairman of the board of R. J. Reynolds, appeared for the industry, which carefully did not bombard the committee with too many tiresome witnesses, and the tone of his testimony was more in sorrow than in anger. Mr. Gray pointed out that the tobacco companies were "profoundly conscious" of the health questions and were zealously researching the problem; that "many distinguished scientists . . . are of the opinion that it has not been established that smoking causes lung cancer or any other disease"; that "millions of persons throughout the world derive pleasure and enjoyment from smoking" (as if someone were proposing to abolish the right to smoke); and that the central purpose of advertising was to compete among products, not to induce people to smoke. Mr. Gray said that the industry was naturally opposed to warnings both on labels and in advertisements, but his testimony was interlarded with the "howevers" and "ifs" that signaled the industry position: If a label is required, have Congress require it, and spell out its terms, rather than leave this to the dangerous FTC or the health-conscious Health, Education, and Welfare Department, parent agency of the PHS. And if Congress requires the warning label, it should not interfere with "the right to advertise — an essential commercial right": "I am confident that the Congress will reject this extreme proposal."

Throughout the hearings, the industry, with the help of friendly senators, carefully built a record

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

designed to show that medical opinion was split over the Surgeon General's report — despite the fact that no medical group has ever denied its validity and only a small minority had dissented — that whatever Mrs. Neuberger or the FTC wanted to do was "extremist," and would wreak havoc in a basic American industry as old as Jamestown; and it made very effective use of the "excess" argument. According to this argument, excessive smoking may be dangerous, but so is excessive drinking, or overeating, or driving too fast. Would Congress want to put warnings of possible death on liquor, food, and automobiles? Where would it all end? This line of reasoning ignored the fact that the Surgeon General's report was not talking only about excessive smoking, and in fact stated that no safe level of smoking could be established. But the technique worked very well.

The committee quickly disposed of Mrs. Neuberger's, and the FTC's, approach on a 12-2 vote and settled down to the real issue, which was how long to suspend the effect of the FTC's ruling on advertising. Chairman Magnuson and a number of the committee's members were opposed to suspending it permanently, as the House had done, for this, too, was "extremist," and unseemly, for the rule-making authority of the regulatory agencies is supposedly independent of Congress. Where there is conflict, the issue is supposed to be decided in the courts. Moreover, although the permanent suspension may have been something devoutly to be wished by the cigarette industry, it was not something realistically to be expected. After some see-saw voting, Morton, Bass, and Hartke agreed with Magnuson to vote out a bill to require a label on packages by the following January and to suspend the advertising for three years after that. In the committee's report to the Senate, only Mrs. Neuberger objected to the suspension.

The united front of the committee and canny confusing of the issue undermined Mrs. Neuberger's attempt in the full Senate to reduce the time of suspension. As the time for the voting approached, a number of senators honestly believed that all they were about to do was to join the Commerce Committee in taking the heroic step of warning the public about the health dangers in smoking. Despite last-minute efforts by Mrs. Neuberger, Senator Robert F. Kennedy, their aides, and David Cohen, a lobbyist for the Americans for Democratic Action, to explain what else was involved, her amendment was defeated 29 to 49. The Senate then went on record to pass the bill by a vote of 72 to 5.

Meanwhile, the House committee had behaved predictably, voting out a bill to require a label on the side of the package and to bar the FTC permanently from requiring a warning in ads. The only surprise was that Mr. Harris and his colleagues felt compelled to indulge in a blatant breach of congressional etiquette to get the bill passed. One quiet Tuesday afternoon, with no prior notice, with only a few members on the House floor, and with the bill's principal opponent, Representative John E. Moss of California, out of town (but with the tobacco strategists in the gallery), the bill was called up. Moss, the sole member of the Harris committee to dissent in the committee's report and one of the Democratic Party's House whips, had had an understanding with the House leadership, or so he thought, that the bill would not be brought up until Thursday, two days later. Moss was flying back from Europe while the bill was being debated and arrived at Dulles Airport a half hour after the House passed the bill by a voice (unrecorded) vote.

Though some were surprised at the speed with which the House conferees acquiesced in the Senate's shorter ban on the FTC requirement for the warning in cigarette advertising, it was the logical thing to do for a number of reasons, among them columnist Drew Pearson. Mr. Pearson had begun to sniff out what was going on in the cigarette fight, and on the day that the House-Senate conferees first sat down to work out their differences, his column in the morning Washington *Post* was headlined, "Steamroller Goes Through House." This was not the sort of image that the tobacco companies were seeking. In addition, the companies knew that even a permanent ban would not be all-protective in the event more and more research showed direct links between smoking and disease, and if the public became sufficiently aroused. Also, Senator Magnuson was standing firm for the Senate's terms.

The best strategy at this point, then, was to accept the Senate bill — with two exceptions — and to go away quietly. The first exception was that the House conferees would not accept the Senate's provision that the label be on the front of the package (though there is reason to wonder how many know what is printed on the front *or* the side of cigarette packages other than the brand name). After some haggling, the Senate and House conferees decided to require that the warning "appear in conspicuous and legible type," but not to require that it be placed anywhere in particular, just that the place be "conspicuous." The second request — and this, too, was granted — was that the ban on the FTC action should expire on July 1, 1969, rather than on January 1. This way, there will once again be time for Congress, with another presidential election year just behind it, to go to bat for the cigarette industry and filter the "harmful elements" out of any new proposals.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ON THE EDGE OF ARCADIA

A STORY BY TOM COLE

In July, 1961, the ATLANTIC *introduced to its readers a new young writer, Tom Cole, whose story "Familiar Usage in Leningrad" subsequently won the Atlantic "First" prize and an O. Henry award. The following story will appear in his book* AN END TO CHIVALRY, *to be published next month by Atlantic – Little, Brown.*

It was April, and they were driving across Greece in a Fiat, two young Americans, a sculptor and a poet, both fellowship winners. They had come from Rome, and they were on their way to Athens. Rounding a curve through the silver of Peloponnesian spring, they abruptly came upon an array of fabrics in strips along the roadside, all the colors of autumn and of fire waving in the wind. They saw shawls, blankets, saddlebags, crude tapestries — red, burnt orange, mustard bordered with scarlet — all, beyond suspicion, the work of hands native to this valley, as the sculptor immediately knew, bellowed, in fact — *Holy Christ!* — and sitting by that clothesline of raging splendors, an old man. His face, as they flashed by in the sun, seemed carved, Sophoclean. Behind him there was a hint of whitewashed walls, a suggestion of chickens; then it was gone.

On they drove, but not far. The poet's forehead almost went through the windshield as the sculptor slammed on the brakes.

"That's it!" announced the sculptor. "That is the work of the human hand! See how it comes out of nowhere? Like a storm. A vision!" He banged the heel of his hand against his head, and in general made hectic and meaningful tableaux.

They were stopped near two mountains and three goats. With the ignition off, they could hear, beneath the wind, downhill water — springs, brooks, streams that had still been snow when these travelers had left Rome. Above them to left and right, then falling continuously below, the world curved and coiled in fields of young wheat, olives, pale grasses: a shifting play of green and silver down into the sun, dotted here and there with a bent black crone.

"That's what we've come for, Rick," said the sculptor.

"That's what *you've* come for, Slugger."

The sculptor gave back an ominous look. His face was, curiously, his family's face, of southern California money, sunburnt and bellicose beneath sandy thatch. With a slight twist of his soul, Slugger could have been at this moment sounding off in a locker room instead of seeking the work of the human hand in the Peloponnesus. The thought of that possible twist in his soul could drive him mad.

He launched into an effusion, and Rick disconnected his eardrums, letting his mind sail out

"Attic Landscape," woodcut by Enthyme Papadimetriou. Courtesy of the Print Department, Boston Public Library.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

upon that landscape for which his nostalgia was lately getting out of control. He wanted to dive face-first into that young wheat, to let his body soak into the curve of a hill, to hear passing bells, wind, the plodding of beasts, never again to write a prize-winning ode On Reading a Letter From Alice James to Her Brother Henry in Mount Auburn Cemetery During Warbler Migration, never again to be bright, cocky, irreligious, ambitious, indifferent, shallow, all the things he felt himself, somewhat unfairly, to be.

"— good look at his *face?*" Slugger was asking, with dangerously accelerating veneration.

"The old man's face?" said Rick.

"Well, yeah. What did you think?"

Rick said, cautiously, that the old man's face, what he had glimpsed of it, seemed good, patient, handsome.

"Ricky, it was a work of art! Carved out of stone. Nothing extra. No fat, no cowardice, no greed. Just that pride, that dignity these people have."

It was an obsession of Slugger's.

The only people left in the world with natural dignity were the Greeks and the Spaniards. And that, only in the deep countryside. He had recently discovered the Spanish Civil War, and spent half a year constructing a towering bronze *To the Spanish Dead.* Now he was sketching faces, bent bodies, coiled landscapes toward another mountain of bronze, *To the Greek Living.*

"Why do you think he had all that stuff hanging out there?"

"Maybe for the world to see. Leaves, bright feathers. I doubt they're for sale."

Rick was not in the mood to bargain with another penniless octogenarian.

"What do you say?" asked Slugger, already shifting into reverse.

Rick laughed bleakly as the Fiat lurched backward. It was a chance in a lifetime; they just *had* to talk to that old prince (that is, Rick had to talk to him: his Greek was primitive; Slugger's, nonexistent); they *had* to see what the hands around here could still make (which was, of course, Slugger's major obsession: soon there was going to be nothing in the world made by human hands). What they had found in Greece so far were cynical imitations, which could almost fool Rick but not Slugger. He had fumed and raged through Delphi, Arakhova, Olympia, Sparta; only in one or two villages hanging under the bleak eaves of Arcadia did he begin to see what he needed: through dark doorways to shops where the mountain folk came to haggle, crude magnificence hanging from wooden pegs. But he was a hard bargainer, although Rick, whose preference was always to overpay with a winning smile, had to do the talking. Not to bargain hard, according to Slugger, was to let real Mediterranean people down. To pay too much, to tip too easily, was to sap their dignity — that priceless treasure — in return for a handful of filthy pennies. He was sick of Europe pimping and grimacing and scraping and lying for money — worse than America; in Rome, where he had been sculpting that year, worst of all — and he had worked himself into a frenzy of premeditated reverence for the Greeks as the last Men in Europe, natural princes every one, at least in the mountains, who could not be bought off, who had pride, whom Hemingway would still have admired, with the result that he squeezed every last drachma, in the name of Greek dignity, until it howled.

This was a strange turn, for Slugger by nature was almost imbecilely generous, the despair of his wife and his gallery, giving away work, sketches, Mexican treasures to anyone he cared for (a numberless horde), while Rick himself, that gusher of alms along the road ("Take. Eat. This is my body, this is my blood, this is a 30 percent tip"), was a skinflint among his own, never committing a semicolon to paper without payment on the spot, inscribing his name large in books he lent to his mother. By now, they were both a mess about money. Slugger had refused to be driven above two dollars in one Arcadian haggling, when the equivalent of three would have brought him a peasant masterpiece unobtainable anywhere else in the world, and could only nod his head, grim and huge, while Rick tore the marginal thirty drachmas into shreds and threw them out the car window, to float a thousand feet down upon flocks and poppies: a curious rain. Rick was then put in charge and emerged, yesterday, from the shop of a blatant old tourist-trapper in Nauplion bearing a rug and a smile. Slugger took one look, characterized the rug as "machine-made" and the smile as "shit-eating." The rug had cost twenty-five dollars, which was as nothing compared with the cost of the smile, payment exacted by sculptor from poet; but today was another day, at least for Slugger.

Upon seeing the same car approach twice on the same afternoon, this time backward, the old man bestirred himself.

Slugger was bulky, Rick lean, the old man taller than either of them and his posture straight as an archaic charioteer's as he held his arms forward. "Young men," he said. "Welcome, young men."

Slugger nudged Rick, who said "Good-day to you, sir" in Greek, clumsily, smiling in self-deprecation.

"*Sir,*" chuckled the old man, and gestured them toward his place.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Then he chuckled again — "Sir!" — delighted with his private reflections. His jacket and trousers, both black, were frayed into shininess; his shirt was open at the throat, letting escape tufts of white hair, which also sprouted from his ears; and his neck, cheekbones, forehead, chin were spare — thongs and bones and print of wind — nothing excessive, as Slugger had said, except perhaps the venerable vagueness of his eyes, which Rick might have called a trifle overdone. On his pure white shock of hair the country cap sat so high that the sun from behind blazed into an aureole for it to float upon.

Slugger was beside himself.

"Sir," Rick began again, and then joined in the chuckle for reasons that escaped him.

Both young men pointed to the brilliance of the weavings as their explanation. Seen at close hand, the colors and patterns were less startling, not so pyrotechnical, but deep, domestic, strong.

"Beautiful," the poet said. "We saw. On the road. Beautiful work."

"Yes, indeed it is. Family work. We have fine hands in the family." The old man held his hands up into the sunlight with grave emaciated fingers spread as if they were the loom, to which Slugger responded with such nods and convulsions of empathy that one of the hands came down to pat him on the shoulder. Men of hands. Toilers, carvers, builders. They understood each other.

There was a pause. Domestic beasts cackled and groaned. The birds of spring held forth. Beyond, the earth fell away in grains, groves, and ravines. The sculptor nudged the poet.

"You sell?" Rick said, his face abysmal with tact.

"I sell?" repeated the old man.

They nodded.

"Because, we buy," said Rick.

"You buy?"

Nods.

"I sell, you buy?"

Nods.

The old man burst into laughter. He still had his teeth, not all of them rotted. The cords of his throat quaked, until his wheezes subsided into an apology. Now he patted both of them on the shoulders, saying, no, no, he did not sell, but asking, courteously, whether the young men were not, perhaps, Americans?

"Yes."

He pointed to himself. "Woo-stir."

"Woo-stir?"

"Woostir, Mass." His English clipped them like a sniper's shot. "I been there twelve years, boys."

They laughed uneasily while the old man wheezed again into the face of the sun. "Oh, yeah, boys. I left in thirteen. Right before the big war, over here. Whaddya think of that?"

"Fifty years ago," the poet said.

"Oh, yeah. Fifty-one years I been sittin' here."

Through gaps in the gorgeous fabrics, they peeked at the family's hamlet. There was a medlar-pear tree and a thick, dark table against the limed wall, yards scratched and meager; beyond, a mountain slope scrolled partway up with green, flecked at the top with ice.

"Nice stuff, huh?" The old man extended a Sophoclean arm toward the fabrics. "Shirts, clotes, bags . . ."

"Clotes?" Rick repeated.

Slugger, quiet and serious, said that it was more than nice stuff. It was the best, strongest, most alive work of this kind they had seen anywhere in Greece.

The old man took down one of the smaller shawls and a bag, and settling into his straight chair that faced the road, spread them across his lap. The sun beat fully into his eyes and upon that splash of colors in his lap.

Rick said that he knew some girls at Bennington who would sell their souls, if any, for that one bag.

Smiling, the old man accepted the compliment.

SLUGGER was bent over the weaves, tracing out the patterns across the rough wool with his fingertips. There were subdued diamonds of blue and brown that he hadn't noticed from a distance. And staggered borders of black, crosses of dark green running through and around the scarlet stridencies, transforming mere stridency into brilliance — as he explained to Rick, who listened with half an ear.

But the old man nodded gravely as Slugger held forth; then asked whether he, in America, was a weaver.

Slugger laughed as he said no, patted their host on the crown of his country cap, called him "old-timer," all of which pleased the old man immensely. Again he pointed to his chest.

"*I* weave," he said.

"You wove these?"

"No, no. In Woo-stir, boys. Mill hand. Then I started doin' fine. Then I got poor."

There was a silence.

"Oh, yeah, boys. Bad luck. I'll tell ya . . ." He shook his head. "Bad luck," he said again, this time in Greek.

Silence again. All three shook their heads.

The sun beat down on the empty road; the weavings fluttered.

Rick finally produced the oration he had been rehearsing for the past five minutes: Sir did not sell these things. Now they understood. But what they did not understand was: Why were the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

things out under the sun? For the world? To see?

The old man crinkled his brows, staring slyly up at Rick. Then he beckoned him closer, poured a flood of Greek and an ancient mustiness into his face. Rick grinned foolishly, shook his head, until the monologue began to end with fragments about his not trying any longer to pretend (the old man joyfully wagging a finger at him): he should admit it: he was a Greek boy, or at least of Greek parents. Rick, whose hair was pitch black, whose face was lean and olive, protested, shook his head again with a smile, started to say something in broken Greek, which set the old man off into yet happier circles, embellishing his totally incomprehensible arguments. It began to be clear that there were eavesdroppers somewhere behind the arras, for whose benefit, partly, the old man was building his delicious scene.

"What's he saying?" asked Slugger.

"I haven't the foggiest," said Rick, playing the Englishman abroad.

The old man turned to Slugger. "Come on," he said, with another finger-wag. "Your friend. He's a Greek fella. Right?"

"Everybody seems to think so," said Slugger. "Same thing in Italy."

"Also in China," Rick said.

Now the old man was in splendid spirits, but Slugger was growing ominous, with his arms hanging at his sides. ("Banter," he had been known to say, "is not my line.") He raised his right arm, in which the muscles played, but noticing the attentiveness with which the old man eyed it, grew embarrassed and nodded his head instead toward the weavings. "I was wondering why you have all this fantastic stuff out here."

"Funny you should ask that," said Rick.

And the old man told them. There was a girl in the family, his young niece. It was a long time for her to marry. But where can boys be found around here? In the village they all went away, at least all the good ones, just as he himself had once left. Now they had a boy coming to see, from the north. This boy ("A suitor?" Rick interposed. "That's it," said the old man), this boy would come to see what the family had to offer. First he would look at all the family's things (the old man leaned forward, lowered his voice: now they were three Americans in mockery of the Old World). He would count the sheep. He would look at the teeth of the horse. He would feel the chairs. He would ask what the . . . thing was that they could give him ("Dowry," Rick interposed again, and Slugger nudged him to shut up). But, this family was poor. Their only treasure was the weavings the women had done. Beautiful work, as the boys said. Fine family work. So, that is what they could give, and it was out in the air today to make it fresh. Then if the boy liked the sheep, the horse, and the shawls, he would say, "OK. Where's the girl?"

The old man called out, peremptorily, and from a few steps away a woman appeared. "That's her," he said to Slugger and Rick.

She was in the compulsory black, with apron and kerchief and heavy socks. Her face, pleasant but perhaps too strong, almost masculine, was already lined. The Americans bowed, and she smiled shyly, with powerful teeth.

The old man ordered her to withdraw, then called another order to her back.

"So that's it, boys. She's twenty-four, see?" He peered for a reaction, which they did not give. "My wife's brother's son's daughter," he said, looking questioningly at Rick.

"Grandniece."

"That's it. If she gets married this time, that's nice. Up north, it's nice. If no, then you see those ladies out in the fields? Thirty, forty years workin' on the ground, then under it."

There were the makings of another silence. But a Mercedes passed, and they could have talked about war or German tourists if the grandniece had not reappeared, carrying a tray with a bottle of white wine and tumblers instead of the expected Turkish coffee.

"Like retsina?" the old man asked, and nodded toward his kaleidoscopic lap, where the woman carefully placed her tray. She began to remonstrate with him, pointing to the wine and the weavings, but he waved her away.

She paused to look at them. "*Amerikaniki?*"

Rick answered that they were.

"Good," she said, very slowly, as if for children, "good!" — gesturing toward them and to her great-uncle and back again, giggling. The old man again raised his hand, and in a flurry of affirmation she was gone.

Three brimming glasses were ready. The old man held his high to admire the sun pouring through in an amber shaft, illuminating the mists of sediment that swirled faintly before his eyes. He asked, half apologetically, whether they knew Greek wine, which was very strong and had the taste of the resin.

"We know. We like it."

They toasted each other's health, and drank. The young men had thirsts from the road, eliciting a wheeze from the elder. "Hey! We're not in Woostir, boys. Here we don't do like that. Insult if the glass gets empty. Here."

Again they studied the wine motes in their tumblers. The Americans were free to move about in the light, whereas the old man was imprisoned in his chair, beneath shawls and tray, with the sun blazing into his face, probing every crevice in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

its hide, and surely, said Slugger (beginning to move his chair about), hurting his eyes. The old man waved him off. It seemed that he preferred trying to outstare the sun, and he wanted them in front of him so that they could talk.

SLUGGER had now begun to study the old man's face with bald intensity. The victim was half amused, half puzzled. He adjusted his cap, held his refilled glass up into the sun again, and peeked around to see whether the fixed stare was still upon him. It was.

Rick laughed. "My friend wants to make a portrait of your head."

"Picture? Sure. Got a camera, boys?"

"No, no. He's a sculptor."

"Sculptor?" The old man smiled, in docile incomprehension.

He and Rick had made a game of the gaps in his English.

The young man molded the air with his hands. "You know, you know. Sculptor — *glyptos!*"

"Oh. *Glyptos, glyptos.* Sure. But what you wanna make *my* face for, boys?"

Slugger was already at work with charcoal pencil and sketch pad. "You're a very beautiful old man."

"Thank you."

"Hold still, now."

"OK," said the subject, very happy.

Afraid to move, he pointed to the wine tumblers, which Rick made to brim again.

Now there was not a silence among them, but a moment of justified quiet. Slugger's pencil scratched back and forth while he murmured occasionally those soothing words that good portraitists and doctors know: "good . . . that's fine . . . just hold that . . . just a bit more . . . there."

Rick was free to prowl about, savoring the spell of spring and retsina, studying rocks and fabrics, medlar pears and mountains. He chased a few chickens, stared at rapacious silhouettes (eagles? vultures?) that wheeled against the sun, exchanged cynical glances with the goat, and waved to the grandniece, who smiled blindingly and disappeared, seeming to leave her teeth behind. He wandered back to the road, admiring his friend's crouched concentration and wondering again that nature made provision for such present rage and potential cruelty to be expended through the point of a pencil or into the hammer's head that beat on bronze. They had taken this trip on the urging of Slugger's wife, who said he was growing "completely impossible" cooped up in Rome. All the bronzes that he cast out of his private agony had recently fetched "handsome prices" at a New York show. The danger that he might wax rich and famous was apparently rousing his demon. So he and Rick ("you're his only sane friend") had jumped from rock to rock, from an archaic smile to a golden lion, watched the sun rise from the walls of Mycenae and watched it set through the doors of a Byzantine chapel secluded amid its collection of cypresses, frescoes, hawks, sea, and clouds, and they had haggled over crafts, and now the great forearm instead of threatening a wife was sketching a relic. Rick himself studied the time-ravaged face as it tipped up toward the sun that had burned it into leather and bleached its eyes. He looked at it carefully, for the first time, and then at its version on the sketch pad; and he grew troubled.

"You've made him look like one of my grandfathers," Rick said to the sculptor. "It's uncanny."

Slugger grunted.

"He does look a little like my grandfather. The thin one." And turning to the old man — "You look like my grandfather."

"Where?" the old man said, smiling pleasantly. "Your grandfather?"

"Look *like.* You resemble him. Same face, except for the sunburn."

"Same face? No kidding."

"You know," Rick said, "he came from a village. Probably like yours."

"No kidding. Greek fella?"

"No, no, no. Don't start that again. From . . . Slavic country. But he told me there were hills, and chickens."

"Yeah? Well, that's it. That's what we got."

"— last couple of lines here. Don't move around too much, now . . ."

Rick was excited. "You know, he came as a mill hand, too. My grandfather. A weaver. It's strange, the same story, but . . ."

"Bad luck?" The old man, eager, turned to Rick. "He got bad luck too?"

"No. No. As a matter of fact, he had good luck."

Silence, except for the pencil's rasp.

"He had very good luck. He made money, had a big family, got through depressions, wars."

"*I* made money, boys!"

Slugger threw down his pencil, in disgust at talk, as the old man tried to pitch himself up from the chair but managed only to spill the wine bottle.

Only a few drops were left. All three watched the blots swell on blazing crimson.

"*I made money!*" the old man repeated.

He sat back, first closing, then covering his veined eyes. Slugger seemed abruptly anxious to go, Rick not.

"Business. I was a kid. Your age. Her age. Doin' fine."

Silence. Slugger, pacing.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The old man uncovered his eyes — vague, errant eyes. "What's he do now?"

"He?" Rick said. "Oh. He's dead. Dead for six years."

The old man said he was sorry.

"No. He had good luck. Things worked out well for him."

"Mill hand."

"Started as a mill hand. Like yourself. He bought some looms. Eventually he did very well, in ladies' blouses. House in town, house in Maine. 'Just like the czar,' he used to say. 'Summer Palace, Winter Palace.' "

The old man had ceased listening. He turned toward Slugger. "Luck. We had the store. I — work in factory, work in store. I'm the one, speak English for the family. Money. I want to come back here. Fight the Turks, see my mother. On a ship."

"What happened?" said Slugger.

"Lost it."

"What do you mean, lost it?"

"Lost it," said the old man, and lapsed into vagueness.

Slugger lay his sketch — his blueprint of the old man's physical dignity — on the tray, with a phrase meant to cover offerings, sympathies, and farewell. But Rick said, quietly, "What was it like, in Worcester?"

And the old man astounded them with a prose poem. With fragments, solecisms, and waning breath he composed a 1900 town of great singularity, where the snow was always filthy as it lay and the gray winter wind never ceased to howl, where a thousand city horses reeked in disease and confinement and people, pinched by work, grew mean while the racket of the factories hung everywhere about their heads. He told them how he wrote back, and later people wrote back to him, of the golden land where everything was fine, and it was a lie.

Suddenly his eyes were unveiled, and his face, amid its creases, was intelligent.

Then he kicked at a clump of poppies at his feet, and the hairs seemed to resprout from his ears. "Boys," he said, "I'm poor."

They still said nothing.

"Poor. Nothing. I got nothing. See?"

He did not pull out his pockets to wave emptily in the breeze as other men might, but held his palms forward for the Americans to see, one for the sculptor and one for the poet. He held them gracelessly before him, angling his fingers sharply downward to make the cords in his papery old wrists extrude and strain, and the Americans had time to observe that his palms, those blighted contour maps, were indeed empty, while his eyes, as occluded now as any Worcester winter, watched them.

So they were held for another long moment.

The poet cleared his throat, made tragic murmurs. The sculptor shuffled his feet. Eyes watched from a window. Goats rang their neck bells. Then the old man let his hands drop. "Yeah, that's it, boys. That's the way it is."

"I'm sorry," the poet said. "It's a terrible thing."

"Fifty years. Fifty years I been poor."

"Terrible," said the sculptor.

"Nothing here," the old man announced, waving at the medlar-pear tree. "Hills and chickens. That's right. That's what we got. But he got the luck. Better man."

"*Luckier* man," said Rick. "That's not the same thing."

"Luck," the old man said, staring down the valley. "He could give to his family. That's what I wanted. That's what's good."

"Now look, old-timer." Slugger took a solid grip on the old man's shoulder, that compilation of matchsticks. "His grandfather got into all kinds of tax brackets selling underwear. Huzzah for him. But did he ever take a boat back to fight the Turks? He never lived out here where the gods used to live. Spent his life in a place like Worcester; you haven't missed a thing. He never saw these mountains, these eagles. He probably never found out what a good day's work feels like in the sun. And you've worked." Slugger turned over one of the hands and tapped its ancient callouses. "You can't kid me, about sitting here. You've worked. You've seen the lambs, the new wheat, every year. Every year. Just look at this stuff around you." He pointed again at the waving fabrics. "You're alive. He's dead. You're drinking wine in your own place in the sun. He's dead six years. So I'm not so sure who's luckier."

(Lies, thought Rick. You're damn well sure this old fossil is luckier, because he slipped out of the clutches of the Industrial Monster. That's your only and absolute standard.)

The old man was quiet for a moment, while spring, with wheat fragrance, birds, drifting silver clouds, outdid itself. The road was still except for a horse cart three bends below, and there was not a sound that Homer might not have heard.

"He's dead for six years," said the old man, and then with great dignity: "I'm poor for fifty."

Slugger smote himself on the brow.

Hearty thanks were offered, in two languages, for the wine, and praise, in one, for the excellence of this family's skills. The old man stepped fragilely along toward the Fiat, disregarding thanks and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

praise. A knot of women, varied in sizes but all in black, materialized to watch from a distance, behind the abandoned chair and against the weavings.

For a chance to speak English to fine boys, for the "real fine picture," the old man was grateful. He asked where they were going (Athens), and where after that (back to Rome), and where they had been (Paris, Istanbul, San Francisco, and so forth), and he pointed to himself, then to the hamlet with its beasts and fruit trees, saying there was the place *he* was going to, today, and tomorrow, and also where he had come from, and where he was highly likely to go the day after tomorrow.

"Poor," he said.

He had the young men pinned now against the side of the car. To let the door open outward they would have had to push him aside.

It was as if he were enamored of the word itself. He tapped both their arms and again intoned it.

"Poor."

Slugger and Rick eyed each other. Their friendship was not deep, but its silent vocabulary could easily meet the challenge of a verb: give? and a noun: money?

Give money?

Slugger's southern California face clouded over.

"Wait," the old man said.

He hobbled off impulsively to his chair, picked up the woven bag, then put it down and picked up the shawl instead, and returned with it to the Americans, who watched him and each other.

The old man stepped up to them, holding forth the shawl, which glowed, and looked straight into their eyes. His own eyes made their bleared demand in silence, while the sun again seemed to carve his face, casting shadows in the depths below his cheekbones, blazing on the white hair that escaped beneath his cap and on the ravages of his brow and the harsh stubble about his chin and neck.

Now they could give, thought Rick. They could give easily, and they knew it. And they knew they wanted to give, each in his own style: that was the right and generous and American thing to do (CARE packages and United Fund thermometers danced in his head). But poor Slugger's notions of manliness, dignity, pride still existing in a few rocky corners of the earth, in proximity, at least, to certain museums and archaeological sites . . . that there were still men who wanted simply to be accepted as men and who would not be bought. And what would their five or ten dollars do for this man (surely they were not going to give him more)? Would they change the conditions of his life? Were they going to give equal amounts, in all fairness, to all the old men in the Peloponnesus? Wasn't it merely to relieve themselves of a bad moment that they would plunk their bribe into his ruined old palm? To let themselves off the hook so that they could enjoy their taverna in Athens tonight? But it was so easy to give, if that's what he wanted. There he was, waiting in the sun: *Still Life With Shawl*. So easy, if it would give him a sweeter week or two. How many did he have left? And probably he was corrupted, by Worcester. For half a century he had been a Sophoclean decoration for this roadside while through his head America was still spinning (time-is-money-what's-in-it-for-me-got-to-look-out-for-yourself, boys). A wedding gift for the grandniece. Tactful. A fat price for the shawl. Was that what he was angling for, after all? A bargaining, slightly elaborate with pathos? Right on the Athens road, how many tourist cars per week, all looking for handmade genuine, and sensitive to deprivation at 50 percent above the market price. But if Slugger were right: that all he wanted was a human ear once or twice in his dwindling life, a chance at the mysterious consolation of singing one's sorrow in broken English to someone who listens and is gone, an exchange of hospitable wine for nothing but the blessing of talk — ?

The sculptor had already accepted the shawl, clasped the proffered old hand, exchanged a forthright *vale*, and was in the car by the time Rick had drawn out his wallet and selected nine bills fresh from American Express — 450 drachmas, about fifteen dollars. These he placed in the old man's left hand while he shook the right one (strong, but twig-dry), saying, "Good-bye. Here's a bit of luck from my grandpa." It came out badly. The old man said nothing, merely letting the bills lie in his upturned old claw, staring vaguely at Rick's shoulder. The poet's face burned as he slammed the door.

The Fiat roared off.

Slugger was too choked with rage to speak. Rick saw with astonishment that tears had welled up in his friend's eyes.

Then his own forehead was almost grazing the windshield again. They screeched, stalled.

Slugger had hold of the back of his head — sweat-hot grip — and forced him to look through the rear window.

"Look. Damnit, look!"

Rick saw the old man with his back turned to them, reduced by distance, framed against the upland groves, his white hair catching the sun as he walked, stiffly. The sun was slanted enough to give each step its illuminated puff of dust, until he had passed through the crimson weavings, leaving his chair behind.

They stared at each other wordlessly; then

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Slugger released his grip on Rick's neck and looked instead at his own palm, as if examining it for loathsome contagion.

The poet settled down to difficult thoughts as Slugger reached for the starter. The engine picked up its spark, gas was fed, and they were in motion again, backward.

"Slugger," Rick said.

But he was talking to his friend's neck and shoulders, which strained for rearward vision, while the voice, mingling with the engine's whine, muttered out the window something about "nobility . . . apologize. . . ."

"Pay attention now, Slugger. How about calling an end to this farce?"

But they had reached the scene of the crime, against the undulant curtainings. Engine off.

Slugger leapt out. He slammed the door so hard that the Fiat quivered on its springs. Then he was standing, triumphant, in the middle of the road, looking down at a handful of crumpled bills.

"That noble old bastard," he said, shaking his head. "That's what he thinks of your money. That noble old bastard!"

Rick waited.

"All right, friend," called the sculptor, too stridently for this mild valley. "Pick it up!"

"What do you mean, pick it up?"

"You heard me," Slugger said. "The money. Get out, right now, and *pick it up*."

"I believe you're trying to sound like Marlon Brando," Rick said.

Slugger bolted back to the car. His face had blotched with anger.

"You going to do it on your own?"

Rick searched his friend's eyes for some sign of a human being. "No."

And Slugger grappled him from the car, pulling Rick's right arm with both hands. Rick was not so heavy as his friend, but neither was he afraid to fight him. He was simply unable to suspend disbelief. Slugger had his arm twisted up behind now, and half dragged, half pushed him to the middle of the road, where lay the lethal clump of bills.

"Pick 'em up, Rick, and the farce is over."

"No."

Now the arm was twisted up almost to his head. It began to interest Rick to know whether or not the sculptor was actually willing to break a friend's arm in the name of an idea, but then the pain grew amazing, and he was being pushed down also by a heavy wet hand on the scruff of his neck. Slugger was forcing his face down into the little pile of paper as an enraged master pushes a dog's nose into its own filth, to teach it. That is, to break it. The comparison interested Rick as he smelled the oil and dust of the road, but then the choice was simply to let his arm crack or to swing a wild left back into his friend's crotch or to pick up the money.

He picked up the money.

After they had driven downward for a while through the valley, where spring was silver-green and the branches threw laceworks of racing shadows, Slugger said, "I'm sorry, Rick."

The poet concentrated on light and shade, olive trees and rock.

"What I mean to say is, I'm sorry up to a point. I apologize for my bad behavior. You do the same."

Rick looked back steadily. "I don't recall any bad behavior on my part."

The sculptor bristled: "God*damn* me for trying to smooth things out! You haven't learned a damn thing from this, have you? About human dignity, about —"

"Yes," Rick said, "as a matter of fact, I have."

Something in his tone finally quieted the sculptor. He looked through the windshield and down the road toward the next stage of his pilgrimage.

The poet opened his fist, where lay the fifty-drachma bills, much crushed and wadded — three of them, to be exact, which were all, apparently, that had dropped from the old man's hand, or that he had chosen to throw down.

Then Rick closed his fist again.

THE LOST TICKET

BY GEORGE STARBUCK

I traveled with Laocoön
Upon the Lackawanna.
Ten minutes, while his search went on,
I traveled with Laocoön.
His wallet an accordion
File of Americana,
I traveled with Laocoön
Upon the Lackawanna.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE POWER OF BIG BUSINESS

BY ROBERT L. HEILBRONER

Readers of such books as THE WORLDLY PHILOSOPHERS *or* THE FUTURE AS HISTORY *know Mr. Heilbroner's talent for illuminating complex economics and complex personalities with bright and accurate prose. He studied at Harvard and is visiting professor of economics on the graduate faculty of Manhattan's New School for Social Research. Currently he is working on a large-scale history of the industrialization of America.*

The power of big business is an apparition that has haunted almost as many men as has the specter of Communism. Like the cartoon of the bearded Bolshevik with his bomb, the picture of the big businessman is familiar to all of us, with his top hat and frock coat, a dollar sign across his bulging vest, one foot trampling the scenery of America and the other crushing its workmen, the fingers of one gloved hand picking the pockets of the ordinary citizen while those of the other manipulate legislators and even Presidents.

It is a caricature, of course — but how much of a caricature? How much significance should we accord to the fact that six hundred big businesses produce goods worth half the entire gross national output, or that an average one of these supercorporations handles as much revenue in a year as an average state? How alarmed should we be that the national defense and offense of the United States has become the chief source of profit of some of its large corporations, and that the heads of these corporations enjoy easy access to the corridors of the White House and the Pentagon? What attention should we pay to the opinion of Professor A. A. Berle, one of the most informed and least hysterical students of big business power, who has said, "Some of these corporations can be thought of only in somewhat the way we have heretofore thought of nations"?

These are the kinds of awkward but all-important questions to which a consideration of business power leads us. Perhaps we should realize at the outset that the questions cannot be answered altogether objectively — wish, suspicion, and apology crowd in irresistibly along with the facts. Nevertheless, they are questions with which we must try to come to grips if we are to understand our society. So let us begin by examining one aspect of the problem of business power where the facts are pretty clear. This is the question of what is happening to the sheer size of big business within the economy.

The answer may come as something of a surprise to those who are familiar with the trend of corporate amalgamation in the past. Thirty years ago, when Professors Berle and Means made the first brilliant study of the two hundred biggest nonfinancial corporations, they came up with the half-fanciful prognostication that if the observed rate of expansion of the big corporations relative to the smaller ones were maintained for another 360 years, all the nation's corporations would have disappeared into one mammoth concern, which would

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

then have a life expectancy roughly equivalent to that of the Roman Empire. Long before that day, however — in fact, by 1950 — Berle and Means warned, the two hundred largest corporations would already have absorbed 70 percent of all corporate wealth.

Well, 1950 has come and gone, and it appears that these worst fears have not been realized. We do not have statistics exactly comparable with the Berle and Means estimates, but a study published by A. D. H. Kaplan of the Brookings Institution is close enough. It shows that the top one hundred industrial corporations in 1960 had amassed 31 percent of all industrial corporate assets, compared with 25 percent in 1929. This is evidence of continuing concentration, but at nothing like the rate envisaged in the Berle and Means projection.

Why? One main reason is simply that the great corporations, for all their enormous mass, are not totally invulnerable to attack, to erosion by technology, or to suicide by incompetent management. If we look back at the list of the one hundred biggest companies in 1929, we are impressed by how many — sixty-one — have weathered the strains of the greatest depression and the greatest war, not merely to survive, but to remain among the top one hundred companies of 1960. But we are also impressed with the fact that some of the erstwhile giants have fallen mightily and that some have not survived at all. The locomotive makers, for instance, are gone, pushed aside by a new technology and by an inability of their managements to relinquish an obsolescent product. The leather makers are dead, victims of plastic poisoning. The movie-theater combines, once among the largest enterprises, no longer grace the list of the supercorporations, having yielded to the double blows of antitrust divorcement and to the competition of television.

A complementary reason for the standstill in the trend toward concentration lies in a change that has affected the big corporation from within rather than from without. This is the growing reluctance of the big companies to ram home the economic advantage that is theirs by running their competitors out of business. General Motors, for example, makes three times as much profit as the entire asset value of American Motors, but no one expects GM to "compete" by eliminating its rival from the field. Partly, management itself has little heart for this sort of thing. Equally important, the government does not want the existing distribution of industrial power substantially altered. Many a board of directors has shelved a merger plan — and in the case of the very biggest firms, even throttled down growth — rather than get entangled in the antitrust net.

Do these standard explanations promise a continuance of the relative stability of big business size within the economy? We do not know. There is some evidence that the vulnerability of the topmost corporations is decreasing, lessening the chances that they will be displaced by other firms; between 1948 and 1960 only twenty-four of the top hundred had their places usurped, whereas between 1909 and 1919, forty-one leaders were displaced. Then, too, large areas of the economy — construction, for instance, or the service industries — are still characterized by small or medium-sized business, and it would be in line with past experience if large-scale enterprise eventually "rationalized" these fields. Finally, the new technology of administration and control, automation, may provide the techniques and the impetus to further concentration.

Thus the relative quiescence of the "monopoly" problem today does not guarantee as much for tomorrow. It is at least possible that the economic pressures toward agglutination will again rise. In that case much will depend on the attitude of the top corporation officialdom and on the counter-pressures exerted by other groups in society.

THE MEN AT THE TOP

Fifty or sixty years ago it would have been a much easier task to form an opinion about the attitudes of big businessmen, for the supercorporations were then still dominated to a considerable extent by the supermen who started them. Not alone the names but also the personalities of Rockefeller, Carnegie, Morgan, Harriman, Frick were familiar to every reader, albeit often in romanticized versions. Today it is not so simple to identify or to dissect the business elite. We are confronted with a largely faceless group known as "the management." How many well-informed people can name or describe in any way even one of the chief executive officers (except Henry Ford, Jr.) in the ten biggest industrial firms: GM, Standard Oil of New Jersey, Ford, General Electric, Socony, U.S. Steel, Chrysler, Texaco, Gulf, Western Electric?

Who is this management? Two contrary myths are generally in circulation. According to one, the men at the top are those who have risen there from humble circumstances by virtue of their superior intelligence and stubborn efforts. This myth has been considerably abetted by businessmen themselves, who like to exaggerate the steepness of the climb behind them. The *Scientific American* magazine made a survey of the background characteristics of one thousand top executives of six hundred supercorporations, who filled out questionnaires about their careers. Almost a quarter of them claimed to come from "poor" families, and only 10 percent rated their families as "wealthy." Dr.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mabel Newcomber, surveying a substantially similar group fifteen years earlier but investigating family circumstances independently, found the percentage of "poor" families to be only half as large and the percentage of "wealthy" families three times as large.

On the other hand, it is not a very elitish elite, which effectively spikes a second myth — that the top executives are mainly the sons of top executives. On the contrary, in 1964, again according to the *Scientific American* survey, only 6 percent of the top corporate officials were sons of heads of the same companies. More striking, less than half of the whole group of top executives had fathers who were independent businessmen. The majority came from middle-class employee families or from professional families.

Not only their socioeconomic backgrounds but also their career patterns are gray rather than gaudy. Less than 3 percent of the corporate elite today describe their principal occupational experience as that of "entrepreneur" or "capitalist," and most executives trace their rise through administration or science and engineering. By way of contrast, as recently as 1925 almost a third of the then top executives were "entrepreneurs" or "capitalists," and in 1900, half were. As a result of this decline in business-building, formal education has achieved a much greater significance in paving the way for corporate leadership. As recently as the 1920s a majority of top corporate officials did not have a college degree. Today 90 percent have been to college, three quarters have a B.S. or B.A., and a third have a graduate degree, increasingly in engineering or science.

THE EDUCATED MANAGER

This little excursion into the sociology of big business leaders has more than an academic significance. It, too, bears on the problem of corporate power by raising the question of the kind of men who control these giant enterprises. For the profile of the new "educated" manager, contrasted with the old "ignorant" robber baron, raises the interesting possibility that the power of big business may be restrained by the "professionalization" of big businessmen themselves.

Is the manager now a professional man? The idea is an appealing one. It conjures up the image of a corps of highly competent and dedicated individuals for whom the scruples and standards of their own calling provide the discipline and surveillance that will hold business power to strict account. Unhappily, it is not so easy to give substance to the image. It is true, as the *Scientific American* survey stresses, that the manager today is more educated and better trained than formerly — although it is a moot question whether his increasingly scientific background will particularly help him with pricing, personnel, or public relations, the key top-management problems. But education and training are only necessary, and not sufficient, conditions for professionalism. There is also the matter of sanctions. The malpractitioner of law or medicine is disbarred from the further practice of his certified calling. But the malpractitioner of management faces no such punishment. Of the fifteen executives fired by General Electric after they were convicted by the courts for conspiracy in fixing prices for electrical equipment, twelve were subsequently re-employed elsewhere at high levels. One was appointed to the presidency of one of the companies surveyed by the *Scientific American*.

Then, too, one wonders whether professionalism is the word to describe some of the attitudes and activities of management during the post-war decades. I am thinking of the refusal of the steel managers to expand steel capacity after World War II; of the ignorance or complicity of the electrical-industry managers in the price-fixing scandal; of the arrogance in regard to public health shown by the managers of the tobacco industry; of the omniscient denial by the automobile managers of the public's interest in compact cars or safety belts; of the tactics employed by the managers of the drug industry during the Kefauver investigation; and then, in regard to managements in all fields, of the arrogation to themselves of remunerations that in any other sphere of social activity — science, education, government — would be called piratical.

Thus when it comes to the containment of the power of the executive elite, I think we had best look elsewhere than to their "professionalism." There is one place we *can* look, however, although I do not imagine that the business literature will celebrate it particularly. This is the increasingly bureaucratic character of the business elite, and their marked conditioning by a changed social and cultural milieu.

For it seems clear to me, comparing the big businessman of today with those of a few decades back, that the contemporary executive represents a generation of administration rather than of acquisition. This is not merely a matter of the statistics of concentration we have already examined. It refers as well to a style of business leadership in which "good public relations" have come to play an extraordinarily important role. Here perhaps is where the increased educational exposure, the lengthened training, the so-called "professionalization" of the executive, should be given its due.

One result of this new style, particularly noticeable among the executives of the biggest firms, is a certain caution in utterance and action quite untypical of their predecessors a generation back.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In the main, the approved managerial tactics are now those of long-run security rather than short-run risk, of staying out of trouble rather than of taking a chance, of bucking for the title of "business statesman" rather than "tycoon." Among the smaller firms, we still see something of the uninhibited drive of the past, but at the top, inhibition itself begins to appear as a managerial virtue.

Another characteristic of the business elite is its essentially reluctant relationship to political power. Noise, oratory, and table-thumping to the contrary notwithstanding, I think that what is noticeable about the great majority of big businessmen in America is a striking absence of real political involvement. What is visible instead is a profound unwillingness to get embroiled in anything that might take them away from their jobs, or that might not look good in the newspapers, or that might incur the displeasure of their main customers or their boards. There is in the big business world a great deal of political rhetoric but not much political commitment — what could be more significant than the fact that for all the endless business talk of freedom, not a single major corporate executive found the Alabama Freedom March important enough to warrant leaving his desk, although educators, government officials, housewives, trade unionists, students, and scientists felt the need to go to Selma, despite the nuisance, the call of other duties, or the danger to which it exposed them.

THE NEW ELITES

All this discussion of the structure of big business and the sociological attributes of big businessmen circles around our main subject — the power of big business — and yet fails to engage it squarely. What *is* big business power? What does it look like in ordinary life?

The oldest and purest exercise of business power has always been the market exploitation of the weak. We think of labor, the historic victim of the big corporation, working a twelve-hour day and a seven-day week (with a twenty-four-hour shift every two weeks) as late as 1919 in the dangerous mills of the United States Steel Corporation. We think of little business, undersold and outbought and forced to pay additional freight charges to the railroads, who then turned the money over to the Standard Oil combine. We think of the consumer, pictured by a commentator of the 1890s as "born to the profit of the Milk Trust and dead to the profit of the Coffin Trust."

To recall these instances from the past does more than give reality to one meaning of the words "business power." It also serves to give some historical perspective on the trend of that power. Surely the strength of labor vis-à-vis big business has been enormously enhanced since the days when labor unions were literally afraid of the big company. So, too, although less noticed, has the position of little business improved. We often forget that it was the political pressure of little business and not of the public that brought about the passage of most anti-big-business legislation, including the antitrust acts. But this animus of the past seems largely to have evaporated. Now and again there is some anti-big-corporation talk, as when the auto dealers rose up against General Motors or when small business complains that big companies get all the defense contracts. But the complaints, however true, quickly subside. From the peace that prevails, it is hard not to conclude that little business no longer feels the brunt of big business power as it did in the past.

It is less easy to make an unambiguous determination in the case of the third historic target of business power in the marketplace, the consumer. Certainly he is more ardently wooed than in the public-be-damned days, but the wooing is sometimes accompanied by breach of promise; not too long ago, for instance, the Federal Trade Commission found that General Foods was charging more per unit of weight for its "economy-sized" packages than for its regular packages. Nor does leafing through *Consumer Reports* overwhelm one with a sense of corporate solicitude for the consumer. Still more important, perhaps, although the trusts have gone, there is no evidence that profit margins have declined over the past fifty years or so. General Motors, for example, makes almost as much in profits before taxes per car as it pays out for wages on that car.

But even if we leave the case of the consumer undecided, it seems fair enough to conclude that the power of big business to throw its weight around in the marketplace has been considerably restricted in the past three or four decades. Yet that does not fully satisfy our inquiry. For everyone knows that market exploitation, however bad, is not all of what we mean by "big business power." In fact, what usually comes to mind when we say the words is not so much these instances of market abuse, but larger and subtler kinds of influence — for instance, the use of the national government to create new domains of private profit such as the enormous land-grabs of the railroad era, or the insinuation of business goals into foreign policy such as the banana-republic diplomacy that once made the world safe for United Fruit, or the blind deference accorded to business views just because they were business views, as in the general adulation of the businessman during the 1920s.

It is difficult to assay the trend of this hugely varied exercise of power with much accuracy. Certainly, we cannot airily dismiss the influence of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

big business on the nation's affairs as being a thing of the past. Nonetheless, I would still hazard the opinion that its ability to manipulate public affairs or to have its way in the formation of national policy is declining.

I base this opinion not so much on the static size of big business within the economy or on the quieter bearing of its executives as on another development that strikes me as being of signal importance. This is the rise within our society of new elites, whose competence for government is rapidly becoming of greater importance for national survival or even well-being than that of business leaders. One such new elite consists of the military professionals. A second is composed of advisers from the fields of science, economics, sociology, and the academic world in general. A third includes the civil servants and the career administrators of public programs.

These new elites play increasingly central roles in the elaboration and exercise of government policies in the crucial areas that now confront us: education, civil rights, poverty, urban renewal, foreign aid, the scale of the military establishment, the determination of fiscal and monetary policy, and the conduct of foreign affairs. At the same time, it seems undeniable that the voice of big business in the delineation of these specific programs is much smaller than in comparable programs of the past.

Further, it seems to me that this swing of power toward the new elites is likely to become intensified. I expect to see fewer big businessmen in positions of power in Washington and more soldiers, scientists, educators, and government administrators; to see fewer big businessmen as trustees of universities and more of the new men of power there; to hear less about the sanctity of private investments abroad and more about international government-to-government programs; to find less attention paid to the aging rhetoric of laissez-faire and more to the academic language of neo-Keynesianism and input-output tables. To be sure, we still live in a civilization in which the accumulation of individual wealth is believed to be the most admirable objective of human life, and in such a civilization great centers of wealth must perforce be great centers of influence. Nonetheless, I think the exercise of business power in the direction of national affairs is on the wane and that the power of new nonbusiness groups is sharply on the rise.

MANAGED CAPITALISM

Do we conclude, then, that the power of big business is declining? If we ask the question in terms of the ability of the big corporation to exploit others on the marketplace, I think the answer must be Yes, its power *has* been curtailed. If we ask in terms of the ability of big businessmen to work their will with the governing authorities, or to turn national policy to pecuniary advantage, I would answer more carefully that I think this power is now being curtailed.

Yet, curiously, I do not think that quite exhausts the matter; for while the specific powers of big business are being compressed, from another vantage point I think it can be said that its generalized power was never greater. By this I mean that its legitimacy is now complete, its acceptance without exception. For perhaps the first time in American history no one any longer seriously opposes the system of big business or questions its enormous economic privileges and benefits. We hear no more of drastic social modifications, or of the outright replacement of the business system by some other system, either from labor or from the intellectuals, the two traditional sources of social protest and reform.

As for the new elites that now contest with businessmen for the control of the levers of the nation's working programs, they are certainly not anti big business. The new elites have no thoughts of nationalization, of extensive decommercialization, of far-reaching changes in the enjoyment of property incomes. At most, their programs imply a kind of managed capitalism in which the great corporations, largely maintained intact, would be coordinated within the national effort by some form of permissive planning. But it is in itself indicative of the total acquiescence in the ideology of business that even the formulation of such mild goals comes as something of a shock, and that most of the elites would plead that they have no goal other than a day-to-day "pragmatic" approach.

If this is true, what does it portend for the future? There are, it seems to me, important possibilities for social evolution still unexplored within the business system, and I would hope that in the hands of a new guard, uncommitted to the ideological fundamentalism of the old guard, a liberal capitalism might develop greater stability, less poverty, more public concern. At the same time there is also a less pleasant possibility. The prospect of a business society no longer made uncomfortable by the presence of alternative social formulations presents the threat of a human community arrested at a still primitive level of striving and quieted by an intellectual asphyxiation and a moral dullness. But this brings us far beyond the bounds of permissible speculation. Perhaps at the moment we can say no more than that we seem to stand at the threshold of a new era of contained capitalism, in which the power of big business is more constrained — and yet less contested — than in the past. What may be the horizons and what the limitations of such a society we must now begin to find out.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE YOUNG POETS

There is every evidence of an increasing interest in ATLANTIC *poetry. As an incentive for writers yet unestablished, twice a year we set aside a number of pages in the* ATLANTIC *to be devoted to the work of young poets.*

FOGHORN ON EAST END AVENUE

BY GERALD JONAS

The sound
wave breaks against the building
and resolves, spent spray falling
through the dense night air.
At once, the darkness has a name.
A second wave rolls in on the salt wind,
and a third. Is it a ship passing
in the rut beyond the park,
or has this seeming-island —
locked so long in dreams of stone —
at last begun to move
seaward?

THE LOVERS

BY MICHAEL V. MILLER

Descending through the underbrush
And redwood gloom, they reach a lake —
Its surface glides, suffused with calm;
Offshore, the willows lean to shake

Light from their branches. Everywhere
She meets the indolence she sought;
But he feels something in that drift,
Precarious, yet growing taut.

Revealed, it widens in the flare
Of wings and gleam of a white throat:
Rising violently, a loon
Drags water into points of light,

And distant now, becomes its shadow.
The man stops at the water's edge,
Still listening. The day turns amber.
Light settles in the ferns and sedge.

When she came up and took his arm,
They knew at once it was too late;
They found each other in that realm,
Suspended, deeply separate,

Where the cold forms of water birds
In flight divide the vacant air,
And leave these two on quiet ground,
Absorbed by what they cannot share.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RETURN

BY JESSIE ROSENBERG

The shutters cut up the sky,
Sifting the moon's light slow through the floor,
Like moths through a screen.
Caught in my bed, I turn,
Remembering heat, hearing my father
Cough in his sleep and the vain birds
Mocking the dark,
Remembering close your arms, and how I said
I must go, let me go,
How I blinked the light away, and ran
Before even the gray sky covered the roofs,
Gone with the bitter touch of you caught
In my hair like some old perfume,
Thinking, I will go home,
Thinking, I will be safe,
Feeling the miles erase what I thought was pain.

I stare at the ceiling's dark,
At the moon coming slow through the screen,
Hearing my father cough and
The mockingbirds' scheming song —
Not even my childhood room is
As warm or as safe
As the hollow moon of your arms.

RAFTERS

BY ROBERT DAWSON

Hauling rafters out of Mason City
across Dakotas when no roads
paved north and south, my father
hid me in the sleeper. One haul
a detour bent us eighty miles

over chicken colored driveways.
From my dirt-green plastic plush
cranny, I stared past father's deaf
right ear, as wipers riled
the wash of country on the windshield.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Beyond the pouncing bulldog on the radiator,
his headbeams startled a face
of drops. The gravel stopped
at a corncrib. We wallowed up the
barnyard. A Swede trotted out in his shirt

lurching alongside smacking the van
with a Ford crank. In Minot the geezer
who stacked the rafters dribbled one
on his toe. Grinning, he yanked his cuff
baring a wooden ankle in a red sock.

A brownie hawkeye print of then shows me
knees up on a Mack cab, blond and dour as Shelley.
The old man of Madsen and Sons snapped it
after finding my classic comic in his truck. Father
and he were palsey, till his outboard

struggled off our ten-foot boat and sank.
That outboard had trolled a Jap landing barge.
The Madsen boys smuggled it through the navy
in parts lots commissaried for a jeep.
Father hired on a laundry route,

sold Hoover vacuums till our aunts gave out,
gave up and hopped up hot rods for a hot-rod club.
We're sitting in a snapshot of a chopped
down Chevy chassis, whose fire wall ripped out
hides a straight eight chromed Buick plant.

I'm driving. Willy Heilman has a boot
propped on the running board. His three-inch
studded belt ties him thin as a girl.
His hair is slick. That day at Faribault
he drove the steering column through his guts.

These pictures of this boy becoming me
frighten me. Here's one I stand in, coal
shovel and grapefruit can in hand. Beneath
corduroy overalls and orange striped shirt, I see
my body and its secrets preserved for harm.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS and MEN *This literate survey of the pleasures and pitfalls of the English language is the first of a series of reviews and essays that Mr. Kronenberger will write for the* ATLANTIC. *His works include several novels and anthologies and many years' worth of drama criticism. He is now professor of theater arts at Brandeis University*

HOW NOT TO WRITE, WHAT NOT TO SAY

by LOUIS KRONENBERGER

I IMAGINE that book collectors who want mint copies of first editions would find few harder to come by than Fowler's *Modern English Usage*. My own literally fell apart from so often enjoying pride of place on my night table or contriving the bliss of solitude in my bathroom. Clutched to a great many writers' bosoms, kept within a great many more writers' reach, Fowler — as his book very soon came to be called — acquired a kind of place in the literary life itself. Fowler became the writer's grammarian, the one man in the annals of usage who knew enough that was invaluable, enough again that was not elsewhere obtainable, enough finally that was surprising or piquant or anomalous or recondite to add spice to tutelage, wit to chastisement, and lure to syntax. He was literary as well as learned, with something agreeably acid, donnish, high-tableish about him. He had the merit of making field beasts of a good many sacred cows, of splitting an infinitive in the very act of splitting hairs, of undermining stodgy pedantries while upholding highbred ones. He had, too, the gnarled charm of sometimes seeming crotchety, wrong-headed, immured, which never prevented his becoming an enlightened guide to good writing but did save his guidance from the claims of Holy Writ. A guide to good writing, he became a source of good reading as well; and so took his place above the salt with the Mencken of *The American Language*, the Greenough & Kittredge of *Words and Their Ways*, the Logan Pearsall Smith of *Words and Idioms*, the Farmer & Henley of *Slang and Its Analogues*, the Skeat of *A Student's Pastime* — never with the college handbooks, copy editors' manuals, or dry rot and tommyrot of pedagogues.

Modern English Usage first appeared in 1926, and though the announcement of a revised edition by Sir Ernest Gowers may have first inspired thoughts of sacrilege, plainly any second thoughts must have coupled revision with good sense. The past forty years have seen a multitude of forces crashing against the English language; a hands-off piety must in time have converted *Modern English Usage* into a period piece. Clearly, a much more practical form of deference is to separate what has kept its sap from what time has blighted, to strike out what is needed no longer and introduce what was nowhere foreseen.

Sir Ernest has left much of Fowler intact and much less only slightly, and discreetly, revised. At times, indeed, Sir Ernest catches his predecessor's very voice: "*I must flee* suggests the approach of an unwelcome visitor. *I must fly* suggests the recollection of a forgotten engagement." But straight on from Fowler's own memorable dedicatory preface, the great signposts (Sobriquets, Number), the great landmarks (Split Infinitive, Elegant Variations), the famous warnings to trespassers (Cast-iron Idiom, Love of the Long Word), the vexatious crossroads (Which, That, Who; Big, Great, Large), and the small inscriptions and scrawls (Misapprehensions, Superstitions) remain. Of Fowler's larger efforts, only thirty pages on technical terms and eight on French pronunciation have been banished. A cautionary "then-and-now" between 1926 and 1965 is the listings of Literary Critics' Words:

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

banal, *cachet*, *meticulous*, *mot juste* ousted by *ambience*, *dichotomy*, *seminal*, *ambivalent*. Similarly, such 1926 "vogue words" as *hectic*, *protagonist*, *unthinkable*, *idiosyncrasy* have crumbled before *adumbrate*, *integrate*, *implement*, *blueprint*. One of Sir Ernest's own contributions deals with the pronunciation of England's trickier proper names, on the off chance that, after leaving Althorp with Freddy Pole Carew, you may run into Esmé Wavertree and "Bobo" Leveson Gower on the way to Woburn.

During the last forty years the greatest influence on words and their ways has come from America. Decided national differences persist: let us hope we never call garters sock suspenders, or barbers men's hairdressers, as the English blanch at the thought of calling a lift an elevator or a jug a pitcher. And may we never be so U — or is it just vulgarly euphemistic? — as to talk of lavatory paper, or so worriedly snobbish as to refer to an organization's "hon. secretary" to make plain that he draws no pay. Sir Ernest provides a long (if occasionally inaccurate) list of persisting differences. Actually, the English *shop* is as often *shop* as *store* with us; their *boot* is not our *shoe* but our *high shoe;* and in setting American *vending machine* against English *slot machine*, Sir Ernest has surely turned things about. He might have listed England's *vegetable marrow* as our *squash*, and known, in praising their *motorcar* against our *automobile*, that *automobile* is dying out with us and *car* is almost universal. Our most helpful contribution to the Englishman's language has come in the form of coinages to meet modern needs: *commuter*, *baby-sitter*, *teen-ager*, *gimmick*, *double-talk*, *know-how*. Our least helpful contribution to England has been such less-than-classical usages as *aim to*, such misusages as *due to* (as a preposition), and the perversion of various words like *disinterested* and *presently*.

Almost everything that Sir Ernest has introduced, as either replacement or supplement, seems in order. His instincts, like his predecessor's, appear to be conservative, but his general awareness, for all that he is eighty-five years old, seems more firsthand. With Sir Ernest we are, so to speak, in a world that will settle for *forceps* as a plural but, happily, not yet for *scissors* as a singular. The new book may seem disconcertingly modern in spots, but no one need prefer Fowler to Fowler-Gowers the way people prefer the eleventh edition of the *Britannica* to the fourteenth; and no one with any tact in these matters, whatever his dissents, can possibly prefer any other book in the field.

THERE are a great many other books in the field: it abounds as never before with handbooks, manuals, guides, paperback preachments, and hardcover proclamations on correct, or elevating, or remunerative speech and writing. Sheer anarchists about language in one sense, Americans are quaking conformists in another, and are made to feel that saying "those kind of things" is almost like eating with your knife. This comes partly from fearing that if you bungle your grammar, you will botch your career, that an ill-timed "he don't" may lead to all-time ruin, and that "this is they" will win a substantial promotion. It is unfortunate that, as against scrappy gains in grammar and syntax, there has been so steep a decline in a sense of idiom and traditional usage. In a field that could do with extended study, I have been looking at an old handbook, reissued a while back under notable sponsorship, and at a brand-new one by the author of two previous manuals.

The Elements of Style, by William Strunk, Jr. (1869–1946), a professor of English at Cornell, belongs to a large family of manuals that were circulating some forty years ago. What sets it apart is an occasional trace of personality; what accounts for its successful revival is that E. B. White, who sat under Professor Strunk, became its devoted advocate (and amender). Certainly a good deal in the book is unexceptionable. But, granted Strunk's vigor in the classroom, Strunk on paper is a mere schoolmaster about words and nowhere seems master of them. He quite lacks the quality stressed in his title: style. Style is an unwise word for him to have chosen (Fowler sensibly speaks of usage), since to presume to teach style in its higher sense is sheer folly, and simply to equate it with effective writing gives it far too bleached and pinched a look. Actually, what Strunk went after was what most teachers bring down a whip on: violations of grammar, clumsy locutions, wobbly constructions, clichés, and "needless words." Strunk sometimes brings down his whip with more pedantic ardor than literary warrant. Thus he states unconditionally that *none* "takes the singular verb." *None*, it so happens, takes the plural verb times without number in excellent writers, who alone are the lawmakers in these matters; the Strunks are the policemen. No less unconditionally, Professor Strunk flays: "Every one in the community, whether they are a member of the Association or not, is invited to attend." This he corrects to what countless good writers regard as out-of-the-frying-pan: "Every one in the community, whether he is a member of the Association or not, is invited to attend." Surely any alert sophomore would get rid, at one stroke, of needless words and a knotty problem with: "Everyone in the community, whether a member of the Association or not. . . ." Strunk's word sense, moreover, kept pace with his prose instincts. He changed *student body*, which he thought "gruesome," to *studentry*, which I think ghastly.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

If I seem harsh, it is because, along with other defects and limitations, Professor Strunk didn't even have a historical sense. In denouncing *body* here, he was tangling in a number of languages with one of the great symbolic and metaphorical words of Western culture, and virtually pledged to outlaw as "gruesome" the extended uses, in Latin and English, of *corpus;* not to speak of *somebody, nobody, anybody, everybody, busybody, a body of men, a body of laws, the body of an article, heavenly bodies, the body politic, to body forth,* and of *corps de ballet, esprit de corps, diplomatic corps,* and *marine corps.*

For all their pedestrian talents and drill-sergeant methods, the Professor Strunks can be genuinely useful, but as nurses are with young children, or books of etiquette with wrong-fork-frightened adults. Beyond that, their value must be questioned. Anyone who writes, as Professor Strunk does in his own handbook, "Use this word only of matters of a kind capable of direct verification" has as much to learn as he can ever teach; and his famous pupil, whose additions to *The Elements of Style* are its chief adornments, would surely have been no less deft had he never sat under Professor Strunk.

PROFESSOR STRUNK is the Old School Tyrant. Of the new pontiffs, Theodore M. Bernstein, assistant managing editor of the New York *Times*, now follows up two successful manuals with a far more extensive work, *The Careful Writer: A Modern Guide to English Usage.* Mr. Bernstein's book differs spectacularly from Professor Strunk's, and not just as the newsroom differs from the classroom. Mr. Bernstein has for years been circulating house bulletins to help the *Times* staff write better, and has no doubt enlivened his injunctions about usage with his injections of humor and wit. As an amiable man's family joking, this may be all very well; as a formula — half jestbook, half handbook — aimed at the general public, it seems to me deplorable, both in itself and as a sign of our culture. But before reviewing Mr. Bernstein's vaudeville turns, let us watch him at the blackboard.

Here the yardstick is a word stressed in the book's title: *careful.* Any word so stressed must, I think, imply more than conformity to reasonably educated usage. It must argue an informed concern for the best traditions of the language and a proper awareness of those who have fostered and formed them. Mr. Bernstein, however, very largely bases his decrees on dictionaries, earlier manuals, and unnamed "authorities," despite the fact that dictionaries (the big *Oxford* excepted) primarily record rather than regulate usage, and that manuals oftener repeat than revaluate their predecessors. Many of Mr. Bernstein's specific findings and rulings are sound; much of what seems meant for newspapermen, copywriters, television announcers, and the like is very useful; and Mr. Bernstein does not meekly swallow a number of usage chestnuts, such as Professor Strunk's *none is.* Mr. Bernstein performs a further service by indicating which prepositions follow a vast number of nouns, verbs, and adjectives. His limitation as a guide is his failure to keep to a consistent level of guidance — in this case, the announced level of the "careful" writer. He tosses into his own text words and phrases, gratingly slangy to begin with, that by now are glaringly shopworn as well: *pooch, pronto, upgrading, what makes it tick.*

As for what he condemns or acquits among the more arguable matters of usage, we all have our particular crotchets and questionable freedoms of speech. In the matter of usage, moreover, we are all about equally opinionated. But I could wish that here, too, Mr. Bernstein kept to a definable level. He is sternly against *blame it on* — which is immemorial and well befriended — yet quite undismayed by *very separated* — which is intolerable and very new. He calls *ad* for advertisement as established an abbreviation as *piano* and *auto*; but *piano* is standard English, where *auto* was always hick and is now, surely, obsolescent. Despite his efforts to control prepositions, Mr. Bernstein is permissive about *oblivious to* (a perfect example of what the careful writer shuns), and he violates really cultivated usage by dotting his own prose with such things as *predicate on, infused with, tinker with, in the cards.* No careful writer that I know says, as Mr. Bernstein does, *cannot help but* or *newly acquired* or *conform it to one's person,* or uses *human* as a noun or *assure that* intransitively. Mr. Bernstein also decries needless words, only to indulge in them, and condemns mixed metaphors, only to contrive things like *weeding out coinages.*

As handbook admonitions, Mr. Bernstein's are in large measure sensible, and a book with half the pages of this one might prove of real service. But in view of its offending half, I must question the value of a book that, written to raise today's standards of writing, lowers its already low standards of taste; for beyond being intrusive, Mr. Bernstein's joking is crude, sometimes cheap, and inexcusably familiar. His gags are not occasional but incessant, and often as battered as they are bad. I quote from the book pretty much at random:

1. "Them conclusions simply aint got no justification."

2. "[Gender] is not a substitute for sex (but then, what is?)."

3. Many phrases on the order of "every Thomas, Richard and Henry."

4. Under the subhead *ravish.* "Keep your mind

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

on your work, buster; the word you want is *ravaging*."

5. Under the subhead *laid*. "Women laid down in the roadway to halt the Soviet tanks." "Down," comments Mr. Bernstein, "isn't laid; it comes off a duck."

6. Under the subhead, *raise, rear*. "We raise," says Mr. Bernstein, "both pigs and children, and some parents will testify that you can't always tell the difference."

Mr. Bernstein's probable success in ousting two or three dozen vulgarisms seems meager when set against so much self-congratulatory vulgarity. The atmosphere he creates, the television-script approach he encourages do more harm than violations of grammar. Yet Mr. Bernstein's use of gags as a gimmick is in the end just one of many depressing symptoms of what ails contemporary language as part of contemporary life. Never before, I would think, have there been so many new objects, enterprises, processes, discoveries for which new words must be found; never before, so many trumped-up fads, instant-brewed attitudes, or professional users of words for whom language is a commodity or a sales device. Clearly, science and technology must night and day be inventing words; sociology, just as clearly, must disfigure and truncate them, and Madison Avenue go on designing its verbal junk jewelry. The speed with which new words appear hardly exceeds the speed with which we succumb to them; and if we do this often from negligence, we do it almost as often from need. Moreover, remembering how Swift objected to *mob*, Macaulay to *gentlemanly*, Richard Grant White to *reliable*, and Fowler to *foreword*, we might remember one man more: King Canute. Yet the question of language differs, I think, from the question of usage. The space age makes *countdown* indispensable overnight; the age of anxiety must perforce turn *pressure* into a verb. But on what reasoning need people "graduate high school" — and by what literacy test are they permitted to?

The continuing growth of language, with all the births and burials it ordains, scarcely calls for pointless hideous distortions of it, so that not only syntax falls apart but hundreds of fine distinctions too — everything that gives writing suppleness, ease, elegance, urbanity, a kinship with what is written about. Yet, however dubious a too-breezy style, it is not the greatest current danger. The greatest derives from those pedagogues and intellectuals who try to float a large, polysyllabic, jargon-cluttered vocabulary on a vexed sea of heaving solecisms and drowning syntax. And beyond how unkempt or overweight or impenetrable their own prose, there are all the vogue words, the critics' words, the nonwords they bestow upon other people's. Nowhere is the effect of such contamination-from-above more idiotically apparent than in student term papers. In one short paper, I recently encountered *fragmented, conceptual, extrapolated, structured, charismatic, modalities, specificity*.

The highbrows mangling the language, the hucksters debasing it, the Strunks dictatorial and dogmatic, the Bernsteins journalistic and gimmicky — what ultimately lumps them all together is a want of something civilized. And it is on obtaining just that that the health and trim look and inner strength of language in America must rest. Good writing owes its merit chiefly to little words, to light touches, to simple graces, to pungent idioms and a clean handling of the smaller parts of speech; lies in the set of a phrase, the hang of a sentence; belongs to those who have an unforced, unaffected way with language, a sensitive ear, a feeling for occasion. If it proves too laborious to learn about good writing from good writers, Fowler and Gowers, however odd at times or inapplicably British, *are* civilized, and do provide the sort of counsel and keep to the sort of standards that can be truly rewarding.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IN DEFENSE OF BIRD BRAINS

"*Petit Pigeon*," *lithograph by Pablo Picasso.*

BY *RICHARD J. HERRNSTEIN*

A Harvard professor has trained pigeons to scan reconnaissance photos, spot industrial faults, and perform other feats now under security wraps. Richard J. Herrnstein, director of Harvard's Psychological Laboratories, here describes his experiments.

SCIENTIFIC psychology promises to predict and control behavior, but compared to the common-sense psychology we all know, the formal science may well seem superfluous. Are not the farmer, the hunter, and the organ-grinder skilled manipulators of behavior when they teach a mule to drag a plow, a dog to track a deer, or a monkey to pass the hat? And does not each one of us, in our human contacts, constantly predict and control the behavior of others with greater success than failure? We are painfully aware of our failures and turn then to those who claim expertise, but we are curiously unaware of the broader implications of our successes.

The implications are especially clear where people have harnessed animal behavior for specific purposes. The farmer knows how to use the mule's powerful muscles; the hunter, the dog's sense of smell; the organ-grinder, the monkey's ability to delight and entertain. Successes won so long ago are taken for granted, but they prove that behavior, at this level at least, can be precisely controlled. The farmer, hunter, and organ-grinder are behavioral engineers, putting to practical use the scientific laws of behavior implicit, although unstated, in their successes. In psychology, as in some of the older sciences, the specific skills of the engineer have antedated the generalized laws of the scientist. But in the course of time, the behavioral scientist will overtake the behavioral engineer, giving him the wherewithal to undertake new tasks and to do the old ones better.

The conscious application of psychology to the training of animals is a recent phenomenon, occasioned by the Second World War, when the need for expendable and well-trained specialists reached an all-time high; and relative expendability, as medical science has known for hundreds of years, is one of the useful qualities of animals. Of all the practical uses that a science of behavior may ultimately serve, the engineering of animal behavior may well be the least important, but it is the one that is likely to be fully exploited first.

During the Second World War, the New York *Times* reported that the Russians used trained dogs to destroy German tanks. A dog carrying a charge of dynamite on its back and strongly disposed by previous training to seek out and approach tanks made a lethal antitank weapon that homed in on its prey relentlessly. The dogs were put to work too late in the war for them to be a significant factor. There was also a report of a Swedish scheme in which a sea lion would cut a mine cable with an automatic clipper in order to get a fish

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

out of a sealed tank carried on its back. The sea lions were trained to return to the home base to get the tank replenished and the clipper refueled.

So scanty are the accounts that I have found of these bits of behavioral engineering that I would surely discount them as psychological apocrypha were it not for the even more fantastic, but fully described, venture into animal warfare undertaken by B. F. Skinner, then at the University of Minnesota. In recent years at Harvard, Skinner has promoted something of a revolution in educational technique with his teaching machine, a venture into behavioral engineering at the human level. In 1939, however, he was trying to perfect a method for training birds to steer winged bombs and missiles.

The story has been well documented, by Skinner in a technical journal, and also in the pages of the *Atlantic* in 1947 by a physicist named Louis Ridenour, who undoubtedly did not know that he was revealing then classified information. The heart of Skinner's scheme was to put into the nose of a missile a pigeon trained to peck directly at the image of a target on a screen in front of it. As long as the pigeon pecked accurately on target, the missile would be steered toward its destination by a pneumatic or electronic system that translated the location of the pigeon's pecks into guidance instructions to the wings and rudders of the missile. The scene that the pigeon viewed was whatever the missile was headed toward, and the target could be virtually anything — a battleship, a particular intersection of streets in a city, a spot along a beach. Skinner assumed that in actual practice the military would find it useful to train different groups of pigeons to specialize in particular classes of targets.

Skinner's scheme worked. That is to say, he showed that pigeons can be taught to peck at targets with sufficient accuracy and persistence to guide a simulated missile to a simulated destination. He used a variety of targets, specified by the military authorities, and found them all within a pigeon's conceptual grasp. The military did not, however, put the pigeons to work, perhaps because the era of pinpoint bombing seemed about to end with the atom bomb.

WHAT was the end for the military, however, proved to be the beginning for a number of psychologists. The practical demands of Skinner's plan, particularly the necessity for behavior that was reliable, accurate, persistent, and rapid, raised issues of fundamental importance. In a limited sort of way, the behavior of the pigeon had to be as predictable and controllable as the aerodynamics that governed the flight of the missile or the chemistry that was to be exploited in the detonation of the charge. This was something new in psychology: to have to produce behavior the way physicists produce flight and chemists produce explosives. Such practical demands exercised a healthy discipline on Skinner and his associates, and later, on many others who learned of their work. Psychology had taken another step in its evolution into a natural science.

Marian and Keller Breland, who were among Skinner's associates, decided to pursue the practical rather than the purely scientific possibilities of the work that had been done. The war was over. The inherent comedy of a trained animal was now a better field for exploitation than its expendability. The Brelands went into show business, with trained animals as their specialty. At first they promoted the products of General Mills, Incorporated, at county fairs, with chickens that would play a five-note tune on a toy piano, or pigs that would turn on a radio, eat at a table, and operate a vacuum cleaner. These days, they sell trained-animal acts in which the audience rather than the sponsor pays the bills. An impressively varied menagerie has been put to work, including — besides chickens and pigs — lambs, turkeys, rats, ducks, porpoises, crows, rabbits, and of course, pigeons.

The similarity between getting a pigeon to steer a missile and getting a pig to use a vacuum cleaner is much greater than might be imagined. Both processes involve a single set of scientific principles, of which the central one is that an animal tends to repeat any act that has been rewarded in its past. The importance of reward has long been used by those who train animals for any purpose, but psychological research has sharpened our understanding of it. We now know that even so small a delay as one second between the act and its reward interferes with training. We know that the animal must be in a state of considerable need for the reward, ordinarily a small quantity of food or water, for a contented animal is unfeelingly indifferent to the machinations of even the most skillful trainer. To get a bit of food or water to an animal executing a complex series of movements may often pose a serious logistic problem, especially if the food or water is to be delivered at just the right moment. Psychologists have, however, found that the problem is readily solved if, instead of the reward itself, the animal is given a token of the reward — a flash of light or a burst of sound that is consistently paired with the reward and thus signals to the animal that its reward is now available. Training becomes vastly more efficient with these tokens, for they can be delivered remotely.

A little more of the lore of the scientific laboratory is involved in the practical training of animals. Psychologists have discovered that behavior, once learned, can be sustained even when the reward

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is given only occasionally when the behavior occurs. For example, a pigeon taught to peck at a switch for food will continue to peck even if it is successful only a small fraction of the time. Its successes may come at prearranged intervals — every five minutes, for instance — or whenever it fulfills a prearranged requirement of work — for example, every fiftieth time it pecks. If the pigeon gets its wages in accordance with the passage of time, it is likely to work slowly but be tolerant of very low wages. If, on the other hand, it is paid for the work it accomplishes, it will tend to work rapidly as long as the rate of pay is sufficiently high, but cease working entirely if the rate is too low. If pay comes at regular intervals, the pigeon's work tends to be cyclic, slackening off after each payment and hastening as the next one approaches. If pay comes irregularly, the work is steady. This sensitivity to the schedule of reward is not peculiar to pigeons, for it is shared with animals above and below on the phyletic scale. How animals adjust so subtly to conditions of payment is well beyond the scope of this article.

From a practical viewpoint, schedules of reward are useful in retarding satiation, and also because a given pattern of intermittency in reward produces a related and dependable pattern of repetition of the behavior. The trainer can get his animal to make a movement quickly or slowly, at a steady rate or a fluctuating one, simply by picking the appropriate schedule of reward. Ordinarily, a learned movement stops when it is no longer rewarded, but certain schedules of reward produce such persistence that the movement will occur literally thousands of times in the absence of any reward at all. Ten thousand unrewarded pecks by a pigeon have become an experimental commonplace, and in one study a pigeon pecked unrewarded more than 200,000 times before it stopped. Chimpanzees have recently been shown to be equally persistent under comparable conditions.

Finally, the scientific laboratory has found that a learned movement can be brought under the control of anything the animal can perceive. If, for example, the animal is rewarded when a bell is sounded, but not in silence, it learns to execute the movement only when the bell is sounded. In this way, the animal's behavior can be triggered remotely, automatically, and reliably by anything the trainer chooses, just as long as the animal's sensory machinery is capable of responding to it. By taking advantage of this feature of behavior, psychologists are able to answer long-unanswered questions about what an animal perceives.

An example of such a question with a venerable tradition of unresolved debate is whether any bird can smell. J. J. Audubon, the great nineteenth-century ornithologist, in opposition to folklore and legend, concluded that birds of prey find their food exclusively by vision and are insensitive to the accompanying odors. He showed that buzzards and vultures would tear to shreds a dried, odorless deerskin laid out in a field but would ignore a reeking carcass nearby if it were hidden from sight. The experiment was repeated by many others, including Charles Darwin, always with the same results. Yet there was persistent anecdotal evidence that birds could smell. It was, for example, widely known that pheasant and partridge virtually never approached hidden hunters except from the windward side, as if they were being warned by the hunter's odor.

After more than a century of debate, the question seems finally to have been answered a few years ago by W. J. Michelsen, who was at the time an undergraduate at Harvard. He succeeded in training pigeons to peck at one switch or another depending upon whether or not a stream of air contained an odorant, showing that there is at least one kind of bird that can respond to an odor. There is a rapidly growing number of studies like this, in which long-debated scientific questions are being answered by the exploitation of a characteristic of the learning process, but exploitation in a practical sense has hardly begun.

Even disregarding special sensory powers such as the olfaction of dogs or the vision of birds, trained animals could play a useful role in industry. Wherever human being are paid a wage for the use of their sense organs rather than for their intelligence or judgment, it is likely that they could be replaced by animals, economically and easily. In fact, there have recently been a couple of demonstrations of animals effectively replacing people. In one, pigeons were taught to look at small electrical devices called diodes and report whether the paint cover on them was satisfactory and not chipped, scratched, nonuniform, or absent.

The company, which undoubtedly prefers anonymity in this instance, had built a machine to assemble the diodes and found that its machine, unlike the people who had previously done the assembly, had no inclination to reject defective parts. Automatic inspection seemed prohibitively expensive, but the company, either through compassion over the tedium of the task or dismay over the high cost of human labor, was reluctant to put people back to work at the job. A psychologist at Columbia University, W. W. Cumming, heard about the problem and offered to solve it with pigeons, which come at about $1.50 per eyeball and are easy to train if one knows how. Before too long, Cumming had pigeons trained to inspect

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

diodes at the rate of about 1000 per hour, to report defective parts with an error rate of 2 percent, which is slightly better than the company had ever gotten from its human inspectors, and to work for four-hour periods showing no signs of fatigue, unlike human inspectors, who get progressively more lax in their standards as a workday passes. But confronted with the weird prospect of animals inspecting their precision products, the company backed down from the whole idea, nervously predicting the reactions of the labor unions, the ASPCA, and the general public. The irresistible tendency to laugh at a trained animal, which the Brelands have so fruitfully put to work, is apparently not what a large electrical company wants to awaken in the public.

The other demonstration had a similar history of success and failure. T. Verhave, a psychologist working for a large pharmaceutical company, got the idea of using pigeons to inspect empty capsules, a task then done by teams of several dozen women. A capsule can be defective by being broken, incomplete, torn, poorly tinted, out of size, or double. Verhave simplified the problem for his pigeons by choosing only the last fault, the double capsule. Since he was merely trying to convince his employers that pigeons can be thus employed, and since the company had recently wasted a fair amount of money on an unsuccessful automatic system to detect double capsules, his strategy was reasonable. With just one week of practice, there were two pigeons whose reports of double capsules were 99.9 percent correct. Again, company management, at the threshold of a miniature industrial revolution, backed down because of various fears, in particular the hazard that would attend incorporating trained pigeons into the company image.

More recently, some associates at the General Atronics Corporation and I have been training pigeons for the military, to be used for purposes that are at present under security restrictions. Our preliminary work, however, may be reported, and it suggests still more ambitious uses of animals than have so far been attempted. We have taught our pigeons to look at projections of 35 millimeter colorslides and to report whether or not a slide contains any human beings. We have found that this job is easily within the capacity of the bird, who gets as good at the game as the experimenters themselves within a month of practice, even with pictures it has never seen before. The pictures come from all parts of the world, in every imaginable sort of setting, with all the races of man, woman, and child represented. Some pictures contain people in the great distance or people severely obscured by intervening objects. More than once we have found that we had misclassified a picture ourselves, either failing to see a hidden person or seeing one where there was none, only to be corrected by our pigeons.

With this work we have shown that a pigeon, and presumably other animals, can be taught to employ a concept that is defined at a higher level of abstraction than simple geometrical form. What human beings call an image of a human being cannot be reduced to a mere set of geometrical rules, for a person is a person whether he is large or small, standing, sitting, or doubled over with his head between his legs, facing us or standing on his head looking away from us, or seen from the waist down or the neck up. The older work on the perception of animals concentrated on sensory capacity, such as whether pigeons can smell. This new work suggests a direction that might be characterized as conceptual capacity. One can think of human concepts as arranged in a hierarchy, going from those which are defined in terms of fixed physical properties, such as "triangle," to those whose definition we might well despair of ever stating, such as "justice." Our pigeons have established their claim to a level in the hierarchy somewhat above the base, and have proved themselves able to replace men in tasks we might have considered beyond their grasp. How high in the hierarchy they or other animals can go has yet to be found.

It is not at all certain that the scientific methods of training will have any real importance to the traditional applications of trained animals. In farming, the trained animal is more likely to be replaced by farm machines than by more skillfully trained animals. In hunting, the old methods of training have a ritualistic value that will make them hard to replace with the scientific methods. In entertainment, improved efficiency may be self-defeating, for it will destroy the novelty of remarkably trained animals and thus the fascination they hold for us.

But the future of behavioral engineering is far from bleak. The commercial and military applications are still awaiting exploitation and seem to be held back only by negative attitudes that oppose the dictates of good business and human welfare. Whatever the temporary disadvantages of filling jobs with trained animals, it seems wrong to keep human beings occupied with tasks that animals can do as well if not better. No one laments the men who were put out of work by the mule, and we have come to regard the tractor as a social good. In time, the real competitor of trained animals in industry and war will not be man, but machine. Machines, however, have a long way to go before they can match some of the sensory and conceptual capacities of animals, even disregarding considerations of cost and size. While we wait for machines to catch up with the outcome of eons of biological evolution, psychology offers some immediate and highly practical potentialities.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NO PLUMBING FOR NEGROES

BY SOLON BARRACLOUGH

When a Tennessee land-reform project brought better living conditions for Negro farm workers, the local White Citizens Council intervened. Solon Barraclough, who led the fight for these reforms, is a Harvard-trained economist, now project manager of an agrarian reform project in Santiago, Chile, and professor of agricultural economics at Cornell University. His collaborator, Frances Barraclough, has a graduate degree in economics from Radcliffe.

WE Americans give a staggering amount of free advice and resources to the world's poorer nations. That our efforts to rebuild less fortunate societies into facsimiles of our own are often terminated by military coups or Communist revolutions is an ever-increasing source of bewilderment and frustration. In re-examining our foreign-aid program we should consider the experience we have accumulated in trying unsuccessfully to solve the problems of the rural South. It is no accident that the most widespread and degrading rural poverty in the United States is found in the segregationist Deep South. The Ames Plantation in west Tennessee is a case in point.

In 1950 Julia Ames, the widow of a wealthy New England manufacturer, died, leaving a run-down twenty-thousand-acre cotton plantation and a million-dollar endowment in trust to the University of Tennessee to be used for scientific and educational purposes. For years a group of farm specialists from the university worked and schemed to transform the estate's poverty-stricken Negro and white sharecroppers into a community of prosperous small farmers. Their failure illustrates in an American setting the frustrations confronting the people who administer our foreign-aid program.

Drawing from AN ARTIST IN AMERICA *by Thomas Hart Benton.*

Although the University of Tennessee is located in Knoxville, where there are few Negroes and school integration has already begun, the Ames Plantation lies in Hardeman and Fayette counties in a section where 70 percent of the population is Negro. The Democratic primary was still advertised as "all-white" in the local newspaper until the FBI arrived on the scene in 1960. Cotton is the chief crop, and small one- or two-mule tenant farms predominate.

In Fayette County everyone is expected to keep his appointed place. Not long ago a white man from Memphis, who was trying to sell wallboard in Somerville, the county seat, had the misfortune of being overheard when he addressed a Negro preacher as "Mr." on the phone, and of being observed through the church window when he closed the deal with a handshake. He spent several hours in jail before the judge released him with a warning not to be caught in the county again.

It is not often necessary for the small group of landowners and politicians who run the county to resort to the sheriff. Fear, paternalism, and economic controls are usually sufficient to prevent trouble. In fact, the traditional order is firmly cemented by financial obligations that are practi-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cally impossible to liquidate, and a few landowners still consider interest from sharecroppers' loans as their chief source of profit along with sales from the plantation commissary. This is made easier by the fact that explicit written contracts are a rarity between croppers and landlords; a prudent Negro would never even consider questioning his "boss man" about his cotton settlement at the end of the year.

THE AMES PLANTATION

Hobart Ames, an enthusiastic quail hunter, acquired his Fayette and Hardeman county holdings gradually between 1900 and his death in the 1940s. During his lifetime the plantation resembled other now famous Southern estates which have become weekend refuges for tired industrialists. Plantation headquarters was a remodeled antebellum mansion decorated with garish scenes of the chase. There Mr. Ames entertained with the help of a staff of servants who accompanied him on his annual migration south, and with a large force of local retainers. A cotton gin and a herd of pure black Aberdeen Angus cattle supplemented the dogs and horses. Aside from the mansion the best buildings on the place were the brick stables, the kennels (one of the few buildings in the county with central heating), and the cattle barns. As one old hand remarked, "If you're going to be black around here, you better be a cow." Deceased dogs and horses shared a well-kept cemetery, and their concrete tombstones are much more durable than the wooden slabs which mark the graves in the Negro burying ground back of Jones Chapel.

In his time Mr. Ames saw the number of small tenant farms on his estate decrease by two thirds, leaving much idle land. The University of Tennessee inherited a plantation whose cropland, interspersed with woods and often cut by huge raw red gullies, continued to be cultivated by some one hundred renters, croppers, and wage hands, most of them Negro. They lived in ancient dilapidated one-room or two-room cabins made of hand-hewn logs, drew water by hand from undependable shallow wells, and boiled the family wash in black iron kettles in the backyard.

Julia Ames's will was a complicated one. Although she left the plantation for the "exclusive use" of the university, she asked that sixty-year-old Reuben Scott be kept on as manager. She also specified that the National Bird-Dog Field Trials should continue to be held annually on the plantation. She appointed as self-perpetuating trustees of the Ames Foundation the Old Colony Trust Company of Boston and a cousin who had fond memories of hunting trips to the plantation and wished to preserve its atmosphere. For the most part, he was content to leave decisions to the reputable Old Colony Trust Company.

At first, neither the Ames Foundation nor the university had much idea of what to do with the bequest. The foundation trustees, wary of Southern colleges and with little understanding of agricultural research and education, thought chiefly of conserving their capital and avoiding criticism. At the university nearly every official and department head had a different idea of how to use the windfall of $1 million and 20,000 acres. Both parties realized, however, that the federal authorities had to be convinced that a scientific and educational program really did exist or the endowment would soon be eaten away by inheritance and other taxes.

The Ames estate continued to be run in the traditional manner long after the university entered the scene. The plantation bell still tolled six days a week to summon field hands to work at sunup and to tell them when to quit at dusk. Steady workers continued to earn less than $20 for a work week that sometimes stretched beyond seventy hours. In Fayette and Hardeman counties all schools open in August so that they can close in October, when every available person is needed for cotton picking. In other seasons it is sometimes hard to keep people busy, and it was not uncommon to see gangs of Ames Negroes sowing pasture by hand even as late as 1958.

From the beginning, the foundation trustees were liberal in advancing funds to build up the plantation's traditional cotton and cattle enterprises under the management of Reuben Scott, Mr. Ames's old manager, who was still actively resisting the changeover from mules to tractors because he thought it was bad for the cotton. The vocational agriculture teacher of a local high school, James Bryan, a loud-spoken segregationist, Sunday school superintendent, and ex-army training officer, was hired to assist him. Mr. Jimmy knew the plantation would eventually have to adopt more modern farming methods — the official audit showed that operating losses had risen to more than $75,000 annually after 1952. But he saw no reason for this to interfere with customary landlord-tenant or Negro-white relationships.

At the university's insistence a large pedigreed-hog unit was eventually installed and operated under university supervision, a college cattle expert arrived to help turn the prize Angus show herd into a paying proposition, and Bryan was urged to clear new land for corn and pasture and to build numerous farm ponds. As the plantation's operations grew in size and complexity between 1952 and 1958, new machinery broke down with alarming frequency, corn disappeared, and costs increased spectacularly. Scott and Bryan complained that

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

their Negro help soon wrecked new machinery, but one three-dollar-a-day tractor driver remarked, "I know what people doing my kind of work get paid in other places, and I give the boss man all he pays me for." Conflicts between university planners and the management had to be settled by frantic triangular telephone calls between Boston, Knoxville, and Fayette County.

A visitor who had studied the management of early Russian collective farms found striking parallels with Ames. A less sophisticated local observer remarked that the central plantation operation reminded him of the Shelby County Penal Farm near Memphis.

THE LAND-REFORM PROPOSAL

During this period the foundation trustees were much more reticent when it came to advancing funds for anything that smacked of social experiment, partly because of innate caution and partly because managers Scott and Bryan, along with the foundation's Memphis attorney and a good many other west Tennesseans, were both tenacious and effective in opposing social change.

In 1953 the university had finally delegated responsibility for preparing a research and educational program for the plantation to its agricultural experiment station deputy director, John Ewing, an east Tennessean who had recently returned from studying economics at Harvard under the direction of the late Professor John D. Black. Ewing and Professor Black advanced a plan which would give the plantation's Negro and white sharecroppers credit and technical advice and thereby help them enlarge and diversify their small farms and raise their incomes. Black had advised many foreign governments on their development problems, and for him to recommend "land reform" in a quasi-feudal context such as this was almost a reflex action.

This plan to turn impoverished sharecroppers into prosperous family farmers like those common in the Northeast and Midwest was gingerly accepted by both university and foundation trustees. It had an idealistic tinge which would help in pressing their case for tax exemption, but all in all their acceptance resembled nothing more than the tepid espousal by Latin-American governments of reforms in order to receive Alliance for Progress aid.

Ewing began cautiously. Four years after Mrs. Ames's death he asked me to begin a forestry program on the plantation and surreptitiously to help develop the land-reform project. Not long after this, Thomas Whatley, a Southern farm economist and veteran of the Farm Security Administration, joined me in Fayette County. Like so many AID and Peace Corps technicians abroad, we found our task immensely complicated by the fact that we had to work through the local power structure. Scott and Bryan and their friends found the racial tensions of Fayette County ideal for their purpose of preserving the Old South.

THE PERILS OF MODERN PLUMBING

In 1955 the Old Colony Trust finally agreed to put up $50,000 for one family-size model farm on which the university could demonstrate modern agricultural practices. This was not the idea Professor Black had proposed, as it placed more emphasis on show and machinery than on the practical steps other sharecroppers could take to change over gradually to more modern diversified farming. Nevertheless, a 310-acre tract was set aside for a new corn, hog, and cotton farm.

Bryan replaced the two previous tenant families with a white farmer brought in from another part of the county and a Negro helper from the plantation. The hired hand's house "should be set back where he won't be out on the road with the white man," advised Bryan, warning that it would be a mistake to paint the Negro's house or to put running water and a bath in it. (Few of Fayette County's white tenants had yet acquired such conveniences.) Acting cautiously, the university struck the bathroom out of the house plans, but when they were sent to Boston, the Old Colony's architect restored it.

In the fall, when the Boston trustees visited the new farm with several university trustees, the new crops, pasture, and livestock barns, and the farmer's and hired man's increased incomes went almost unnoticed because of the controversy caused by the modern plumbing. The Old Colony bankers returned to Boston wondering whether the university might not lead them into serious trouble if it succeeded in establishing prosperous Negro-operated farms.

Later results on the demonstration farm were impressive. Production more than doubled in two years. Although the previous tenants had divided a cash income of less than $1200 between them, the demonstration farmer and his hired man together pocketed some $3800, and the foundation's returns in rent and interest climbed to four times their previous level of $600. But socially, the modern plumbing remained a problem.

WAGES AND WHITE SUPREMACY

Meanwhile the forestry program got off to an auspicious start. Not only could I show a profit from harvesting some of Mr. Ames's old timber, but I was able to begin several research projects and to bring in forestry students. With an eye to improving

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the ruinous housing on the plantation, I installed a sawmill to convert low-grade timber into lumber and to give off-season employment. In the woods and sawmill, I introduced such innovations as hourly wages, the fifty-hour week, and piece rates. I continually agitated behind the scenes for the professor's land reform. As was to be expected, Scott and Bryan complained that the shorter hours and extra pay for extra work would soon ruin the "hands."

The White Citizens Councils had appeared in nearly every community in the wake of the Supreme Court's school decision. The councils are pledged to use economic and other pressures to maintain the color line. They are organized on a county basis under the direction of boards whose identity is supposedly a well-kept secret, and each ordinary member knows only the representatives appointed to his board from his district. Members are urged to inform the district chairman of any suspicious activities by either whites or Negroes. The county directors hear charges, pass judgment, and decree punishment.

Although few try, a solid citizen can outbluff the council. When one popular farmer with outspoken views on the movement's totalitarian methods refused to join, he was warned to pay his dollar or face the loss of credit and the refusal of the local gin to take his cotton. He ignored the council, readily found credit elsewhere, and got his cotton ginned in nearby Mississippi. Rather than press the issue and lose business, the council quietly dropped the matter. A less substantial member of the community, on the other hand, can be quickly ruined, as an unpopular local café owner discovered when he incurred council displeasure and was jailed for cohabitation with his Negro mistress.

The White Citizens Council of Fayette County did not long remain silent about what was happening at the Ames Plantation. Soon after the plumbing incident and the initiation of incentive wage payments in the forestry program, I was summoned to the office of the foundation's legal adviser, a Memphis attorney who had once worked for Huey Long. There I was informed in a fatherly manner that the foundation trustees were disturbed over reports that the Citizens Council objected to my personal standards in race relations. Three charges had been brought against me: that I had addressed Negroes as Mr. and Mrs., that my wife had allowed her Negro maid to use the shower, and that I had discussed integration problems with a Negro. The same week university trustees received complaints from west Tennessee that I had been working for the NAACP with a Negro agricultural extension agent (whom I had never met). Friends in the Citizens Council later confirmed that the charges had all originated with Scott and Bryan.

My brush with the Citizens Council had its desired effect on the Ames trustees in Boston. The Old Colony vice president in charge of the plantation account wrote: "I heard plenty of criticism about our insistence that a tenant house . . . contain a bath-room. . . . We have got to comport ourselves with the utmost discretion . . . socially we must move with the people."

According to Manager Scott's request, the Boston trustees later lowered forestry wages and lengthened the workdays to conform with those prevailing for plantation labor; incentive payments and similar innovations were out. Accepting it philosophically when the efficiency of the forestry crew fell by about a third, the Old Colony officials wrote to Ewing at the university suggesting that if this were detrimental to the research program, the figures could be adjusted to reflect the change in working conditions.

I was learning something that many of our foreign-aid administrators discovered long ago: costly investments in buildings, machinery, and equipment are eagerly sought and granted even when they promise to be white elephants. Changes that imply altered social relationships, on the contrary, are bitterly resisted no matter how attractive their economic prospects.

FAILURE THROUGH SUCCESS

While the race issue had been used successfully to slow down the program to help the plantation's sharecroppers, it had not stopped it completely. All along, Ewing, Whatley, and I had gone ahead with plans to change the leases on several tenant farms and had even hired a Mississippi-trained agricultural agent to work with us. In early 1956 we asked the foundation to advance some capital for modest improvements on tenant farms — such as buying fertilizer and cattle. The fact that the large, traditionally organized plantation operations continued to lose money in spite of heavy investments from the trust fund seemed to reinforce Ewing's case for a new approach.

The university had located its swine project in a big pasture next to the traditional starting point for the morning bird-dog field-trial course. The following year Scott routed the first twenty minutes of the course down a narrow lane along which eager trainers, dog owners, would-be gentry, and bootleggers rode their horses and mules following the dogs while hundreds of curious hogs gazed through the fence at them. Shortly afterward an article appeared in the national field-trial magazine protesting the university's land improvements as violating the spirit of Mrs. Ames's will by ruining the quail hunting. The trustees, who were as sensitive to criticism from wealthy dog owners as

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

they were to racial incidents, prohibited land improvements on the tenant farms touched by the ten-mile course, a restriction which in effect ruled out the possibility of real progress for all but a handful of tenants. Not until 1956 did the foundation finally agree to reform the leasing agreements for five of the tenant farms well off the field-trial course and to advance $5000 for the tenant experiment.

The choice of suitable tenants for the new program was not helped by the fact that most of the Negroes who showed initiative were considered "uppity" and untrustworthy. An ambitious, hard-working Negro with eight children, who had shown business ability and was endowed with a high diplomatic sense that had kept him in Mr. Scott's good graces, was given the job of developing a new hog and strawberry farm. The other Negro chosen to grow cotton, corn, and hogs was a part-time preacher who owed his good luck mostly to the fact that his cotton patch was off the field-trial course. The two plantation whites selected were long-term residents, practically the only ones available not already occupied as overseers. A white outsider with no special qualifications was brought in to run the new dairy farm. Having completed about six years of primary schooling, the operators had an educational level only slightly better than that of the typical Ames tenant.

In 1957, with the help of Ewing's group, these farmers rented modern equipment, bought additional fertilizer and livestock, and began to operate diversified farms. No one wanted another bathroom incident, and new housing for the Negro operators was cautiously deferred.

To almost everyone's surprise, the five new farms were spectacularly successful. Tenant-family incomes, after costs and rent were deducted, soared to $1700, three times as high as previous earnings, even though 1957 had been a poor crop season. As the new leases called for sharing profits in proportion to each party's contribution, the foundation also benefited handsomely; its return on the new investment was well over 25 percent.

A local banker and the county's federally chartered Production Credit Association offered to help finance new tenant operators in future years, and the county newspaper praised the university's conservative and realistic approach in a front-page editorial. In view of all this, Ewing and his associates optimistically asked the foundation for permission to rewrite the leases of additional tenant farms in 1958, incorporating them into the family-farm program.

Traditional social systems are not so easily changed, however. Both the foundation and the university trustees were far more concerned with criticisms on the race issue and from the field-trial association than with the prospects of profitably improving more tenant farms. They not only refused expansion of the controversial reform program, pleading a shortage of funds — although money was readily found for more conventional expenditures such as the dog kennels; they also turned down Ewing's proposal that the high interest rate customarily collected on tenant advances (10 percent for the crop season, usually amounting to more than 25 percent annually) be lowered in compliance with state usury laws. This legal dilemma was solved by attributing the difference to costs of supervision, as was done on many other west Tennessee plantations.

The failure to get support for an expanded tenant-farm reform program in 1958 marked the end of the university's efforts to create Negro-operated family farms. Although three more improved tenant units were created later, whites from outside were brought in to operate them. Citizens Council members boasted that the two Negro families benefiting from the family-farm program in 1958 left the Ames place, while new white tenants were brought in to replace them.

The number of Negroes on the plantation is now only a fraction of what it was at Mrs. Ames's death. The major portion of the plantation's cotton allotment has been transferred to the central unit and to the white tenants. While the proportion of Negroes to whites has declined substantially on the plantation, in the rest of Fayette County this ratio has been practically constant since 1950.

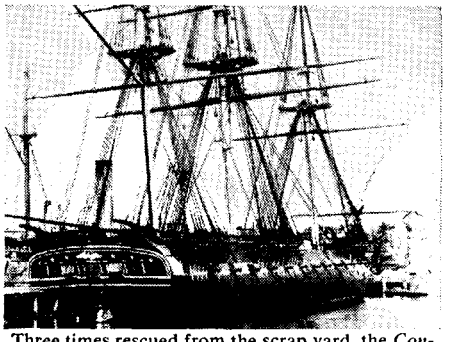
The foundation takes pride in pointing out how much land has been improved and in showing the newly fenced pastures, the cornfields, the prize hogs and cattle, the new cotton varieties now mechanically harvested, and the thousands of acres of young pine trees that have been planted. Like numerous costly pilot projects carried out abroad with United States aid, the Ames Plantation makes a good showplace for visiting dignitaries.

The real social problems, as so often happens, have been swept under the rug. The exodus of Negroes from the Ames Plantation is hardly a solution which will engender better racial feelings; nor is it easily duplicated over wide areas, being somewhat reminiscent of antebellum projects to solve the slavery issue by repatriating people to Africa.

Negro leaders in Fayette County, like popular leaders elsewhere, are coming more and more to believe that the best way to advance their cause is through organized pressure and protest. On the other hand, most Ames Plantation Negroes, and many other recipients of well-intentioned aid, might agree with Thoreau, who wrote: "If I knew . . . a man . . . was coming to do me good I should run for my life."

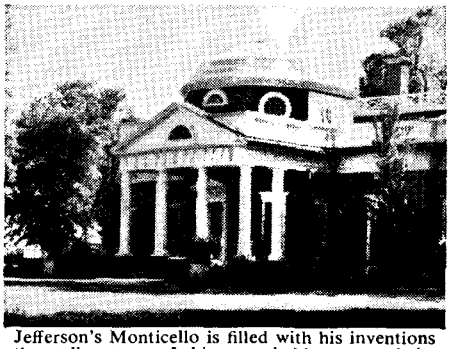
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Take the



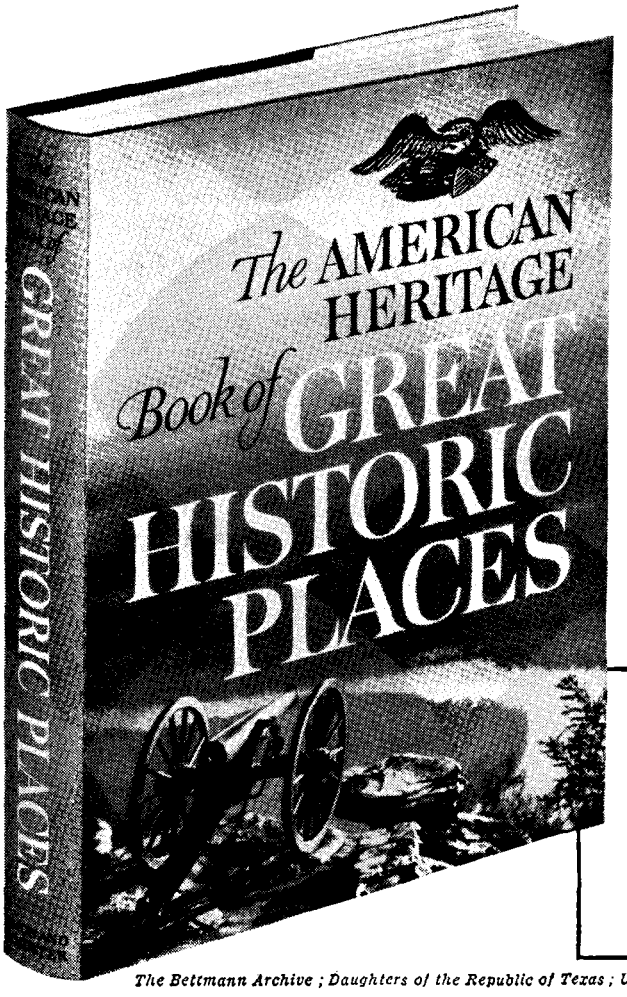
Three times rescued from the scrap yard, the *Constitution* is the oldest commissioned warship afloat. It is still a unit of the United States Fleet.

Today, only the chapel is left of the original Alamo mission in San Antonio, where 180 Texans fought to the death against terrible odds in 1836.



Jefferson's Monticello is filled with his inventions that tell a story of this remarkable man and the age in which he lived.

# of American



This splendid $12.50 "BOOK OF GREAT HISTORIC PLACES"

FREE

with your half-price subscription to

AMERICAN HERITAGE

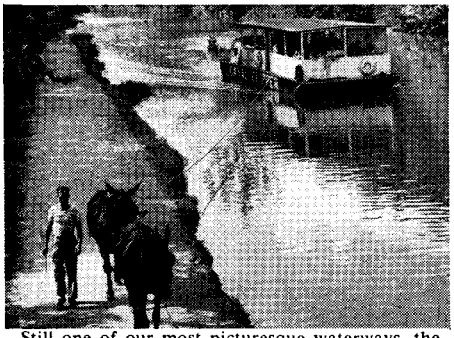
THE AMERICAN HERITAGE BOOK OF GREAT HISTORIC PLACES provides your family with a grand tour through 300 years of American history via today's historic sites and buildings. More than 2,700 historic locations are noted. You visit the most memorable of these through the editors' eyes, through fine contemporary photographs, through historical prints and pictures: the New England colonies, whaling ports, Ben Franklin's Philadelphia, the land of Lincoln, ghost towns of Arizona, Spanish "cities of gold" in the Southwest, battlefields, Brigham Young's desert metropolis. . . . The book is a fine armchair or car companion for every family that likes to explore its heritage. Here's history in terms of *where history was made.*

The Bettmann Archive ; Daughters of the Republic of Texas ; Union Pacific Railroad; Joseph Muench; Abbie Rowe, National Park Service; David E. Scherman.

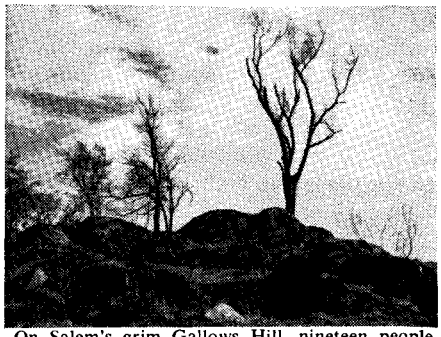
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Grand Tour

America's earliest apartment houses, these Mesa Verde pueblos in Colorado were built between 850 and 1200 years ago.



Still one of our most picturesque waterways, the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal was planned by George Washington.



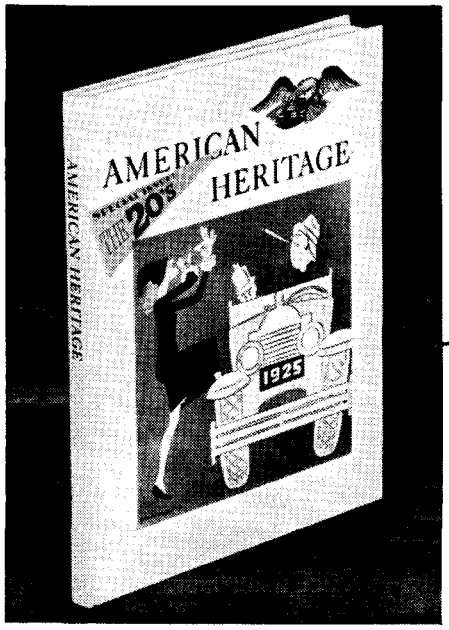
On Salem's grim Gallows Hill, nineteen people were hanged for witchcraft and thrown into a common burial pit.

History

THERE are many hallowed bits of land in the United States, little changed from the times when great history was made on the spot.

The Alamo, and Concord, and Yorktown, and Shiloh, and Kitty Hawk, and the quarterdeck of the *Constitution* are places that ring today with the echoes of the moments and the men who won and built this country. Such places, moments, and men are *all* within the adventure-filled hunting ground of AMERICAN HERITAGE, an extraordinary magazine.

To introduce you to AMERICAN HERITAGE, just now we can make a trial subscription doubly attractive by giving you a handsome book which is really a splendid introduction to historic America — an armchair tour of the exciting spots where our history happened.



This unique, illustrated guidebook-to-the-past (a $12.50 book) is called GREAT HISTORIC PLACES. The postpaid form over this page will bring it to you as a gift with your AMERICAN HERITAGE subscription.

Rediscover the lure of history

The smoke of battle, the close reporting of great events, the sense of famous men and women passing before your eyes — all this, of course, is part of AMERICAN HERITAGE. But there is so much more — loud explosions and quiet inventions, misty nostalgia, bright ideas, historic parallels. . . . Here is the past, which creates the present.

AMERICAN HERITAGE is a magazine, published six times a year. There are a dozen or more lively articles in every issue, plus a sizeable extract from some new book of history. It's big — 8¾ x 11¼ inches, 112 pages. It's handsome — a hundred pictures or more in every copy, thirty or so in superb color.

Hard covers; no advertising

Every AMERICAN HERITAGE is bound like a fine book in white, hard covers. There is no advertising. You read it, then keep each issue on your library shelf as a handsome and valuable reference work.

AMERICAN HERITAGE, we find, is hard to believe until you've seen it. To get a copy into your hands, it makes sense for us to offer you a special price and premium. Mail the form attached: we'll send you the current issue.

Six Issues at Half Price — plus a Free BOOK OF GREAT HISTORIC PLACES

Nothing to pay until your first magazine arrives. Then send a partial payment of $3.95, and the rest will be stretched over the next two months, in equal installments. The total, $11.85, is just half the $23.70 these six copies would cost if bought separately. (AMERICAN HERITAGE is $3.95 a single copy, $15 a year by regular subscription — a good value for the money either way.) You pay nothing for GREAT HISTORIC PLACES.

It's an unusual offer. But we cannot promise to start you off with the special "Twenties" issue shown here unless we receive your order promptly.

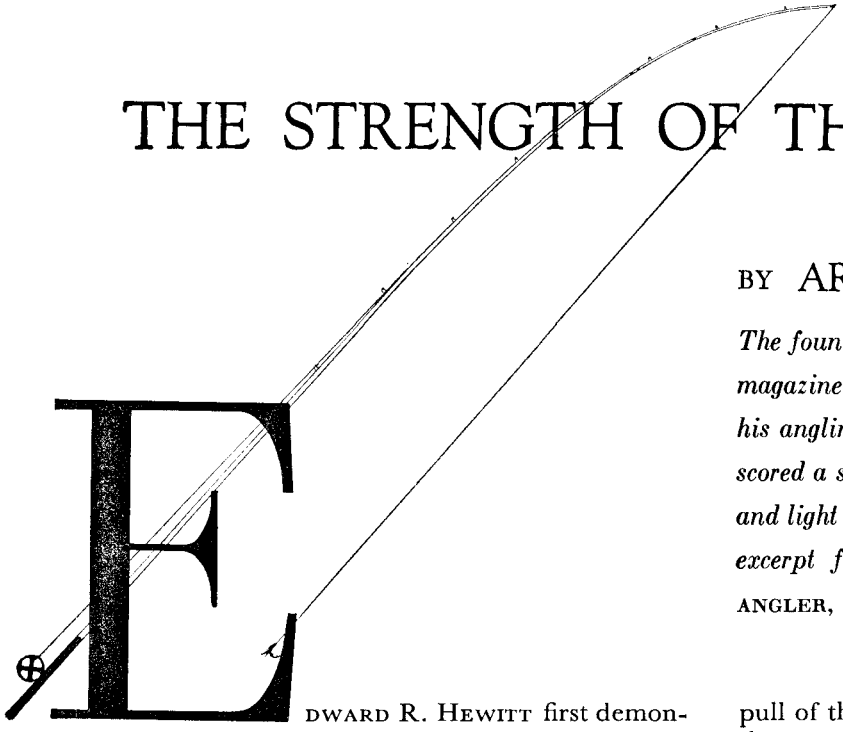
If the form is gone, send the lower portion of this page, with your name and address, to AMERICAN HERITAGE Subscription Office, 383 West Center Street, Marion, Ohio. We'll see that you get the same good introductory offer.

Special Issue: THE TWENTIES

The gaudiest, saddest, most misinterpreted period in modern history, the Twenties was a time when everything was changing with the speed of a Pierce Arrow. While America nursed a hangover brought on by bathtub gin, the jangle of jazz, or the memory of a war nobody won, the press was full of boxers, gangsters, bizarre murders, barefaced government corruption and a clean-cut young man who soared above it all in his *Spirit of St. Louis*. It ended with a great Crash, and millions of the ex-rich went to bed, like bad boys, without supper. The special Twenties issue of AMERICAN HERITAGE brings you John Held's flappers; angry Indiana klansmen; the infamous Teapot Dome; the death of Rudolf Valentino ("The Overloved One"); tales of Moriarty's wonderful speakeasy by Lucius Beebe; the great Florida land boom; a memoir of early days of radio ("Program coming in fine, please play Japanese Sandman"); a brief but pungent anthology of writers of the 1920's; a collection of great photographs; and more.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE STRENGTH OF THE LIGHT ROD



BY ARNOLD GINGRICH

The founding editor of ESQUIRE *and publisher of that magazine since 1952, Mr. Gingrich is known among his angling friends as a devoted fly fisherman who has scored a success with his skillful handling of light rods and light tackle. We are happy to publish the following excerpt from his new book,* THE WELL-TEMPERED ANGLER, *soon to be published by Knopf.*

EDWARD R. HEWITT first demonstrated, forty years ago or more, the scientific basis for the method of fishing with light tackle that Lee Wulff has since dramatized: to let a fish wear himself out, with minimum strain on the rod and the leader, by holding the rod up high, at the absolute vertical, as we all tend to do when playing a fish at a distance with a short rod. In *Secrets of the Salmon*, first published in 1922, Mr. Hewitt showed in diagrams, with different rods of all weights, from one and a half ounces up, how much less strain the rod exerted on the line and leader when held at the vertical than at each of the successively lower angles pictured. It was a startling demonstration, but nobody, seemingly including Mr. Hewitt himself, was temperamentally disposed to do much of anything about it. Then, after some thirty-five years, Lee Wulff began to exploit the technique and to explain it, as he did in his 1958 book, *The Atlantic Salmon.*

The proof of the principle was there all the time, as propounded first by Mr. Hewitt, and in effect, it was giving the lie to all the huffing-puffing heroics of the "give 'em the butt" technique of anglers of the "heave ho, my hearties" school. If anybody had bothered to study the significance of Mr. Hewitt's diagrams, it would have been immediately apparent that to rear back and "give 'em the butt" — meaning to thrust the lower end of the rod forward and thus force its arc into the truest vertical that the pull of the running fish will permit — was the only thing to do to ease the strain on both rod and leader, instead of increasing it, as those hell-for-leather fishers thought they were doing.

The peculiar thing is that dozens of English books on salmon fishing over the past eighty years or so have dwelt at some length on how often the trout fisherman finds himself confronted with the necessity of playing a salmon on trout tackle. Of course, maybe it isn't so peculiar, when you reflect that to this day most English trout fishermen use rods that we would now consider heavy for salmon. But in 1922 in *Secrets of the Salmon*, Mr. Hewitt mentioned taking salmon on a one-and-a-half-ounce rod by way of explaining why he had included a rod of that weight in the comparative diagrams. He and all the other English authors spoke of this as if it were some dire catastrophe and said the angler had been lucky not to lose both fish and rod when put to such an extreme test. Nobody else before Lee Wulff, to my knowledge, pointed out in print that it is actually an advantage to play a strong fish on a small rod rather than on a bigger one. This is the revelation of his book *The Atlantic Salmon*, in which he shows with word and picture that the less the fish has to pull against, the fewer are his chances to break off during the jumps and rushes that wear him out faster than you could ever wear him out by main force. I've seen the Icelandic artist Gudmundur Einarsson, a veritable giant of a man,

Copyright © 1965, by Arnold Gingrich.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

stand on a high rock in the middle of the big Laxa and haul in a twenty-five-pounder, using his gargantuan rod as if it were a derrick. But I've seen Lee Wulff master a fish of the same size, or even a little larger, in little more than half the time, on tackle one tenth as heavy, by letting the fish run and wear himself out, rather than attempting any of the "pull-devil, pull-baker" tactics that his tackle couldn't permit. And it was a lot prettier sight to watch.

GUDMUNDUR could throw a line halfway to Reykjavik, from anywhere in Snaefellsnes, but he wouldn't have had any possible use for my Midge rod, except perhaps to use it as a toothpick. Gudmundur's stance and actions as he swung his huge rod always reminded me of the statue of the discus thrower; my own, with the light rod, seemed to be most nearly comparable with those of a tennis player with a big serve. Lee Wulff, however, thinks of his action with the light rod as being more nearly like that of throwing a baseball than anything else. He thinks of it as being a cross between, or a combination of, the old style of casting and the trick of casting with the line alone, without using any rod.

I know, for myself, the exact moment when I found the knack of getting around the apparent disadvantage of the little Midge rod. I was fishing for some of the larger bass that had taken to holing up in one corner of Louis Renault's pond in Stamford, and particularly for one that had weighed two and a half pounds when I took him out of Gene Tunney's pond to put him in Louie's, and had weighed in at two and three quarters, three, and three and a half on subsequent occasions when I had taken him out for periodic checkups. He had formerly been very fond of a blue spider, but lately had evinced no interest in anything but a Vivif, a lure the size and shape of a small sucker, which Louie had tossed him, via a spinning rod, and which he had bunted a couple of times without taking.

I knew I couldn't cast anything as monstrous as that on any rod I had, but I thought I would like to try him on a few big streamers and rubber bass bugs. But how to do it without snapping the fragile tip of my slender Midge, which I was using at the time, and especially, how to get such a heavy lure, both back and then ahead about forty feet, to reach the spot where I had last seen him? I thought I'd try doing it without the rod, so I propped the rod against a bush, drew the line out through the guides, and tried casting it as a free line. After one attempt, I spent the next ten minutes unsnarling the resultant tangle. So I decided to try it with the rod, but to "throw the rod away" only in a figurative sense, having just proved to my own extreme dissatisfaction that I couldn't do it by actually throwing the rod away literally. But I could try *pretending* that the rod wasn't there, using its guides only to help me keep the line in the air and not at my feet in an unholy mess. This time it seemed more promising. Within a few minutes I found that casting *through* the rod, as it were, and using the rod really only as a direction-change stick, between back casts and forward casts, keeping my rod hand almost out of it and letting my left hand do all the work, in the *whee-whee-ew* rhythm of the quick successive tugs of the double-line haul, the line began to sing out fore and aft, and I could feel no real sense of strain on the rod itself at all.

By the time I got the trick working I had forgotten all about the big old bass in the corner of the pond, until he suddenly took off for the pond's farther shore with my bass bug in his mouth, reminding me of his presence by a sort of reverse application of the adage about the watched pot that never boils. Boiling was what he was certainly doing, and my Midge rod, which I had been shooting around with such elaborate care in my casting, was now thrust into the starring role of this most impromptu production. I was delighted to see, after a few minutes, that he now weighed three and three quarters, but even more pleased to see that the Midge had suffered not at all from being a party to the eighty-foot travels of that big bass bug back and forth through the air over Louie's pond.

From that moment on, I never had another qualm about using the Midge on streamers and salmon flies, up to size 4. Beyond that size, I still drew the line, preferring on sizes 2 and 1 to use the stouter tips of my Hardy C. C. de France or the Pezon & Michel that Charlie Ritz had made for me as his answer to my Midge. These rods, though both six-and-a-half-footers, have more wood in them at the tip, and though I "throw the rod away" in using them on larger flies, particularly on false casts whenever more than thirty-five feet of line is extended in the air, I have the added sense of security of knowing that they could take it better if I should inadvertently let too much of the strain of that much line weight fall on them.

Lee Wulff's tactics were much more scientific than my crude do-it-yourself fumblings. He demonstrated, first of all, that a salmon could be played with no rod at all, by way of establishing a *ne plus ultra* in the arguments for ultralight tackle. Wulff's a pilot; he applied the principles that he had found most successful, as a seat-of-the-pants bush flier, in outwitting the wind. He showed that if you can just make a fast enough cast, you can often take advantage of the vagaries of even strong winds by getting a quick cast in between puffs. With a stopwatch he timed his efforts with two of his Orvis rods. He gave both his best performance and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

showed that there was a distinct advantage in speed in his little six-and-a-half-foot two-ounce rod over his nine-foot-five-ouncer. The time he needed on the former to straighten out his back casts and forward casts averaged only 18.4 seconds, whereas on the latter, the larger rod, the operation took 23.1 seconds. More astonishing still, the rate of travel of his line on the little rod worked out to ninety-six miles per hour, exactly twenty miles per hour faster than the seventy-six-mile-per-hour rate of travel of his line on the larger rod.

Don't be misled by this into thinking that speed is in itself any great desideratum in fly casting, whether with light rod or heavy, for the best and longest casts are slow and smooth. I cite this difference in speed here only to point out that when you *have* to get off a quick cast, between puffs of wind, it's comforting and perhaps surprising to realize that you can get it off faster with the small light rod than you can with a long heavy one.

Look at the pictures of Lee Wulff playing large fish on his light rod, and you'll see things that are wrong, by the old-timers' dogma, in almost every picture. He casts, at ninety-six miles per hour, with his forefinger fully extended on the top of the grip of his rod. Heresy, says Charlie Ritz, on the ground that while the forefinger grip may be an advantage for accuracy of placement of the fly, it impedes speed and power, in the "high-speed, high-line" theory of casting. Lee holds his rod as high as his long reach can lift it, and well back, too, bringing the rod to the full vertical against a running fish — a sight that would make Paul Young, who made the original Midge rod, turn in his grave, remembering how he always used to warn us not to raise our little rods higher than forty-five to sixty degrees to the angle of pull. On his back cast, his arm is fully extended, a good eighteen to twenty inches behind his head — to the horror of every old-time casting instructor who ever stressed the necessity of confining the rod's motion to a gentle arc from ten o'clock to one o'clock on an imaginary clockface. And on the forward cast, his whole body goes forward in a follow-through reminiscent of pitchers like Christy Mathewson or Walter Johnson, with no remote resemblance to the casting form of their contemporaries, with its easy and graceful rocking-chair motion of the forearm alone.

The only one of the old-timers who wouldn't have had to feel that Lee Wulff's exemplification of the modern style of casting made him eat his own words would have been Mr. Hewitt, because in a sense, all that Lee Wulff is doing today is merely a colonization and consolidation of ground that Mr. Hewitt staked out over four decades ago. But Mr. Hewitt was such a weirdly opinion-bound old codger, at least in those last years, that he wouldn't believe anything, even if he knew it was so, unless he'd said it first. Now that you look back over his writings, though, you wonder why he didn't do the very things that Lee Wulff is doing today.

Over forty years ago, Mr. Hewitt took a twenty-five-pound salmon, on the Upsalquitch in the presence of George La Branche and Ambrose Monell, on a size 14 of his own Neversink skater — and this is the mark a lot of us are shooting for today, although I believe Charlie Fox has equaled it more than once, on skaters Mr. Hewitt gave him. Hewitt took a twelve-pound salmon on a one-and-a-half-ounce rod, before 1922, but Mills still lists today ten-foot rods as made to Hewitt's specifications and still sells his gut leaders, too, stained with silver nitrate, for those Bourbons in their clientele who consider nylon, Perlon, Platyl, and Tortue as, collectively, only "imitation gut."

We do plenty of running, to get and keep on terms with large fish, when we use light tackle. But this is not because of the lightness of our rods, but because of the delicacy of our terminal tackle. *There* is our Achilles heel, during the first five minutes of playing a large fish. And that's why we need at least 150 yards of backing, and sometimes twice that, to let the fish enjoy his first run, while we in turn run like hell to try and get below him.

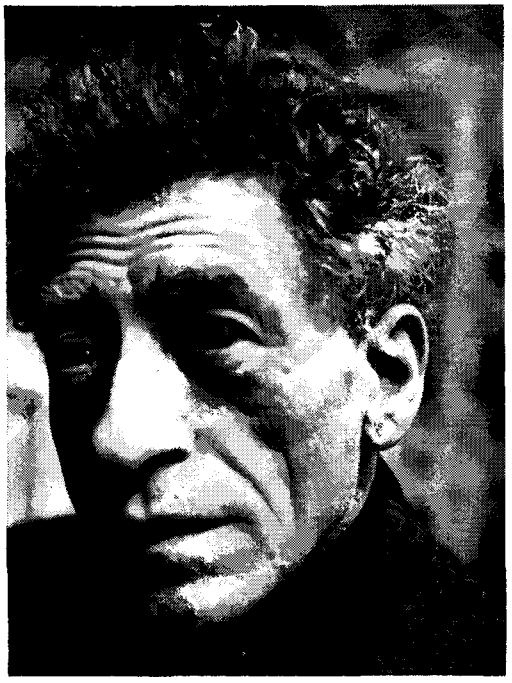
Lee Wulff has solved this problem of backing, in terms of light tackle, in a wonderfully commonsense way. Take your rod and line out on a lawn and cast as close to a country mile as you can, double-line haul and all. Then cut the line off, at the reel, and fill up the rest of the space you've saved on the spool with extra yards of backing. This is how I can squeeze three hundred yards of nine-pound backing, far exceeding the strength of my six-pound tippet, on even an L. R. H. Hardy Light-weight three-and-three-sixteenths-inch reel, to equip my Midge for salmon fishing.

It is precisely at this juncture, when the fish that is playing you has managed to run out enough line to wrap you around one or more rocks, that you will display no semblance of ease and grace, and you may well incur one or more pratfalls. But you will also experience, by way of compensation for that ever present hazard, the satisfaction of realizing that you are giving that noble fish the nearest thing to an even break that he ever gets during his whole hazardous life cycle.

It's strange that this seems to have no appeal to the English anglers. They, who have for so long been the custodians of our angling heritage, who have such a punctilious regard for other points of protocol and such an almost superstitious reverence for doing things the most sporting way, seem to consider us eccentric in our devotion to light tackle. This is indeed a sign of America's coming of age, when we can appear eccentric in the eyes of the English.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE WISDOM OF GIACOMETTI



BY CARLTON LAKE *Swiss-born Alberto Giacometti is one of the world's most controversial sculptors. A major exhibition of his work, now at New York's Museum of Modern Art, will go to Chicago in November and to California next year. Last fall, while he was preparing for this exhibition, Carlton Lake, American art critic and collector, talked with him in the Paris studio where he has worked for forty years.*

I WALKED into the café Le Gaulois on the Rue d'Alésia. Down past the bar at my left, against the back wall, I could see Giacometti, bent over his coffee. It was a little after noon — his breakfast time. I walked on past the bar into the small, crowded back room and stopped at his table. He was reading his mail, slowly stirring the steamy black coffee in the cup before him. The conversation at the surrounding tables was loud. Two waiters crisscrossed the room, called out orders, went to the bar to pick them up. Outside, cars and buses strained toward their destinations. Giacometti, absorbed in a catalogue of an exhibition of drawings by the Belgian poet Henri Michaux, seemed oblivious to everything else. Finally he drained his cup and looked up at me. I could see the wheels begin to turn.

"*Tiens*," he said. "Sit down." He pointed to the chair opposite. I sat down. He asked me if I wanted coffee. I said, "No, thanks." "*Encore un petit café*," he shouted. He pushed aside his mail and offered me the remnants of a cellophane-wrapped piece of fruitcake. The waiter arrived with his coffee, and he began to stir it.

He has the head of a tired lion, long, narrow, and bony, the lines in his face engraved with furrows deeper than any you have ever seen. His hair is a slightly graying dark-brown curly bush that accentuates those furrows and the pallor of his skin. His nose is large, and his mouth broad and never quite closed. He pulled off his horn-rimmed glasses and rubbed his bleary eyes. I told him I had tried to reach him several times but hadn't found him at home or in the café whenever I had looked.

"I just got back a little while ago," he said. "I've been to Switzerland and in the Midi." I asked him if he was having an exhibition in Paris this year. He shook his head wearily.

"There's not enough to show, and I haven't been able to get anything else done. I don't know what's wrong with me. I can't get into anything. Nothing seems right. I'm only interested in heads now, and there's nothing harder than doing a head. I can't do anything. Must be something wrong with mine."

I told him I'd like to take a look at what he was doing. He shook his head again.

"There's nothing to see in the atelier. Nothing at all. I just can't do anything. I gave up figurative

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sculpture in 1925 because it was absolutely impossible for me to do a human head. For ten years I did abstract work. Then, in 1935, I came back to figuration. It was just as though I had never done a head before. I didn't even try to do a complete figure. It was too much. And it doesn't get any easier. It just gets harder all the time."

Giacometti grew silent. He sipped his coffee, puffed on his cigarette, lit another from the end of that one. Through the haze I could see he was studying me, staring right through me, alternating between intensity and a preoccupied air. I had the feeling he was trying to imagine what my head looked like under the skin, visualizing a portrait and at the same time probing behind the eyes, into the sockets, for the cranial and maxillary structures, as he seems to have done in some of the portraits of his wife, Annette, his brother Diego, and other favorite models.

The waiter began sweeping under our table, first around, then over our feet. Loud stereophonic wails were coming out of the jukebox behind us. Giacometti rubbed his forehead as though the sound were oppressive to him. He looked gray and distant. I got up and told him I had to be getting along. He pushed aside the unwanted piece of fruitcake, slid out from behind the table. "I do, too," he said.

I walked with him back to his atelier but only as far as the sagging gray door that leads from the sidewalk into the little courtyard where he lives and works. I told him I was sorry there was no chance to talk more about his work and said something about another time.

"Maybe next week," he said, in a sudden change of tone. "How about Wednesday?" I said that would be fine. "Come after seven o'clock," Giacometti said. "I like to take advantage of the light until then." We shook hands. I started up the street toward my car, a block and a half away. All the way along I had an urge to turn around, but I resisted it. When I reached the car, I had to search for my keys. Sideways I looked back toward Giacometti's door. He was still standing there, staring at me.

WHEN I returned to see Giacometti the following Wednesday evening, one side of the double door leading from the sidewalk into his courtyard was open. I walked inside. On my left the door to Giacometti's atelier was ajar. Almost immediately I heard his voice coming from another room nearer the back of the small narrow courtyard. He was talking on the telephone about a trip to London.

"I'll be arriving via Newhaven about four thirty in the afternoon," I heard him say. I shut the door leading to the street. On the back of the other panel was an improvised mailbox more than filled by a package of books from Gallimard, the house that publishes the works of many of Giacometti's friends — Jean Genêt, Michel Leiris, Sartre, and others.

The courtyard — alleyway would describe it better — was about thirty feet deep. At the right of the entrance was a studio with small windows, a Scandinavian name on the door, and the appearance of having been unoccupied for years. Straight ahead, two thirds of the way toward the back of the alley, a narrow open wooden stairway led up to a pair of small rooms perched precariously on top of a succession of outbuildings, which ran along the left side of the alley and which I knew to be Giacometti's. The one nearest the entrance had a curtained glass door, now partly open, with "Giacometti" painted on it. A large window to the left of the door was curtained from the bottom to just above eye level, with a small skylight set into the slanting roof above it. Next to it was another small room, its door secured by a sturdy new lock. Beyond that door was a large window, similar to the first but narrower, and another skylight set into a dormer. That room, I knew, was the living quarters of Giacometti and his young wife, Annette.

At the other end of the alley, electric wires were festooned along and across every projecting beam. Except for some newly installed drainpipes and the lock on the second door, everything appeared ripe for collapse. In the background Giacometti's voice seemed the one element that held it all together. One of the purposes of his London trip, it became clear, was to inspect the Tate Gallery. He had never visited it, and a forthcoming exhibition of his work there was giving him some concern. After about fifteen minutes the telephone conversation ended, and Giacometti came out into the alley. He apologized for the delay and repeated some of the details I had heard him explain during the talk. He pulled out a cigarette and lighted it. His long horny fingernails, packed with green modeling clay, made a strange contrast with the chic dark-blue sport shirt and gray tweed jacket he was wearing.

"Come on inside," he said, and pointed to the half-open door to his atelier. We entered the small room. "I never have time to go anywhere," he said. "I've never been to the United States — not even to Germany. This trip to England is just for a few days. I'm only going because I've never seen those rooms in the Tate, and I want to get an idea of what my sculptures will look like in them." He looked at his watch. "I'm expecting a call from Switzerland in ten or fifteen minutes," he said. "Will you hear the bell?" I told him I would.

"*Bon.*" He walked over to a stand on which he had set up an armature barely covered with green clay, the beginning of a sculpture of a standing

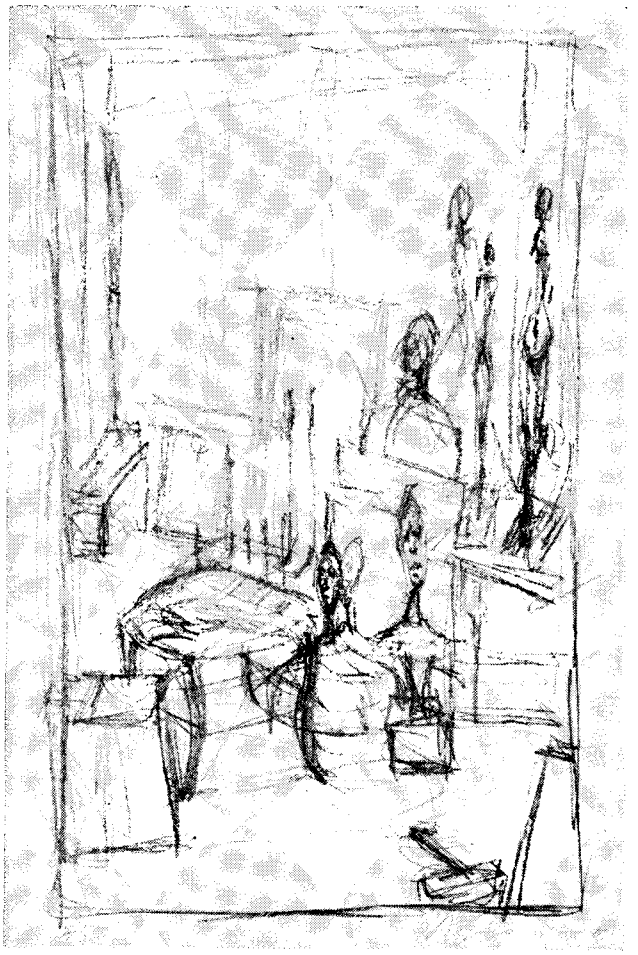
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

female figure about two feet high. The breasts were indicated clearly, the facial features more sketchily. He began to pinch the clay into shape, moving rapidly with both hands up and down the spindly body. I heard him mutter "*Merde!*" He picked up a small gob of clay from a mound at the base of his sculpture and filled in a few of the concave surfaces with it. The movement of his thumbs and fingers made a faintly hollow slapping noise like the sound of quick padded footsteps in a quiet high-vaulted room. He kept moving around the sculpture nervously, picking up other bits of clay from the base, sticking them on, pinching them into place.

"You're sure you'll hear the bell?" he asked. I told him I was. After a minute he left the atelier and came back almost immediately. "I've got all the doors open. It will be easier to hear now." He went back to his sculpture.

I sat down on a stool and surveyed the disorder. The room was about twelve feet by fifteen. At my right against the wall a small rickety stairway led up to a loggia across the back. At the foot of the stairs, two five-foot statues in plaster, one bearing the remains of some paint, were actively decomposing. A faded wash drawing and rough sketches of standing figures were tacked to the wall. Behind Giacometti, in front of the window, was a long table covered with an indescribable clutter. On a small table beside him I could make out the form of a recently modeled clay bust tightly wrapped in translucent white plastic secured with clothespins. In the right-hand corner of the wall behind him hung a small framed etching by Cézanne, *Guillaumin au pendu*. In the other corner, on the floor, I could see a plaster bust of a man who resembled Diego, an early realistic head, several female nudes in gilded bronze, and, incongruously, a few green plants in parched earth. The telephone began to ring. Giacometti kept turning around his sculpture, pinching and squeezing. After five or six rings, I told him the phone was ringing. He looked up. "What's that?" he said, puzzled. I reminded him that he was expecting a call from Switzerland. Perhaps this was it. "*Ah, oui,*" he said, and left the room.

While he was gone, I went over to a group of paintings stacked against the rear wall of the atelier. All but three faced the wall. These three were portraits of a seated female model, who appeared to be in her late twenties or early thirties. The smallest canvas was about two feet by a foot and a half; the next, perhaps three feet by two and a half; the largest, about four and a third by three and a quarter. In all of them she sat facing and very close



Têtes et Tabouret (25½" × 19¾")

to the painter. Her features were carefully delineated in Giacometti's characteristic manner of constructing a kind of scaffolding for the general framework of the face and then reinforcing all the focal areas — eyeballs, nostrils, lips — with repeated stress. In the smallest, the face had been built up in gray and black, and the head was set off by a whitish-gray nimbus effect with a touch of ocher. The model's dress was barely outlined and without color.

In the next, the dress had been more carefully worked over in red, and the model's hands were clasped serenely in her lap. Here the contour lines of her face were painted in white rather than in the gray and black of the smallest portrait. In the largest of the three, the head was markedly smaller and even blacker than in the small canvas, but the lines that repeatedly crossed the face were in white. Only in this large one were the knees and legs of the sitter visible, and the knees were painted with an insistence that made them the most arresting element of the composition.

When Giacometti returned to the atelier after about ten minutes, I was studying the framed

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Cézanne etching, in an effort to determine, beneath its dusty glass, the vintage and source of the restrike.

"A friend gave it to me," Giacometti said. I replaced the frame on its hook. In one respect, at least, Giacometti reminded me of Cézanne, and I told him so.

"That's too flattering," he said. (Giacometti has a slight speech defect: his r's sound almost like w's.) I told him I didn't mean it that way, but I felt that he had the same intense preoccupation with his own private vision — the visual sensation — that Cézanne had and that for him nothing else really counted. He looked alarmed.

"Not at all," he said. "People mean a lot to me. My friends, that is." I conceded that, but said I felt he couldn't care much about reputations and current vogues or he wouldn't so obstinately follow that private vision in a direction that ran counter to current trends.

Giacometti nodded. "You're right there. I *am* working against the current. And as for reputations — mine or anyone else's —" He shook his head. "I've had a bellyful of those."

I asked him if he worked on sculpture and painting at the same time. "Always," he said. "Every day. For years." Then he reconsidered. "Oh, sometimes I let a few days or even a few weeks go by in which I do only sculpture, but in general, I do both every day. Either I work at my sculpture in the afternoon and paint at night, or vice versa. I have to: there's so much to do. Next year I have an exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art in New York, and at the same time, one at the Tate Gallery. Two separate exhibitions. A lot of work, no?" Giacometti looked around the atelier distractedly. "I'll be right back," he said, and left the room. In a moment he was back, stirring a cloudy liquid in a tall glass. "I'm supposed to take something for my stomach after I eat, but tonight I forgot," he said. I knew he had had a serious abdominal operation in Switzerland, and I had heard conflicting reports about his health since then. I asked him how things were in that department.

"All right," he said. "I just have to take it easy." He took a sip of his medicine, looked around the studio, and continued to stir his drink. "There's almost nothing left around here. I've sent off everything except for a few things in plaster that I have to go back to work on one of these days." He took another gulp from the glass. "I ought to start making drawings. I need some for the two exhibitions. I've got plenty of sculptures, since there are always several casts of each one, but I could use some drawings." I asked him if he drew a lot.

"Sometimes I go six months without doing any, except maybe sketches on a piece of newspaper. Then I start in again and do a lot. But if I can manage to get back to drawing over the next six months, I'll be sure to have plenty for both shows."

"How about paintings?" I asked.

"The earlier ones — there are enough in America for the New York exhibition. Plenty. And in England there must be almost enough, too. If they need a few more, I'll be doing more between now and then. When I go over there on September second to take a look at the Tate, I'll have a better idea about that."

Giacometti lighted a cigarette and then turned to the paintings of the seated female model. "Those I started about a month and a half ago." He peered at the smallest of the three. "Can't see a thing." He turned on two naked bulbs that hung from the ceiling. They glared down at the portraits and lighted up other features of the room I hadn't paid particular attention to before: a cast-iron stove and a commode with a small Egyptian head under the stairway, a variety of drawings and telephone numbers scrawled on the wall, and a rich profusion of cigarette butts on the floor.

"They're not very far along, those three," he said. "I've been trying to make something of the two smaller ones. Then I'll go back to work on the big canvas." He turned over two small paintings of a male head: one about sixteen by twelve inches, the other about thirty-two by twenty-one inches. "I have to go back to these, too. This is a friend of mine who comes to pose for me on weekends." I suggested one would need courage and patience to sit for him. Giacometti nodded matter-of-factly. "This man comes every Saturday or Sunday. But she" — he pointed to one of the seated-woman portraits — "has posed almost every evening I've been in Paris during the last three years. I've done quite a few of her. I don't know how many — twenty-five, maybe." I said he had a reputation for finishing them slowly and releasing them with difficulty.

"Finishing? They're never finished," he said. "If I have to go away or it's time for an exhibition, I stop work right where I am. *Tant pis.* But finished — never. I couldn't finish a painting if I wanted to. It's impossible." He picked up the small painting of the girl and held it off at arm's length. "Take that painting and finish it in the sense that most people use the word 'finish'? Totally impossible. It would always need something more. First of all, the head must be transformed into colors, no? Then, the longer you work at it, the larger the space around it grows. And then the hands — oh, no, it's out of the question! The more you try to finish it, the more you find yourself beginning all over again. With sculpture it's the same thing. If you have an idea of what you want to do and you rely only on memory, you can finish

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

But if I work from life, I see a little bit at a time, things I spot as I go along. And it's always changing. Life is in continuous evolution. Each time I make her take the same pose in the same light. Try as I may, it never looks the same to me. So how can I finish?"

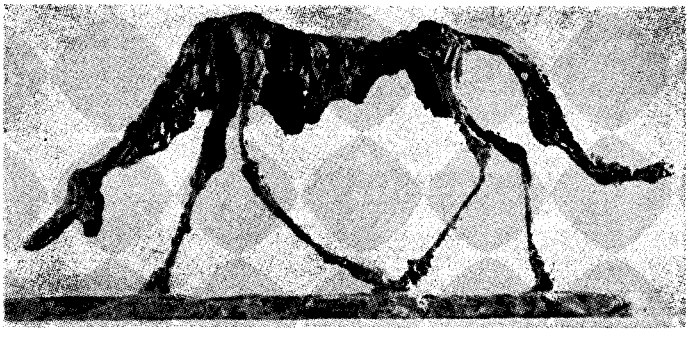
GIACOMETTI pointed to the face starkly outlined in black. "I'd like to do that head with colors, not black, but it's impossible for me to do the construction and the colors at the same time. I begin with the colors, and then the construction gets the upper hand. And to go from there to the color is something which seems almost impossible for me. I don't know how it's done. I just don't see it. Maybe I see less well than the others. They see more quickly, even from a distance, how to make a portrait, and they manage to do it quickly. I see slowly, and I see badly."

I told him I thought many artists — for example, Picasso in his more recent work — were sometimes less interested in seeing profoundly than in annotating for future use and then passing along to another idea. But not Giacometti, I gathered.

"Not in things like that," Giacometti said, pointing to one of the three canvases of the seated girl. "But there are things where I work in just that way."

"In drawing?" I asked.

"In drawing and in some of my sculptures," he said. I must have looked surprised. "But yes," he insisted. "I made a sculpture of a dog once. I did it in an hour because I had it so clearly in my mind. You get the essential elements and let it go at that. But I'm much more interested in working the way I do here," he said, nodding in the direction of the three canvases. I asked if he thought the difference in method could be attributed to the fact that Picasso worked so rarely from life.



"No," Giacometti said. "Even with a model, he visualizes his painting beforehand; so whether he works from a model or without one, it's all the same. He immediately makes an abstraction, takes what he wants. But I don't. It's not a matter of choice with me. If it comes out black, that's not because I want to make it black. I try to do it with colors, but I can't put on color if I don't have a framework. And to construct that framework is already such a job, there's no end to it." Giacometti pointed to a small taboret in the center of the studio. "While I was in Switzerland, I made a number of drawings — like that: a little table, some chairs. But the longer I worked at them, the more I realized that it was such a complex and difficult job, I could spend the rest of my life just drawing two chairs and a table. I made the drawings to add to the Thompson Collection of my work, which is on exhibition in Zurich. A dealer in Basel brought it from Pittsburgh and sold it to a group of Swiss businessmen. They're going to create a foundation to keep it as a permanent collection in Zurich. There are at least sixty sculptures, in addition to paintings and drawings. Thompson had only early drawings, and I wanted there to be some recent ones, so I gave them about twenty of the last ones I did. Now I'd like to do some paintings of that composition." He pulled a chair alongside the little table, moving it back and forth. "This chair, this taboret — I haven't painted any still lifes in a long time. I'd like to see how it comes out."

I told Giacometti it seemed to me that he could hardly concern himself to that extent with the woman in the three canvases we had been looking at, and with the infinite possibilities inherent in those two pieces of furniture, if he didn't have a deep love for the métier of painter and for the objects of his preoccupation. He nodded. "That's right." But I had been reading a book about him which talked of his work in terms of violence, sadism, cruelty, rape, and sexual murder. How did he reconcile such opposing concepts?

He shook his head. "That's going too far," he said. "There is something of that, perhaps, in the old work of the surrealist period, but certainly not in what I have been doing for nearly thirty years since then. I'm following along in the path of traditional painting, simply trying to understand what I see. In those things of the surrealist period there *is* a feeling of violence and destruction, but none in what I've done since then. Just the opposite, in fact. Since 1935 I have been working from life: the subject is what matters most to me — and because I find it beautiful, that's all." He pointed to the head in the smallest canvas. "I could go on painting that head for the rest of my life. And when you work that way, you build a human relationship based on friendship; just the opposite of solitude or cruelty, no? Solitude isn't my theme, either. Friends mean a great deal to me. It's always been that way. I've always had lots of them and lots of curiosity about people. And when I

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

work, I never think about solitude." He hesitated. "You know, I think people must get that idea about me because I paint one person alone on a canvas. But when you're painting one person, you can't paint two at the same time, unless they're very small, off in a landscape.

"For the last four years I've been working on a book illustrated with one hundred and fifty lithographs. I've started, stopped, begun again, done them over, and now the book is completed. Tériade is going to publish it. There are lithographs of the street, my atelier, the room I live in, the café, and lots of other places where I've just happened to be — like out in the suburbs, or in a railway station. Let's say I do a lithograph of you in that café where we were. There are half a dozen people sitting around. But close up like that, I can't draw you and someone else too. It's not possible. Either I look at you or I look at someone else. If I succeed in giving an idea of how you look in space, of setting down your head the way I see it in space, I'm not thinking at all about your 'solitude.' Of course, if I do a good job, it creates that kind of impression, perhaps. But I'm not making that sort of statement in the lithograph. The same thing with a glass on a table. I do a glass, all by itself on that stand, with its space around it, because that's the way things are, because the space from where we are to that stand over there is as vast as the space from here to the other end of Paris or from here to the moon. There's no difference." The phone began to ring again. I called it to Giacometti's attention.

Nude in profile (1956)

"*Merde*," he said. "I'll cut it short this time."

While he was gone, I studied the three portraits of the seated girl. When he returned, I asked him to show me where he sat while he painted her. He pointed to some small reddish marks on the cement floor, near the back wall. "You see those? They were made by the legs of my chair." He picked up the chair and placed it so that the front legs covered the marks. He pointed out other marks left by the legs of his easel. "That's the first mark, then one over there and one down there." He moved the easel onto its marks, sat down in his chair, pulled a small taboret with a bowl of brushes on it nearer to him, and held out his arm straight in front of him. "There," he said. "She sits right there." I pulled up "her" chair and sat down on the other side of the taboret, next to the three portraits. In the large canvas with the small head the girl looked as though she were well back from the position of the easel: there was a good deal more depth in that space than in the other two canvases. I told him so. He shook his head.

"At that distance, in that space, a head gets very small," he said. "No bigger than that." He made the shape of a rather small grapefruit with his hands. "Just like that. No bigger. It's obvious. You look at someone across the street. He's no bigger than that." With his two index fingers Giacometti measured off the dimensions of a truly pint-size human. I saw his point. But it was difficult, I said, for a nonpainter not to make allowances for the distance and wind up with a mental image that reconstructed the approximate life-size in such circumstances.

"Even painters do that," he said. "Very few see it the way I do — not to the same extent, anyway. Up until the war I used to think I saw people life-size at a distance. Then little by little I realized that I was seeing them much smaller — and even near to me, not just far away. The first few times it happened, I was walking. It surprised me, but I got used to it. Then I began to notice it at other times. Now it's that way all the time. That's the way I see. I just don't ever see anybody life-size anymore. Not ever." He leaned nearer to me. "Life-size doesn't exist," he said. "It's a concept. It doesn't mean anything. Life-size is your own size. And you can't see yourself. You're not conscious of your own dimensions. If you couldn't look at somebody else, you wouldn't know the size of your own head. And when you get too close to another person, you don't really see *him*, either."

I took another look at the largest of the three canvases. I told Giacometti I had the impression that the model was fairly tall. "No, she's rather small," he said. Her head, of course, seemed small and seemed to recede into the background, but the space around it gave one the idea that her frame was that of a larger person, I said. Giacometti studied the painting. "Well," he said slowly, "I *may* have exaggerated the depth there very slightly" — he squeezed out the syllables slowly — "*mais pas beaucoup*."

I asked him if he had worked on the three portraits concurrently. He nodded.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"For a very practical reason. You can't go back to work on a painting while it's still damp. You have to let it dry out. So after working a while on one, I skip a day or two and work on the others. I dilute my paint pretty thin, but in time, working so long over a canvas builds up a layer, and I have to let it dry." He leaned over and rubbed the face of the large portrait with his thumb. He felt the knees, then shook his head. "That's complicated," he said. "It's impossible at this distance to see the head and the knees at the same time. But they're really not so much exaggerated, you know. Maybe a quarter of an inch in all."

He got up. "You remember the big *Bathers* of Cézanne, where one of the heads ends almost in a line, off in the distance — fades off almost to nothing? Or his portrait *The Boy in the Red Waistcoat?* People say the boy's arm is too long, but that's not true. On the contrary, it's *very* accurate; not at all exaggerated. It's just that we're so in the habit of looking at things from the viewpoint of classical art and its idealized forms that we don't *see* anymore."

I wondered if perhaps that explained Giacometti's habit of staring long and deep within his subjects. One critic, I recalled, had equated that with a form of mental dissection and attributed it to a preoccupation with death. I asked him about it.

"Nothing at all like that," Giacometti said. "The outside and the inside are one and the same, anyway. Perhaps that's the impression I give when I study people, but if you want to construct a head the way you see it, you have to feel the structure of the skull that underlies it. The longer you work at it, the more you feel that structure. If, in the end, you bring it off, the structure disappears once again under the facade. But in order for the facade to stand up, it needs to have that solid structure beneath it. And you feel that. If not, what you do doesn't amount to anything.

"Every living head has a skull and eye cavities and all the rest, and if you want to construct the head, you have to understand the function of a nose, for example. So at one moment your sculpture *is* the bone of the nose. You can read the structure of the skull better at the top of the nose because it is covered with so little skin there." He pushed his own ample nose and his frontal bones. "It's the structure of this, and this. It's the bone, with a bit of skin over it. If you want to paint the most beautiful girl in the world" — he pushed at his nose again — "that's what you have to work from. Afterwards you put on colors, but there has to be a structure to hold those forms together. If not, you've got nothing. So if you don't concern yourself with what's inside, you'll never bring off the outside. Impossible. Everything is impossible, but without that, it's more than ever impossible." Impossible or not, the job didn't seem to discourage him, I said.

"Discourage me?" He shrugged, then remained silent for a moment. "I keep at it because I know that's the way it is. But the harder I work, the less I succeed. And yet, at the same time, I have all the more desire to work, because it seems all the more amazing to me that I am able to do anything at all. For example, that table with the chair that I thought about while I was away on vacation: it seemed such an impossible task that I just had to try. I couldn't wait to get back to Paris, just to do a still life of this chair and that taboret. That was the most vital thing in all of Paris. Paris, for me, was *that*."

Standing Woman (1960)

GIACOMETTI looked around the studio. "It's funny, when I took this place in 1927, I thought it was tiny. It was the first place I found, and I had no choice. I planned on moving as soon as I could because it was too small — just a hole. But the longer I stayed, the larger it grew. It seems to me now it's twice as big as it was when I got back here a month ago. I could do anything here. I've already made my big sculptures here, the ones of the *Man Walking*. At one time I had three big ones — two of those and one other — here all at the same time. And I had room to paint, along with them. If I had a larger atelier, the space I'd utilize wouldn't be any larger. If now I want to do larger things, I have a little house across the street that I bought. Diego lives there. It has a big courtyard. If I want to do something very high, outside, there's all the room I need." I asked him if he had any plans of that kind. He shook his head.

"I'm not really interested in doing any more large-scale figures," he said. "It's not worth the trouble. I gave up doing them because the eye can't take in such big things all at once. It's a waste of time. I decided it would be more useful to me to do heads." He hesitated. "I *would* like to do one of Annette, though, starting with a bust and then trying to work down to the feet, if possible.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

But a little smaller than life-size. That would be plenty big enough."

He walked over to the small figure in green clay he had been working on earlier in the evening. "Even here you can see it's not necessary for a sculpture to be big in order to appear big. Even a relatively small head like this one has everything a large head has. And if you make a whole figure, you're better off to make it undersize rather than oversize so that the eye can take it all in at once. But when you make a head that's too big and you carry it over into a full-size figure, the whole thing gets out of hand."

Giacometti came back to his chair under the glare of the bulb. "Look at the Egyptian sculptures — take *The Scribe*, for example. It's not big, but the effect is monumental. The finest heads in Egyptian

sculpture are the small ones. When they get larger, they're never quite so good. It's the same with Sumerian sculpture. Some of those in the Louvre are very small. When they are bigger, they look like enlargements. For use in architecture that's fine, but they don't have the same intensity. Besides, it's much more interesting to try to do what you see rather than just to make an effect. No, big things are finished as far as I'm concerned. They don't interest me a bit."

Giacometti's statue *Man Walking* (1960) reaches a height of six and a half feet; his several versions of *Standing Woman*, of the same year, are over nine feet high. At the other extreme, he has done a number of figures small enough to get lost in one's pocket. I asked him if the very small ones still held any interest for him. "If they're too small, you're limited, but less," he said. "Some of the smallest Egyptian sculptures at the Louvre have the most clearly detailed heads. There are two or three where the construction is so perfect that, small as they are, you think they're big. So if you want to make a sculpture that gives the impression of being very big — a head, let's say — you should make it like that" — he held up two fingers two inches apart — "but do it to perfection. Then the whole cosmos is in it. That's true. It's nothing I thought up. It's always been that way, whether we're talking about Chinese sculpture, archaic, prehistoric. It's the vision that counts."

I ASKED him if a man with as personal, as private, a vision as his found much to interest him in the work of his contemporaries. "Oh, yes," he said. Very much? He thought. "Quite a lot," he said more guardedly. Then, looking at me cautiously, he asked, "Who, for instance?" I mentioned Miró, whose preoccupations seemed far from Giacometti's.

"Miró's work played an influential role for me between 1925 and 1930," he said, "and I felt rather close to him. When I made those abstract constructions, I was pretty much allied to Miró and other surrealists. And then we grew apart. He went one way, and I another. But I still find his work interesting. In fact, the latest things he's done, those huge hallucinatory heads you may have seen at the opening of the Maeght Foundation in St.-Paul-de-Vence a week or so ago, I like better than anything he's done in a long time. They're very strange and dramatic. They make me wonder where he's going from there.

"Miro is always interesting, but I have the feeling that many artists today are so afraid of being considered old-fashioned, they wouldn't dream of following nature, of working from life. They think that if they make a head that looks like a head and it's really well done, they'll be called post-impressionist, and if it's very realistic, they'll be labeled *pompier:* unoriginal and banal. Actually, it's just the other way around. The closer you stick to what you *really* see, the more astonishing your work will be. Reality isn't unoriginal; it's just unknown. If one could copy something just as he saw it, it would be as beautiful as any masterpiece of the past. The truer it was, the closer it would be to what you might call a great style. People think Egyptian heads are stylized, or Chinese Buddhas, or Sumerian sculpture. They aren't stylized; they're just more true. And when they *are* more true, that *becomes* a style. It's just the opposite of what people imagine. They have the idea that if they stick as close to the truth as possible, it will be photographic or stupid, and it's just the contrary. But they're so afraid, they limit themselves. They become

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

prisoners inside a little box. They don't dare to come out. They don't dare to do anything, and what they turn out is miserable. *Mi-sé-ra-ble*," he repeated slowly.

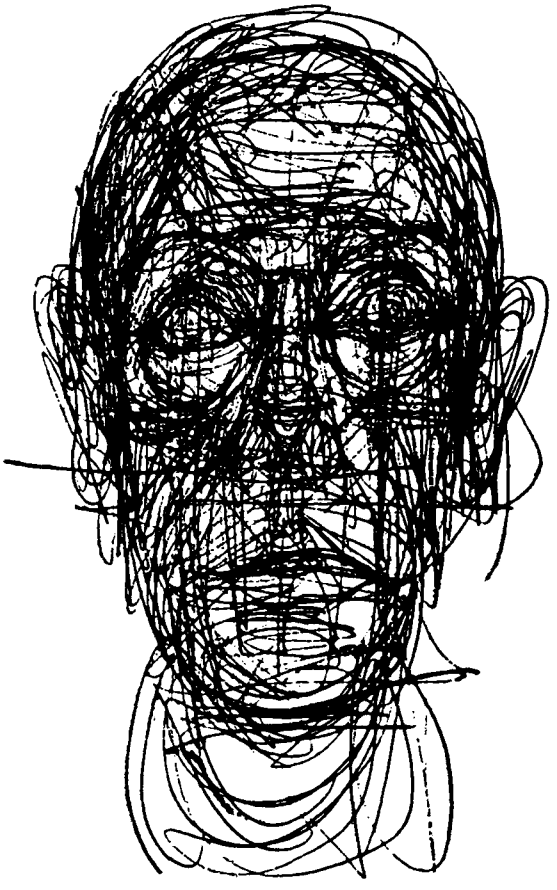
"I never worry about whether a painting or a sculpture is a success or a failure." He pointed to the canvas of the girl with the head that was a quarter of an inch too small. "That one, for example: it's a failure in comparison to what I see. Necessarily. If it were a success — but that would be unimaginable. I mean *unimaginable.* But the more of a failure it is, the more chance there is that there's a little something worth holding on to. If along with that 95 percent failure, there is 5 percent of something positive, that's quite a lot. So the word 'failure' is meaningless. The same thing with 'choice.' When I hold an exhibition, I never choose between the good and the bad things. Never. I put in what I have. If tomorrow I had to hold an exhibition in Paris, I'd put in that" — he pointed to his "failed" painting — "exactly the way it is." He looked around the studio, pointed to the figurine in green clay he had been working on. "And that, too. That's where I am. I'm not somewhere else. It's pointless to give the impression that you're further advanced than you really are, isn't it?"

I told him I doubted that very many others took the same point of view about that. Was it a question of humility?

"Not at all," Giacometti said. "I'm neither modest nor humble. In fact, I think one has to be a little stupid and pretentious to do anything at all. Otherwise you'd never even dare to begin. Just to have the courage to start, you need a touch of idiocy. Without it you wouldn't even *want* to start. You'd realize there was no point in trying a head; it's just too complicated. And if you thought maybe you could do something with a chair, you'd look at the chair and say, 'Well, I'll probably never finish it.' But the more you play around with the idea, the more excited you get about it.

"When I want to do a head in sculpture, I limit myself to an attempt to understand the function of the nose. Because if I understand that a little bit, I'll understand the rest, too. If I don't understand that, I don't understand anything. If I thought ahead to the job of getting as far as the ears or the back of the head, that would seem so immense I'd feel there was no hope of making it. Well, so what? You make it or you don't, and you stop worrying about how far you get with it." Giacometti stretched his legs and lit another cigarette. I asked him if perhaps he felt one was better off not to make it.

"But you can't, even if you want to. So you get as far as you can, but whether you almost make it or you're far from it, in the end it's all the same. It's like someone living to be fifty or ninety. While they're alive it seems important, but when their life is over, it makes almost no difference at all. You do what you can as long as you're here, and then you forget about it. My father died at sixty-five. My mother, who died last January, lived to be



nearly ninety-three. When I look back on them, it's just as though there weren't any great difference in their ages. One lived a little less than the average, one a good bit more, but now that they're gone, it evens itself out, and the age doesn't seem important.

"Time is like that: all of a sudden a childhood memory comes back at you across fifty years as though it were yesterday, and something that happened last year can seem half a lifetime away. Chronological order is as meaningless as a yardstick. If you want to measure a piece of road or a room, a yardstick has a certain utility value, but in itself it measures nothing. You can put the whole world in the length of a yardstick. It can be tiny or immense. It's the same way in painting: in the space of a yard you can paint three bottles or an infinite landscape. And even in painting that still life with three bottles, you understand the infinity of space. The distance between where I'm sitting and that wall over there has exactly the same effect

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

as all of space." He looked up at the ceiling. "I can see that ceiling now, but if I paint the still life, the ceiling passes beyond my vision. If you stand at the far end of St. Mark's Square in Venice, you see St. Mark's no bigger than that," he said, holding up his thumb and index and squinting at them. "If I'm here, and there are three bottles over there, I see them just as big as that, exactly the way I see St. Mark's from a distance. If I try to paint them, they become just as big as St. Mark's. It all amounts to the same thing.

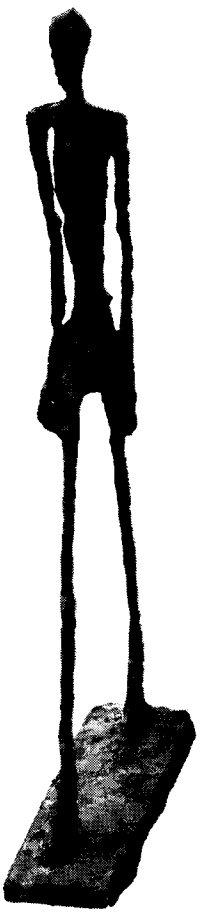
"There's a magnificent painting by Chardin, a plate of strawberries, that was exhibited at the International Exposition here in 1937 in the exhibition Masterpieces of French Art. There were many big canvases, some of them immense. Chardin's was a very small picture. But it was, in a way, the biggest one in the whole exhibition. That plate of strawberries was as big as a pyramid. It was almost overpowering. It's the same way with Rembrandt's drawings. No matter how small they are, as you study them they become enormous."

Giacometti stood up. For the first time he smiled. "Put them beside some of the biggest paintings you see around these days," he said, "and even the littlest one seems monumental."

He walked over to his sculpture-in-process and fell silent again as he began to pinch at the green torso. After a moment I asked him where he thought the future lay in painting. He looked over toward me and smiled again, wanly. "There's a crisis in painting, they say. The papers are full of it. They're worried about where it's leading us. All that seems very remote to me, whether it goes well or badly. Oh, I have a vague interest in it, as a kind of sociological phenomenon, the same way I'm aware of politics and current events, but it really doesn't touch me very deeply. In fact, not at all. Today, before you came, I was reading about the Battle of the Marne. I find that a thousand times more exciting than all the fuss about who's a *tachiste* and who isn't. Maybe some good will come out of this crisis. Maybe it will let in some fresh air. There's one fellow who's doing a lot of good right now, the way I see it. That's Rauschenberg. He's stirring things up a little with his photomontages, which aren't exactly like dada but are really something new. That doesn't stop me from continuing to do exactly what I was doing yesterday. But I guess he's shaking up the nonfigurative painters. All the better.

"But painting, as we know it? I think it has no future in our civilization. Neither does sculpture. What we might call 'bad painting' — that has a future. They'll go on turning out little Brittany landscapes. There'll always be people who'd like to have a picturesque landscape, or a nude, or a bouquet of flowers hanging on the wall. And they'll go on turning out illustrations and advertising art. But what we call great painting is finished. From now on there'll be only discussions of what painting is, a branch of philosophy. Nobody paints anymore to achieve a finished painting like the Van Eycks. They just pose questions about the nature of painting, about what constitutes a painting.

"It's very strange, isn't it? I was reading the other day a book of extracts from Hegel's writings on art, dating from about 1827. He foresaw a kind of painting that would be nonfigurative, that would be based only on color harmonies and would attempt to create the sensation of music. And he said that that painting would not be able to last. Painting as it had existed up until then — that is, 1827 — was finished, he said. And he was right. Because when Cézanne painted a picture, he was no longer painting in the sense that Courbet had painted. Toward the end of his life, Cézanne said, 'I'm making experiments — experiments toward painting.' So in his mind the idea of making paintings was finished. And when Picasso does his variations on Velázquez, on Courbet, on Delacroix's *Women of Algiers*, or on Manet's *Luncheon on the Grass*, he's no longer asking himself, 'How do I see a man today?' He's making variations and comments on the history of art, exercises in style. But painting — painting is finished."



PICTURE CREDITS

Marianne Adelmann, Paris
Alberto Giacometti, page 117
Standing Woman, 1960, page 123
Giacometti at work, page 124

Ernst Scheidegger, Zurich
Dog, 1957, page 121
Man Walking, 1960, page 126

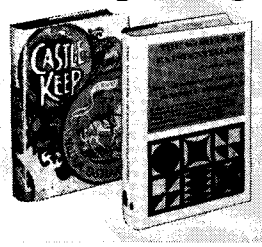
Galerie Beyeler, Basel
Têtes et Tabouret, page 119
Buste au blouson, 1953, cover

Galerie Maeght, Paris
Nude in profile, 1956, page 122
Head, 1961, page 125

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

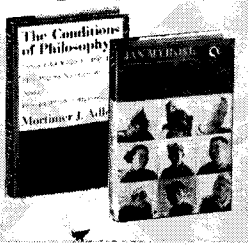
Rarely has any Book Club offered values such as these!

choose any 3 books free



with your first selection from the Hudson Book Club

Save as much as $33.00 on the very books you would otherwise purchase at full publisher's price! Or as much as $43.00 if you include payment with your order! **With your first selection from the Hudson Book Club, you will receive absolutely free your choice of any three books on this page. Enclose payment now and you'll receive *Force of Circumstance* by Simone de Beauvoir *as a free gift.* Choose your books and order now!**



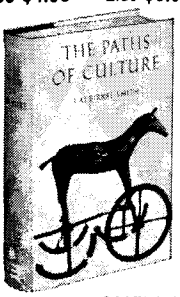
THE PATHS OF CULTURE. By Kaj Birket-Smith. A study of human culture; its conditions, laws and the forces that guide it. 616 pp., 143 illus.
List $10.00. **Members' Price $6.95**

THE DANGEROUS SEX. By H. R. Hays. The story through the ages of man's great hostility toward woman, and the sexual persecutions, myths and literature behind it.
List $5.95. **Members' Price $4.50**

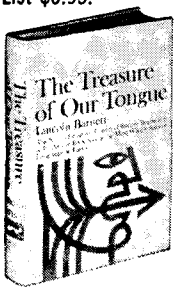
EROS DENIED. By Wayland Young. A history of sexual behavior. "A remarkable, brilliant and revolutionary book." —J. Donald Adams. 415 pp. Illus.
List $7.50. **Members' Price $5.45**

THE FABULOUS LIFE OF DIEGO RIVERA. By Bertram Wolfe. A grand biography featuring Picasso, Cocteau, Trotsky; 2½ miles of murals. 203 illus. 457 pp.
List $10.00 **Members' Price $6.95**

THE TREASURE OF OUR TONGUE. By Lincoln Barnett. A fascinating account of the English language and its universal importance today.
List $5.95. **Members' Price $4.75**



TEMPLES, TOMBS AND HIEROGLYPHS. By Barbara Mertz. 5000 years of Egyptian archaeological history, focussing on Queen Hatshepsut, Thutmose III, Akhenaton, etc. 25 photos, 46 line drawings.
List $6.95. **Members' Price $4.95**



MAGIC, FAITH AND HEALING. Ed. by Art Kiev, M.D. Primitive psychiatry and its remarkable success. 19 case studies. 491 pp.
List $7.95
Members' Price $5.50

THE WILL OF ZEUS. By Stringfellow Barr. A magnificent history of Greece, written with soaring power and beauty. 496 pages, 31 photos.
List $10.00.
Members' Price $5.95

THIEF'S JOURNAL. By Jean Genet. Strange hymn to inverted passions."I do not fear to call this book the most beautiful Genet has written."—Jean-Paul Sartre's Fwd.
List $6.00. **Members' Price $4.95**

WITCHES' SABBATH. By Maurice Sachs. Unexpurgated autobiography by a scoundrel and litterateur of the Parisian haute-monde of the twenties and thirties.
List $7.50. **Members' Price $5.25**

ETRUSCAN ITALY. By Henry Harrel-Courtes. Superb study of Etruscan art and civilization, with lively descriptions of the frescoes, tombs and Etrurian countryside. Illus.
List $6.95 **Members' Price $4.95**

FROM APE TO ANGEL. By H. R. Hays. The first full-length account of studies in religion, mythology, art, dance, psychology and the origins of marriage. 83 illus., 477 pp.
List $7.95. **Members' Price $5.75**

ETERNAL EGYPT. By Pierre Montet. A history of mighty Egypt—of Pharaoh, slave, empire and exotic gods. 172 illus.
List $6.95. **Members' Price $4.95**

PSYCHOPATHIA SEXUALIS. By Richard von Krafft-Ebing. The first all-English edition of a classic work on sexual deviation; over 200 case studies. 512 pp.
List $7.95. **Members' Price $5.95**

THE NEW GOLDEN BOUGH. By Sir James C. Frazer. Completely revised and annotated in the light of recent anthropological discoveries. 768 pp.
List $10.00 **Members' Price $6.95**

TROPIC OF CANCER. By Henry Miller. "One of the most significant contributions to the literature of our time."—Sir Herbert Read.
List $7.50. **Members' Price $4.95**

CASTLE KEEP. By William Eastlake. Wildly unconventional W.W. II comic novel of modern GI's, traditional values and lightly strummed irony—"a major achievement"—Walter Van Tilburg Clark.
List $5.95. **Members' Price $3.95**

O STRANGE NEW WORLD. By Howard Mumford Jones. The 1965 Pulitzer-Prize winning study of the formative years in American culture and the European influence upon it. 464 pp.
List $8.50. **Members' Price $5.50**

THE CONDITIONS OF PHILOSOPHY. By Mortimer J. Adler. Diagnosis of Philosophy's past failures and present disorder; with an exciting program for its much brighter future.
List $5.95. **Members' Price $4.50**

ISAAC BABEL: THE LONELY YEARS 1925-39. Ed. by Nathalie Babel. 9 short stories with letters of Babel's precarious life in Stalinist Russia—writings which became his death warrant.
List $6.75 Members' Price $4.95

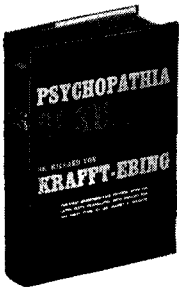
HAKLUYT'S VOYAGES. Ed. by Irwin Blacker. The chronicles of empire and adventure in the language of Shakespeare—voyages with Raleigh, Drake, the death of the Armada and more. 576 pp.
List $7.50. **Members' Price $5.50**

CROWELL'S HANDBOOK OF CLASSICAL LITERATURE. By Lillian Feder. 950 entries with the most up-to-date information on the writers and literature of Greece and Rome, from the Iliad to the Ars Amatoria. 447 pp.
List $6.95. **Members' Price $4.95**

LAST EXIT TO BROOKLYN. By Hubert Selby, Jr. A forceful novel of modern urban degradation"—a vision of hell so stern that it cannot be chuckled or raged aside."—N.Y. Times
List $5.00. **Members' Price $3.95**

REPORT FROM A CHINESE VILLAGE. By Jan Myrdal. On the popular level—the Revolution, Civil War and success of the Red regime—"A new classic makes its appearance."—Harrison Salisbury. Illus.
List $6.95 **Members' Price $4.95**

THE DEPUTY. By Rolf Hochhuth. Magnificent drama in this urgent dialogue between Nazism and Rome over the Jewish Final Solution.
List $5.95.
Members' Price $4.75



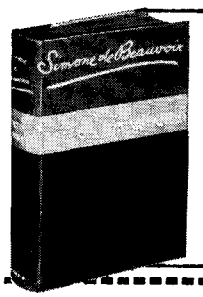
THE MEDIEVAL WORLD. By Friedrich Heer. The high noon of medieval life, 1100-1350, recreating courtly love, art, science and ideals. 100 illus.
List $7.50.
Members' Price $5.50

THE HUNT. By Maurice Sachs. Wicked memorabilia of occupied Paris and its underworld of collaborators and inverts, by a litterateur who was both—highly distasteful and highly interesting.
List $5.95. **Members' Price $4.50**

WAITING FOR THE END. By Leslie Fiedler. The crises in American culture, race and sex assessed in the works of Baldwin, Burroughs, Miller, Mailer and more. "The most infuriatingly quotable book of the year."—*Time.*
List $5.95. **Members' Price $4.50**

THE WORLDS OF EXISTENTIALISM. Ed. by Maurice Friedman. "In my opinion this is an excellent anthology, the best to appear so far on existentialism."—James Gordon Clapp. 582 pp.
List $7.95. **Members' Price $5.50**

FAMILY AND SEXUAL REVOLUTION. Ed. by Edwin Schur. The gravity of the sexual revolution in family life by Sorokin, Mead, Myrdal, et al.
List $7.95 **Members' Price $5.95**



FREE IF YOU ENCLOSE PAYMENT NOW!

FORCE OF CIRCUMSTANCE by Simone de Beauvoir. The woman who has spoken more daringly, more profoundly of the life of the Second Sex writes of her own life.
658 pp. Published at $10.00!

This is an excellent opportunity for you to become a member of one of America's most provocative and highly regarded book clubs. The Hudson Book Club offers you a wide and unusual selection of *books you will want to own* at the greatest possible savings.

Take any three of the books on this page free. Take an additional one as your first selection at the low Member's discount price. You need buy only four more books during the year, all offered at substantial discounts. For every four purchases, you will receive a free bonus book of your own choice. Your yearly savings will average 50% or more on the very books you would otherwise buy at full price! Take advantage of this special introductory offer now and add the books *you want* to your library.

THE HUDSON BOOK CLUB
131 VARICK ST., NEW YORK, N.Y.

Please enroll me as a member in the Hudson Book Club. Enter my FREE subscription to the Hudson Bulletin and begin my membership by sending me the selections I have listed below. After this introductory offer, I need buy only four more selections during the coming year at substantial discounts from the publisher's price. For every four selections purchased at the member's reduced price, I shall receive FREE a fifth selection of my own choosing.

My_____
three free_____
selections _____
My membership selection_____
Name_____
Address_____
City_____State_____Zip Code_____

☐ Please charge my account and bill me for the first selection, plus shipping charge.

☐ My check is enclosed. Please send me my free copy of FORCE OF CIRCUMSTANCE. (Hudson Book Club will pay the postage. NYC residents please add 4% sales tax.) AT-103

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Accent on

UPSTAGING THE BRITISH

BY CHARLES W. MORTON

After some years of puzzlement about it, I believe I have found a reasonable explanation for the British attitude toward ice, especially ice in drinks. Their preference for no ice in their own drinks is of course strictly their own affair.

If coldness is a standard of high style in the tropics, where even the strongest beer is served so cold as to be virtually tasteless, the British liking for beer at a cellar temperature is understandable, for Britain is certainly not in the tropics, and very few of its brews (with the rousing exception of Barley Wine, Bass & Co. No. 1) could be called strong. As for the usually light-bodied British spirits, ice does them no great good and could hide their flavor completely, although gin and vermouth at room temperature does take some getting used to.

But why the British bartender, in other respects an openhanded sort, should dole out the ice so grudgingly to Americans had long baffled me: in pubs, restaurants, even on transatlantic ships and aircraft, the request for ice usually brings a small lump, sometimes two, never three. If the customer presses for more, up go the eyebrows, and the bartender takes on the stoical air of one prepared to endure just about every aberration of the species.

It is not that the British lack a proper supply of ice; indeed, one encounters on every hand the great advertising names of American freezerdom, with their grinning housewives disclosing refrigerator shelves of a splendor rarely found on either side of the Atlantic. I have seen with my own eyes installations of the "fridge" in actual use in several British flats and houses, but we must bear in mind that the marvels of mechanical refrigeration came to most Britons recently, in the last ten or fifteen years. John Christie had only to conceal in the walls of his Notting Hill lodgings the bodies of the women he murdered, so effectively did the chill of his quarters preserve the remains.

One should note, also, that the term "meat safe" still enjoys currency in Britain; in fact, there is no other name for this contraption, which survives today in many households: a cupboard made of window screen stretched over a light framework, used for the storage of perishable foodstuffs.

The contented user of a meat safe might very well decline the fridge altogether. One supposes that behind the bloc of nonfridge opinion lies an even more formidable mass of antifridge people. Out of such thinking comes a hostility toward, or at least some mistrust of, ice itself; and it is these sentiments to which I attribute the American's difficulties in getting the extra lump or two. How well founded this theory proved to be I learned at a country hotel where I stayed for a few weeks last summer.

The hotel barmaid was a singularly disagreeable woman. It was her daily habit, on opening the bar at noon, to exchange bitter opinions about the hotel, its management, and all its occupants with two equally disagreeable old biddies who sat at a nearby table, sipping room-temperature gin and water. The bar was small, and anything said by anyone was clearly heard by all.

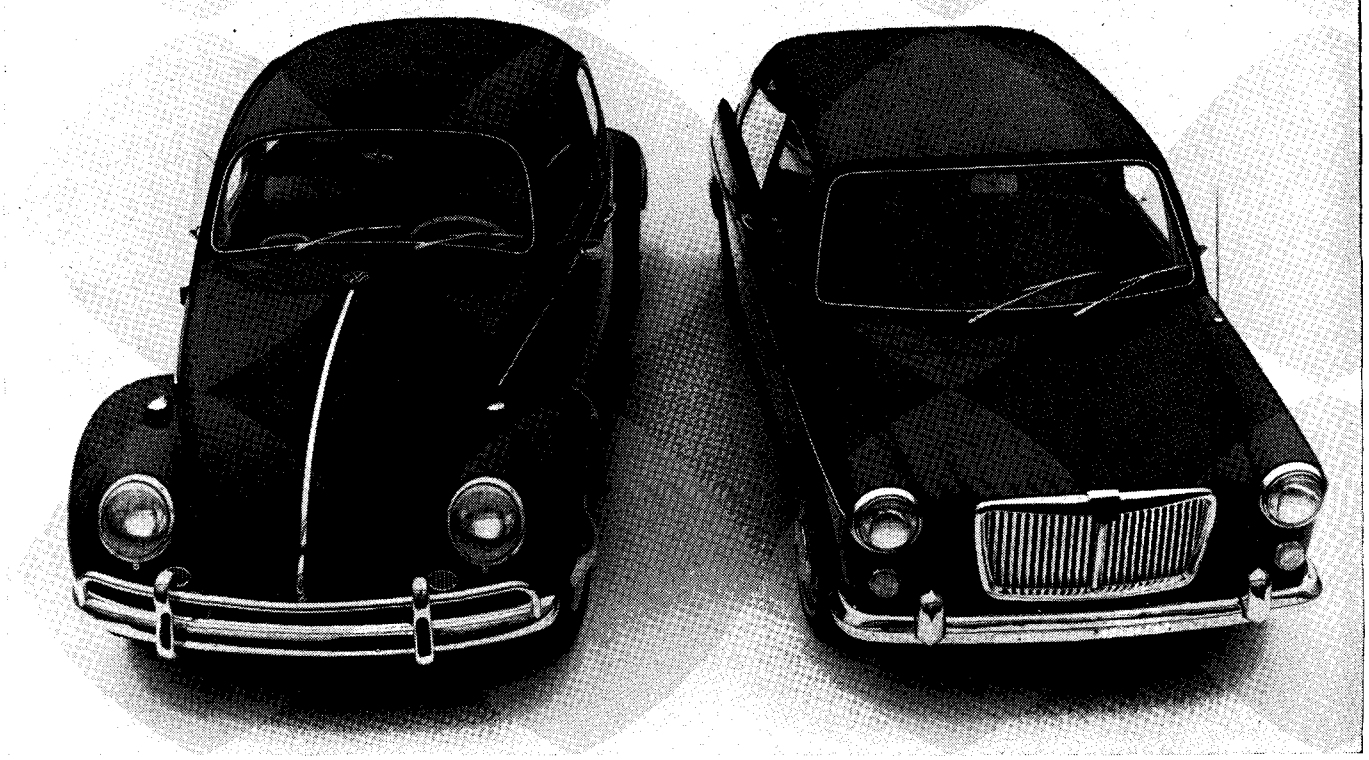
My request for ice brought the usual single lump from a well-filled container. A second lump was delivered with such ill grace that I felt obliged to speak up. "What's so troublesome about ice?" I asked. "You have plenty of it."

The barmaid's reply was addressed to no one in particular. "These Americans," she said. "Always asking for ice, and more ice . . ."

One of the old biddies chimed in. "Yes, the Americans and their ice," she said. "What *swank!*"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

POPULARITY CONTEST: WHO WON?



Who else!

Of the 28,000 auto-wise readers polled by *Car & Driver* magazine, 27.5% named VW the "Best Economy Sedan." Some 18% nominated our MG Sports Sedan.

Well of course! The winner had a 12-year head-start on us. Result: Volkswagen is owned by 1,364,639 U.S. drivers. MG's Sports Sedan has improved the scene for approximately 20,000...thus far.

Owner ratio: 68.2 to 1. Preference ratio: about 3 to 2.

So what else is new—apart from the MG Sports Sedan's extraordinary run at the leader? Just about everything that's packed into our bountiful Bundle from Britain:

—leg, hip, shoulder, head, *living* room for 5 (5 adults, not elves)

—a race proved 1100 c.c. twin carburetor engine that makes you a present of 30 m.p.g.

—front wheel drive that has Detroit wondering...worrying ...working

—exclusive Hydrolastic® Suspension, a cushy admixture of alcohol and water that makes metal springs and shocks old hat

—spirited, sportive goodies like bucket seats, fade-free disc brakes, 4-speed shift

Congratulations, you lusty, close-fisted 18%.

As for you, VW, wait 'til next year.

MG

FOR OVERSEAS DELIVERY AND OTHER INFORMATION, WRITE: THE BRITISH MOTOR CORP. / HAMBRO, INC., DEPT. A-3, 734 GRAND AVE., RIDGEFIELD, N.J.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Power and the Glory

BY ALAN COREN

ALAN COREN *is assistant editor of* PUNCH.
This is his first appearance in the ATLANTIC.

Mr. Denis Healey, the Minister of Defense, promised today that Britain would not lose her world lead in the development of vertical-takeoff aircraft. — BBC NEWS

The other morning I was standing by the gas stove, ears tensed for the first fine, careless cackle of the percolator, watching the new day creep feebly up the sky with that curious, droopy grayness that characterizes February in London. The days, at this bleak time, never quite make it, never quite manage to look like anything but a dispirited pause between one night and the next. Buses loomed out of the dankness, shouldering the veils of drizzle aside rather in the manner of Akim Tamiroff pushing his way through the hanging beads of some Casablancan clip joint, and disappeared back into the sniveling gloom. Not, all things considered, a morning designed to render the waking heart delirious at the prospect of unknown delights to come; but one, nevertheless, sadly appropriate to the island over which it had chosen to break.

We live on the second floor (a rough translation into basic American would make it the third floor, give or take the odd vowel change), which puts us on an exact level with the upper decks of London buses. Since our flat fronts the road, this means that at any given breakfast brew-up, people pass slowly by, in groups of thirty, and watch me with emotionless eyes as I strive to keep the front of my pajamas closed; while I, in turn, stare back at them with the cool superiority of a man who in happier days might have been out chopping his way through Sikhs and Boers with terse Victorian purpose. These moments are about the only chance I have to show that breeding still counts, now that the Empire turns out to be something on which the sun never rises.

On this particular morning as we stood there, all thirty-one of us, I noticed for the first time a strange, unsettling sadness in the sixty alien eyes. They seemed to be looking to me for hope, for some mute sign that life was more than a tale told by an idiot; but before I could come up with a glance of comfort, a smile of faith, the bus moved on, and wobbling slightly, they vanished into the gloom. I was deeply moved. The look was a look I had seen before, over the past few months, on faces passing in the street, in eyes across a public bar, in the brave, unflinching gaze of friends and cops and grocers; it was a look which said, with all the terrible expressiveness of silence, "What is to become of us?"

I turned again to the percolator, which by this time seemed to be sobbing in sympathy with the general mood, and as I did so, I caught the wheeze of the bedroom radio plucking weakly at the ether; my wife was awake, and avid for news. In these post-lapsarian days since the Tories shuffled brokenly into the sunset, England has been gripped by a feverish need for information unmatched since VE Day. Each dawn, red eyes pop open all over the queendom, tiny, terrified stars in the overwhelming grayness, and wait for the eight o'clock news. In the preliminary silence, one seems to hear the creak of the economy and the occasional subterranean groan of the widening trade gap, like some glacier running between Land's End and John o'Groats House and threatening to swallow us all. Then comes the Greenwich time signal, followed by a BBC voice intoning in old, noble accents the latest catalogue of horrors: the crash of stocks, the leaps of bank rate as it fights its way upstream, the rifts between and within political parties, the news that Britain has been bounced out of one more of the rooms in the fickle seraglio that is Europe today, stories of industrial dispute and international embarrassment, of crop failure and metal fatigue — the list seems endless. And after it all, at ten minutes past eight, we drag ourselves from our beds with all too evident third-rate power, and crawl away to work with the aforementioned look in our hundred million eyes.

To return to specifics — I sloshed the coffee into a brace of Coronation mugs, and, my upper lip a ridge of steel, padded into the bedroom to shore up my wife's wilting spirits with a few well-chosen words about the unconquerable will and study of revenge and similar snippets culled from our immortal heritage. She lay palely between the sheets, like one whose life has been frittered away on overattention to camellias, listening to the newscaster reel off reports of motions of censure on the government, the wasting sickness of our gold reserves, the current protest march of aircraft workers, the latest lurch in the cost-of-living index, and other gobbets calculated to stick in the most optimistic craw. As the minutes flashed by, loaded to the gunwales with disaster, our commingled gloom deepened to a rich ebony, and I was on the point of hurling the radio through the window, in the hope, perhaps, of felling a passing Volkswagen (a distinct statistical possibility), when the announcer paused suddenly, caught his breath, and said, "Mr. Denis Healey, the Minister of Defense, promised today that Britain would not lose her world lead in the development of vertical-takeoff aircraft."

There might have been more news after that, but we didn't hear it. My wife sat bolt upright in bed, the color hurtling through her cheeks, her eyes uncannily bright, and clutched at my arm with that reserve of energy normally associated with

drowning men in the presence of a sudden boathook.

"Can it be true?" she whispered.

I bit my lip. I clenched my teeth. I counted to three. "It has to be true," I said.

"A world lead? Of our very own?"

"And we have it already!"

"Pray God we can hold on to it!" she muttered. We looked at each other with new hope. Horizons be-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gan to open before us, albeit vertically.

"I think —" I said, very slowly, "I think it's all going to be all right after all. I think we're going to come through."

We drank our coffee in one draft, flung the cups over our shoulders, and offered a brief prayer for those in peril on the drawing board. We had seen, at last, the thin end of the wedge, and it was a good wedge. Without a weapon of one's own, you see, without an original working weapon, it's impossible to hope for greatness. All very well to moan about defense expenditure and the lack of funds for schools, hospitals, pensions, roads, universities, and all the rest of that pointless paraphernalia. All very well to brag about your Shakespeares and your Dantes and your Racines and your Ella Wheeler Wilcoxes. But when the chips are down, the chap from Smith and Wesson is the one we turn to. Weapons are the only true curators of our culture, and what in recent months has sapped the vitality of the island race has been the increasing doubt about whether our independent deterrent was worth the sack it came in. While other nations proliferated their Polarises or lobbed their ICBMs willy-nilly between Novaya Zemlya and the pole, we in Britain gradually came to feel that the idea of having our own personal overkill was but an idle dream. We know that, called upon to swap punches with an unnamed foreign power, we'd be hard put to it to raise one megadeath among the lot of us. In all probability, the first day's hostilities would turn us into mere froth and flotsam; we should go down in history as no more than a patch of choppy water off the Irish coast. But not now. Now that we possessed a weapon in the development of which we led the world, to what glorious heights might we not rise?

"They ought to ring the church bells," said my wife, mopping her tears with a sheet corner.

"By heavens!" I cried, smiting the mattress till the springs sang. "The old lion lives to roar again. Let Russia tremble! Let China quail!"

My wife looked at the ceiling with passionate calm.

And gentlemen in Oshkosh, now a-bed,
Shall think themselves accurs'd they were not here,
And hold their manhoods cheap. . . .

A LOAD OF HARD MAPLE is a welcome sight to our office manager because it takes a lot to properly smooth out Jack Daniel's.

Neighbors with a use for extra money can count on our buying their hard maple. You see, it takes 10 cords to make enough charcoal to fill just one of the Charcoal Mellowing vats we seep our whiskey through. That's because it's ground up fine and packed tightly 10 feet deep. And the *sippin'* smoothness it gives Jack Daniel's is well worth all we do to keep a good supply.

CHARCOAL MELLOWED
DROP
BY DROP

©1965, Jack Daniel Distillery, Lem Motlow, Prop., Inc.
TENNESSEE WHISKEY • 90 PROOF BY CHOICE
DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY JACK DANIEL DISTILLERY • LYNCHBURG (POP. 384), TENN.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

She lit a cigarette with a trembling flame. "I say, my love, do you suppose it's too late to get the Empire back? Or at least some of the nicer bits?"

"Never!" I shouted. "We are just entering the period familiarly known as the nick of time, and from here on in, the going cannot be anything but good. Before the year is out, vertical-takeoff aircraft will be dropping like archangels all over the uncivilized world. Natives will run from the bush crying, 'What is that great shining bird that drops from the skies like Ukkra, God of Sleet?' and we shall answer, 'It is a British vertical-takeoff aircraft, you heathen bastards, sent from the Great White Queen across the oceans, and you have ten seconds flat in which to start the groveling routine."

She clasped her hands ecstatically. "Oh, think of it! There is trouble in the straits . . . the natives are running riot through the rubber . . . mud has been thrown at the flag."

"Ten thousand miles away a tall figure in muttonchop whiskers hails a cab in Downing Street and clops rapidly —"

"Clops?"

"All right, roars; roars rapidly through the night to Buckingham Palace . . . the Imperial Presence . . . the curt nods . . . the rasp of quill on parchment."

"Britain has decided to send a vertical-takeoff aircraft!"

"Ah!"

"Ah!"

I strode to the window, hands clasped behind me, and looked into the coruscating future. Behind me the radio muttered on, half heard. The bulletin was over, and a political commentator was expanding on the news, the way political commentators will.

"Britain should not be alarmed that the projected cooperation with the United States, and possibly Germany, in the development and construction of vertical-takeoff machines" — somewhere inside me, a tiny, inexplicable fist gathered a handful of intestine and squeezed — "will in any way detract from the importance of British research."

"What?" whispered my wife, and the terrible question dropped like lead shot through my misgivings. I silenced her.

" . . . our own world lead will now become merged with the lead of the Western alliance. It is to be insisted that a world lead shared is in no way a world lead lost . . ."

The radio clicked off. I turned, pity and panic wrestling in my bosom, to see her knuckles whitening on the edge of the blanket.

"We've made — we've made another noble gesture, haven't we?" she muttered.

Slowly I nodded. But the light, though waning fast, had not altogether passed from my eyes. "All is not utterly lost, my love," I said. "One truth remains. When it comes to noble gestures, Britain still —"

"Leads the world?" she murmured.

"That's right," I said.

Subways Are for Dancing

BY PHILIP T. HAYES

Philip Hayes is a native of Lynn, Massachusetts, and works near Boston for the U.S. government.

The experiment in piping music to subway platforms produced for me an adventure I shall long remember. It began the first time I heard the strains of Noel Coward's "I'll Follow My Secret Heart" bathing the white tiled walls of the Copley Square subway platform with its bittersweet enchantment.

Waiting patrons eyed their neighbors suspiciously, some gazing upward with amazement, while others

pressed trembling fingers to their temples and studied the stomach-distress billboards with new interest.

A woman standing to my right smiled. "I love that, don't you?"

"Yes," I replied, "but what is it?"

"Something new," she answered. "Piped-in music."

"Very nice," I said.

The throbbing show tunes were a sound track to our dialogue, making me feel, all at once, terribly British, terribly witty — a character in a film. Movie houses in the vicinity of Copley Square had responded to the call for a new Boston by no longer showing motion pictures. They all featured "films" — many English, all foreign.

"Quite," the woman replied, entering into the spirit of things.

I couldn't remember what I had said that was "quite," but I felt that the moment demanded something, some sort of wild, bravura, impulsive gesture on my part.

"Dance?" I asked, extending my arms.

"Love it," she responded, moving toward me.

We glided lithely between the poles and wastepaper receptacles, executing a graceful pivot that was marred somewhat when my partner struck her elbow on the Dentyne gum machine.

"Sorry about that." I smiled ruefully.

"Quite all right," she said. "It was nothing. Don't think of it."

"Tell me," I inquired, "do you come from hereabouts?" I executed a slight dip while the string bag of groceries, suspended from her arm, swung in an arc and struck me soundly between the shoulder blades.

"Sorry about that."

"Don't think of it," I said. "It was nothing. You still haven't answered my question."

She smiled, biting her lip. "I haven't been quite fair with you . . . you see . . . I'm married. Oh, please don't look at me like that. It hasn't been working out. God knows I've tried, but who knows what makes the magic go out of a relationship? What do you call this step we're doing now? It's awfully effective."

"I call it my double twinkle crossover," I said.

"Awfully effective," she murmured as the final notes of "My

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Funny Valentine" faded into the roar of an oncoming subway train.

"The music seems to have stopped." I laughed. "Would you care for something?" I indicated the soft-drink vending machine.

"Only if I can pay for my own," she replied. "I wouldn't want you to think — "

"I wouldn't hear of it," I interrupted. "I should never for a moment think — "

"Well," she pouted charmingly, "all right . . . I will."

"Natural or carbonated?" I asked.

"Grape soda, I think, uncarbonated."

We stood there quietly, sipping. "Can I see you again?"

She sighed. "We can't go on meeting like this. It's madness." She pushed a can of enriched deviled ham deeper into her string bag.

"Please," I begged, "say you'll be here next Wednesday."

"Perhaps." She smiled, then turned and fled through the opened door of a waiting train.

How can I describe the incredible depression that followed me through haunted days and nights until the Wednesday when I would see Her again? I began to see her everywhere. Once, as the piped-in music filled the aisles of my local supermarket, I thought I spied her standing between the cold-cut freezer and a mound of grapefruit, tapping one foot and rocking rhythmically as she consulted the list in her hand. I tiptoed up behind her and whispered softly, "Dance?" A stranger glowered back, balancing a grapefruit thoughtfully on one palm.

"Knock it off," she growled.

Again I thought I saw her in the drugstore examining a hot-water bottle, while the P.A. system blared "You and the Night and the Music." As I danced toward her with arms outstretched, she turned into an ugly crone, who flung the hot-water bottle at me and inquired, "How much with tax?"

Finally — it was Wednesday. There was none of the strain of our previous meeting. She talked quite freely. I found out that she was a woman of some culture and refinement who had attended B.U., where she studied Ethnic Folk Singing I, II, and III and changed her name from Gladys to Natasha.

During intermission we were standing by the newsstand dividing an Oh Henry bar when a furtive-looking gentleman, the type usually encountered in stations several stops farther downtown, sidled up to us.

"I been noticing you," he said. "You dance real good together."

Natasha's eyes danced into mine.

"Sir," he went on, "I wondered if you'd be interested in a little something for the lady?" He removed a grimy hand from his overcoat pocket and extended it. On the third finger glistened a blue-white diamond of incredible brilliance. "Fell off the back of a truck," he explained.

The shrill blast of a police whistle echoed through the station.

"My God! The Cops!" the man cried, running toward the exit.

"I can't become involved in anything like this," shrieked Natasha, running for the waiting train.

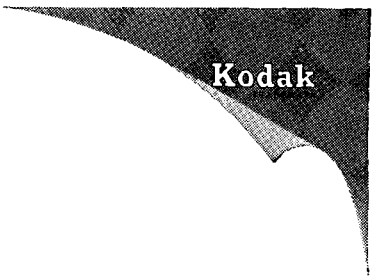
I crumpled the paper cup, and with a slight shrug, flung it into the litter basket; then I turned and walked slowly toward the stairs leading to the street, while the music on the sound track swelled "It Was Just One of Those Things," the characters dissolved, and the words "The End" filled the giant screen.

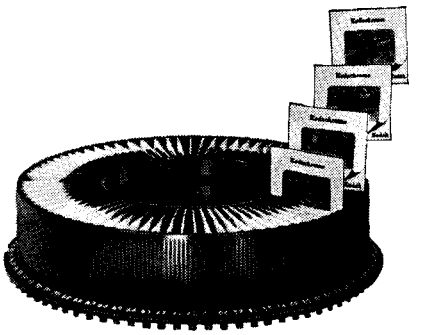
THE DINOSAURS AT THE FAIR

BY JOHN ALEXANDER ALLEN

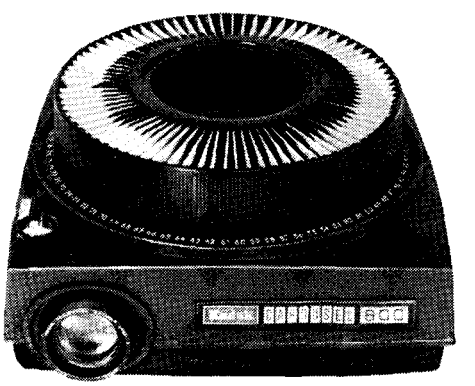
Where the sapient citizens
Flock to view the fruit of man's
Ingenuity, behold!
In replica, the saurian dolt
Rears his head with an immense
Bucolic air of innocence
Inspired by that pathetic crumb
That served him for a cerebrum
And kept the blissful sauropod
Gourmandizing in the mud
While mammals labored to erect
Our apprehensive intellect.

Bemused, the brainy biped stops
Beside the armed triceratops,
Admiring how those horns could vex
Toothy tyrannosaurus rex.
He contemplates the sixty million
Years that lie on those reptilian
Rivals, now a quiet brood
United in their fossilhood;
And, in the shadow of the vast
Blunders summoned from the past,
Wonders briefly if whatever
Slew the meek prefers the clever.





Dependable as gravity... simple as the wheel...



and now less than $80

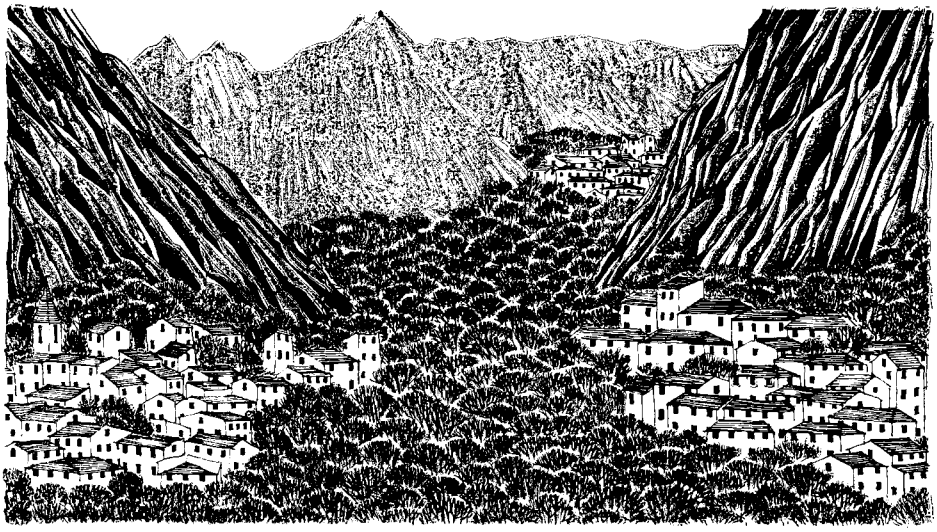
KODAK CAROUSEL Projector ...dependable as gravity because it works by gravity. Your slides *drop* gently into place from the famous round "long-play" tray. Simple as the wheel, the CAROUSEL Projector is jamproof and spillproof. It doesn't jam up in midshow or embarrass you in front of guests. Choose from three models: The CAROUSEL 600 gives you push-button control. The CAROUSEL 700 gives you remote control. The CAROUSEL 800 has fully automatic slide change plus remote focus, remote forward and reverse. And now, prices start at less than $80. See your Kodak dealer!

Price subject to change without notice

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY,
ROCHESTER, N.Y.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pleasures *and* places



IN THE APUAN ALPS

BY NORMAN THOMAS DI GIOVANNI

Comes a time in Italy, after you have absorbed so much beauty and so much decay as you can hold, when you long to break loose from the overordered, overcivilized Old World and taste again if only for the briefest spell clean and unencumbered desolation. For several months, sometimes thoughtfully, sometimes blankly, we had gaped at Italy's ancient stones from the Lombard-Gothic castles of Piemonte to the Byzantinish cathedrals of Puglia. Wanting at last to be done with all that, we made our way to the corner of Tuscany lying behind Carrara and Massa for some long walks and purposeless rambles in the empty chestnut woods and marble mountains of the Apuan Alps.

At a place called San Carlo Terme, on an overlook several hundred feet above Massa, we found a base in a reasonable pension. The locale — San Carlo could not be called a town — was advertised as a "Centro di Cura," or health resort. "Miraculous oligometalic waters" gushed from the rock not far from our hotel and were bottled in a plant so tiny that it was only the clinking of glass containers knocking together along a conveyor belt as you strolled past that gave the industry away. Italians came there for two weeks at a time to drink the stuff; Germans came for the day to enjoy the view. You could look up the narrow valley of the Frigido River into the heart of the mountains, or sitting on the hotel terrace see down to the Mediterranean shore along an arc of coast some twenty miles distant to the light on Tino Island at the entrance to the bay off Portovenere.

At the beginning of our stay, the hotel's only other guests were two Italians, young businessmen who had come for the cure. When during lunch on our first afternoon I asked them why they went to all the trouble and expense of the fortnight at San Carlo when they might have drunk the bottled water at home, they answered with melancholy resignation, "Ah, but the water's more efficacious near the source."

They left the next day for an overdue reunion with their families, and we did not see them again. That afternoon we took to the winding road for a hike up to the Madielle quarries. All the desolate mountains lay before us.

The Apuan Alps are a pocket range of extreme ruggedness whose principal peaks, just ten miles back from the sea, exceed five and six thousand feet in height. The impressive thing about these mountains in a country with many taller summits is that they rise right from sea level to more than a mile into the sky, with nothing but a narrow strip of coast separating them from the Mediterranean. So it is an absolutely clean and sudden six thousand feet. Also impressive is the concentration of these alps. Compressed into a very small area, this pile of jagged peaks and sharp ridges appears to be one massive impenetrable barrier of bare, awful rock; and for the most part is. Yet in the midst of this stony wilderness one finds a tremendous industry of mountaintop quarrying. And up in the cul-de-sac valleys, in tiny gloomy towns that are remote, though fifteen minutes from the center of modern Massa, lives a population of marble cutters, a people of remarkable, even heroic, endurance.

Early on the morning following our visit to the quarries, we set out again on shanks' mare — or as it is called in Italian, St. Francis' horse — for a really good excursion. How far we would go and exactly where, we could not tell. From our eyrie at San Carlo we saw three villages set on the mountain slopes one behind the other in a straight line. Pariana and Altagnana were on the wooded slopes of one mountain; Antona, higher up, was on the slopes of another. It was above Antona that we hoped to go, beyond where the road doubled back on itself in long tight turns like spilled ribbon, to a pass over the first treeless mountains that rose as a wall back of the village.

The morning road was cool, shaded by the thick scrub growth of chestnut trees. Being but a narrow shelf carved in the steep slopes, it kept to the contour of the mountain, tracing in and out the sides of deep wooded ravines. Each turn presented new sights, and from across the great open spaces the various sounds of quarrying carried to us and set our eyes searching for each source. A snarling engine miles and miles away turned out to be an old U.S. Army truck loaded with an enormous block of marble; looking like an ant under a huge crumb, it felt its way down a mountain track in first gear, more slowly even than a man could walk. The ringing of sledgehammers on steel: up on a spur peak, a lonely marble promontory of Mount Belvedere where the Madielle quarries were,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HOW TO GO FAR THIS FALL OR WINTER & BE RICH!

1. The most basic of basic rules for being rich is: Try to avoid being poor. And so, save yourself a small fortune; look at the low prices of these Alitalia Sunny Holidays. (As low as $459!) **2.** Think rich. Think of how you'd rather go to Europe or Africa than just South again this Fall or Winter. (Take another look at those low prices.) **3.** Act rich. Don't be one of the herd. Off-season travelers get the best of everything: best selection of rooms, food, services, tables, tickets, seats, opera, theater, guides, sightseeing, bargains. **4.** Invest wisely. For the price of a stamp (or a call to your travel agent) you can get all the Alitalia tour folders you want, each one full of inside information—the real differences in hotels, transportation, sightseeing, meals, transfers, rates, etc. Just reading one is an enriching experience. **5.** Keep your eyes open for Valuable Opportunities. Say, is that Alitalia coupon still down there? If it is—grab it!

Dear Tour Director, Alitalia Airlines,
666 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10019

Please send me folders on the Alitalia Sunny Holidays that I've checked in the boxes below. I have nothing against being richer than I am now.

sunny holiday to Spain and Portugal $459.00

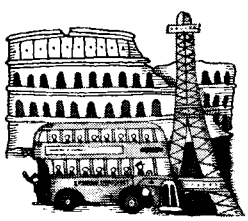
For 15 days! The travel bargain of the season—especially when you add up all the arrangements that we've made for you. Jet non-stop to Lisbon; then visit Fatima, Coimbra, Salamanca, Madrid, Granada, Seville and Monte Gordo! ☐

sunny holiday to Italy (group)—$599.50

15 days amid many of the greatest treasures of Europe...and the world! If it's priceless memories you want: live it up in Milan, Venice, Florence, Rome, Pisa, Genoa, and all between (as well as all the way across the Atlantic—with us). ☐

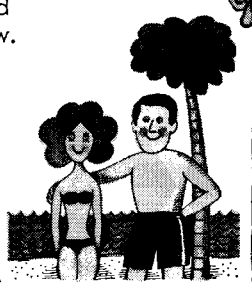
sunny holiday photo safaris to Africa—$1399.00

Take 19 days to see Africa while it's still Africa. But do it right. Take Alitalia and a good camera. Many extensions available. East Africa. West Africa. South Africa. Egypt. Ethiopia. The big danger is: you'll run out of film! ☐



sunny holiday to Europe On The Town—$799.50

21 days so breathtaking, we advise you to take a more restful vacation soon as you're home. London! Paris! Venice! Florence! Rome! Madrid! Toledo! Lisbon! Theater! Night Clubs! Excitement! Romance! Calories! Plus: Alitalia! ☐



sunny holiday to Portugal and Madeira—$499.00

15 days. Explore Lisbon. Visit Fatima, Sintra, Estoril and more. Then: one of the world's most enchanting islands: Madeira. Swim, fish, climb mountains, buy bargains...or dream in the sun of a way to stay! ☐

Other Alitalia tours well worth checking: ☐ Europe by Rent-A-Car ☐ Italy by Yourself ☐ Mystery of The Middle East ☐ Opera Tour

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

ALITALIA AIRLINES

All prices based on 21/14 day round-trip jet economy fare from N.Y.

Dept. A-9

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

three men astride a partially excavated block drove wedges into the rock. From somewhere else came a dynamite blast, no greater in sound than a gunshot, and then a pattering as of rain on leaves. Rocks and boulders showered down the mountainside, tumbling into the ravines as far as the battered tree line.

We reached Antona by noon. The town was touched by the highway, but no road entered it. None could. Its streets, cool narrow stairways and passages, were open only to foot traffic, for Antona was a jumble of stone houses piled together one above the other on a steep slope. Walking, or climbing, along its ways with just a crack of shining sky straight overhead was like walking down miniature canyons. Only with a certain instinct did we make all the right turns and come to the center of the maze, Antona's tiny square, a cement-paved opening among the doorways that was hardly bigger than a dance floor. At once, strangers being rare in such towns, we attracted attention; children backed away in fear, and adults gaped. We went into a couple of cavelike places and bought bread and cheese, cold meats, and beer to eat somewhere above the town under the last trees.

At a grocery in an Italian village you do not get service, you submit to it. Several people — loiterers or customers? — are ahead of you. Waiting, you follow the progress of one of them shopping, which runs like this: over each item she purchases, one at a time, the customer deliberates in silence, then semi-audibly makes up her mind, then discusses it publicly and thoroughly, and finally is served. Her next item: deliberation, decision, thorough discussion, service; third item: *idem*. Oh, it's a medieval torture when there are three or four of these women before you without a queue to indicate just how many. Medieval, too, because village women buy nothing their mothers and grandmothers had not bought day in and day out before them. Surely one-tenth kilo or one-and-one-half-tenths kilo of *salame* need not be the greatest decision of their lives. At least there are always chairs around for the rest of the customers to sit in. But I stood, and when my turn came I asked for two bottles of beer to be drunk now and another couple to take with me. The unusualness of the request caused a stir, but a mere ten minutes' worth of bustle ironed it out. I was brought two bottles almost right off, then made my other purchases; only at the end were the other two beers brought out. It was not that the beer might have warmed; it had never been chilled. Making two trips for four bottles of beer kept in a distant back room was just Italian style. By the time the last of the beer arrived, my collection of packages was popping and the contents sliding out, for the paper the stuff got wrapped in had been cut too short. What's done must be redone. The lady grocer announced:

"Better cut some bigger pieces of paper."

"No, don't bother."

"It's no trouble."

"All right, then."

"You don't want it?"

"No, it won't be necessary."

"But I've cut the paper now, and it's half done anyway."

While the other half was being done, and before I could escape (because I knew the packages were about to pop again), I studied some postcard views of the town that lay dusty and half-buried under the litter of the counter. An old-fashioned sepia photo of a highway bridge spanning a gully, and another of the town's church, whose only distinction was that it was unusually ugly for Italy. Twice I leafed through the pile of old postcards for other views, but there were only the two scenes, the highway bridge and the church. Amid the wide natural splendor of the mountains, the absolute dreariness and narrowness of the town suddenly struck me like a blow. We departed in haste.

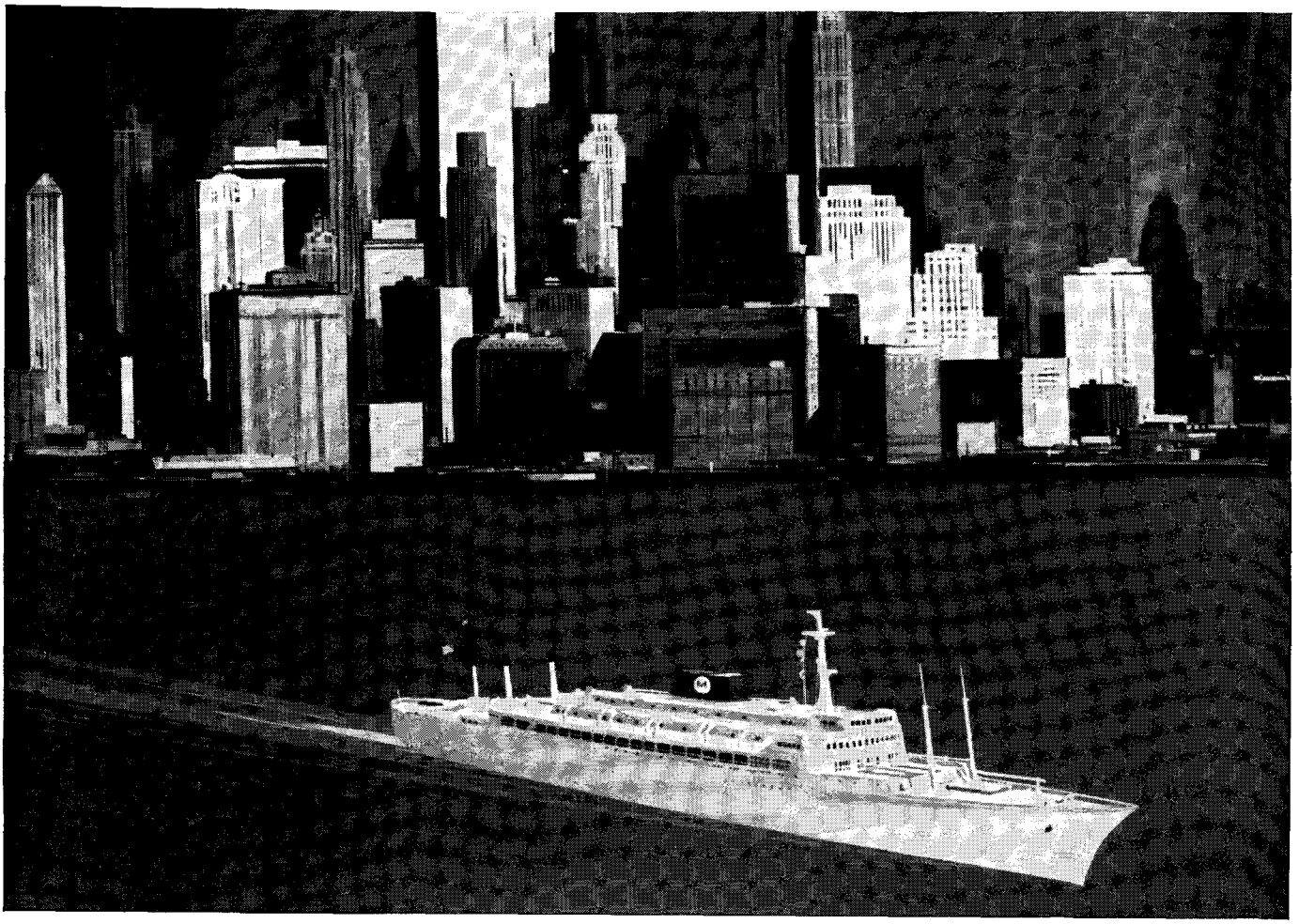
Out into the little square, bearing terrible appetites, we had to face our major problem: how were we to get out of the place and onto the path above the town, which cut off a couple of kilometers of looping highway? I asked a group of women who sat chatting on the parapet of a wall, and my worst fears came alive: it seemed that the possibilities of egress were infinite and many of them subtle. A path existed all right, but there was enormous discussion and vast disagreement among them about reaching it. They pointed, but their pointing was valueless because their hands indicated only the blank walls of the stone houses which I could see neither over nor through; besides, they pointed in different places. But among the five, one of the women spoke up positively, using such explicit terms as "third left" and "second right." The others, who sabotaged her efforts, said things like, "They should go to Francesca's house," or, "They might cut through Carlo's olives." Plainly, their directions would never do; instead, I pursued my good woman's instructions, from there on questioning and hearing her exclusively. (One learns

to develop this faculty of eliciting a single right answer after several months in Italy, for country Italians, though well intentioned, give directions poorly.)

In five minutes we had come out of the maze and were spreading our food at the edge of an olive grove under huge chestnut trees. A little woman came down the rocky slope striding with seven-league boots; balanced on her head was a burlap rag the size of a bed sheet and stuffed with grass, and behind her, trotting to keep up, was a great female goat. The woman was more surefooted than her beast. We looked out onto the roofs of the town, which were like one great roof gone crazy and fallen to many pieces. And I began reflecting to myself on the Italians. Take them seriously and they will break your heart; but see them comically, plunging into their midst only on the edge of caring, and you will survive and even enjoy them and their country. But — as history shows — pity the man of strict principles in that incongruous nation.

Now we began climbing. The old road, which once ended at Antona with only a track continuing over the mountain to the Fioba Plain, was being converted into an excellent modern highway, asphalted, and with great thick stone walls bearing the tight hairpin turns. We scrambled straight up between these

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Fast Getaway... from the foot of 57th Street

...into another world that focuses on your every pleasure, every whim, every desire. A beautiful world of unspeakable shipboard luxury, of gayety and relaxation. The 'Champagne Touch' world of Moore-McCormack. And it greets you the instant you step on board the ss ARGENTINA or ss BRASIL, America's newest, most modern luxury liners. From that moment on, you're on vacation. There's a 'Bon Voyage' excitement. Streamers. Parties inside the posh cafes. Music from the ship's orchestra. And then...to your room. Spacious, exquisitely decorated, *and outside*. All staterooms are *first class*, regardless of the rate you pay. Each with private bathroom. Comfort-deep beds. Carpeting wall-to-wall. Ample closets. With your personally assigned steward taking care of your every need.

Both the ss ARGENTINA and ss BRASIL are stabilizer-equipped, with draft free air-conditioning from stem to stern. So that wherever you cruise with us —South America, Scandinavia, Iberia, Africa, Caribbean, Mediterranean—it'll be smooth, comfortable sailing all the way. And all the way, you enjoy superbly prepared international cuisine. Cocktail parties. Dancing. Professional night club entertainment. The theatre. All kinds of deck sports. Two salt water pools. And shopping at much below stateside prices. Service? Unsurpassed, and 'round the clock. This is just a part of Moore-McCormack's 'Champagne Touch'. Part of the world of luxury that begins at the foot of Manhattan's 57th Street.

See your travel agent...for a fast getaway that's out of this world!

South America Cruises: 31-days from NEW YORK, sailing Oct. 8, Nov. 19, Mar. 18, Apr. 22
35-day Christmas-New Year Cruise: from NEW YORK, Dec. 22—from PT. EVERGLADES, Fla., Dec. 24
Calling at: St. Thomas, Rio de Janeiro, Santos (São Paulo), Montevideo, Buenos Aires, Barbados, San Juan
Caribbean Cruises: 7 to 13-days from NEW YORK, Oct. 6, 14, 29, Nov. 10, 18, Dec. 2
7-days from BOSTON, Sept. 21. 8 to 13-days from PT. EVERGLADES, Fla., Dec. 4, 12, 23
Sea-Safari Cruise: 63-days from NEW YORK to South America-Africa-Mediterranean, Jan. 24, 1966
—from PT. EVERGLADES, Fla., Jan. 26, 1966
Carnaval-in-Rio Cruise: 35-days from NEW YORK, Feb. 9, 1966—from PT. EVERGLADES, Fla., Feb. 11, 1966

The "Champagne Touch" of Bygone Days Aboard the Most Modern Ships Afloat

MOORE-McCORMACK LINES

ss ARGENTINA • ss BRASIL

Dept. AT-9 **Two Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10004**

All Moore-McCormack ships are registered under the Flag of the United States of America.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

long switchbacks to save ourselves miles of road. At the top there were no more trees, just rock and a burning sun. For a half mile we kept to the highway until reaching a small new hotel that was wedged in the rock and looked like a Swiss chalet. Its proud owner, a schoolteacher from Antona, was at work with masons laying paving stones in the drive. We had drinks with him on a small porch, looking far down from where we had come to a triangle of sea that showed between the mountains. He spoke enthusiastically about parties of Germans and Englishmen who drove up from the coast nights to watch the stars over the mountains and enjoy the vast silence and eat great meals of hare and polenta. We told him we were Americans. He said he was a sculptor and that his town, Antona, had commissioned him to do a bust of the late President Kennedy.

"How did that come about?" I asked.

"Antona is a very Catholic town," he said.

"Aren't all these towns very Catholic?"

"Not the same as Antona," he said. "We loved your President. I have written Mrs. Kennedy."

He led us to a corner of the hotel yard where the footpath wound up to the pass.

"*Tante grazie.*"

"Just follow the orange blazes."

The path was a taste of real Alpine country. At first it turned between tall stone fences that bounded tiny pastures and bits of garden and vineyard, but soon it was in the open. From there on, the ground was all broken stone and tufts and pockets of dwarf flowers — yellows and whites and blues. Back and forth and up zigzagged our way. Against the sky stood a hut that looked like a goatherd's shelter, and nearby, a thin cross of iron was planted in an outcrop of the rock. We were some time climbing before the cross and the stone hut appeared any closer. On entering, we found it to be a sanctuary marking the spot where a supposed religious miracle had taken place two centuries before. There were stubs of burnt-out candles on the floor and an old fresco, scratched and fading, on one wall. It was not a good piece of work, yet there was something touching in the devotion of men who would climb such heights, and with wet plaster and paints commemorate an occasion that was dear to them. A marble plaque erected on the bicentennial of the legend attempted an explanation, but the text was so poorly composed I could not tell what it meant to relate. I am by nature out of sympathy with religious beliefs, but it was impossible not to admire the rough simplicity of the little enclosure nestled there in the absolute silence of the mountains high above all human habitation.

A few rods beyond the shrine lay the pass. There we sank down on tufts of soft thick grass, and in awe and wonderment beheld all the Apuan Alps before us. Over the rim and across a vast bowl were the lofty stone peaks of Tambura and Cavallo and the Sellas. And far, far below, in gullies too narrow to be called valleys and where no trace of road could be seen, were a few isolated, sparsely settled villages. No more of them showed than their rooftops, a half dozen or so strung in a single row along hidden roads. The atmosphere was windless; we drank in the great emptiness. Here at last was what we had come for: desolation enough to soothe the sorest American soul.

The next afternoon, wanting to see what it was like down under the mountains, I went alone on the bus along the Frigido to the last stop, a forsaken little town called Forno. I should have imagined the place beforehand — the gang saws slicing the marbles into thin slabs in big sheds by the river, clouding the water with stone dust; the acres of pulverized rock around the stone-crushing pits — and not found it so depressing. But where desolate nature may be inspiring, desolate humanity is not. Forno was pressed in at the bottom of a gorge that was wide enough to accommodate only the narrow river and the narrower road running alongside it. But somehow the men there had managed to squeeze tall houses in, both by the road and, spanning the stream with footbridges, by the river as well. No side streets, no sidewalks, just five- and six-floor row houses with rock walls pressing in behind. To turn around, the bus had to drive above the town and back into a slot blown out of the blue-black ledge. I walked through the town toward the quarries, stopping only to take in a nightmarish tenement that overlooked the river. It was a long warren of five floors, with corridor balconies running its full length; eight doors opened on to each balcony, and by the forty-eight or more chimney pots on the roof, I estimated some forty families lived there. Half of them swarmed the balconies, gazing down on the heap of garbage and refuse turning pulpy on the rocks of the shallow river. Where the women washed clothes, discarded rags thrown from the heights had been caught in the leafless shrubs and bloomed there. I went on, walking past signs that warned of the blasting, and into the stone pits. Here was an end-of-the-world sort of place where suddenly the rock rose up in vertical stratifications, as if the bowels of the earth had gushed out in a flamelike column and then been frozen forever.

On my return I paused to talk with a man, and together in the late afternoon gloom we looked down from a bridge into the dizzying gorge. Wagtails bobbed among the rocks in the stream bed. I had been reading the history of the Resistance movement and asked him what it had been like in Forno then. The partisans, who to my mind showed themselves the most principled Italians of recent times, had been ten thousand strong in the valleys of Massa-Carrara during the last months of World War II.

He himself had been a prisoner of war in Africa, he said, but the town had been quite active in combating the Germans the summer of 1944 and the following winter. He then told me about the Germans' act of reprisal, the Forno massacre, when one day the enemy came into the town with a force of tanks, rounded seventy-five young men out of their homes (they ranged in age from eighteen to twenty-five), and machine-gunned them to death by the river below the town. After I heard that, the terror of the place seemed complete. Only a few minutes later, barreling along in the bus, I saw the spot marked by a memorial in a niche of the canyon wall.

Perhaps, after all, the human lives under the mountain were not so desolate as my eyes had superficially judged. Certainly, considering the record of the partisans, I had encountered splendors down in the valleys of these Apuan Alps as well as on the passes. So it seemed to me on the way back to the hotel at San Carlo.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Encyclopædia Britannica says:

A little knowledge is a dangerous thing.
So is a lot.

The more you know, the more you need to know—as Albert Einstein, for one, might have told you. Great knowledge has a way of bringing with it great responsibility.

The people who put the Encyclopædia Britannica together feel the same way. After all, if most of the world had come to count on you as the best single source of complete, accurate, up-to-date information on everything, you'd want to be pretty sure you knew what you were talking about.

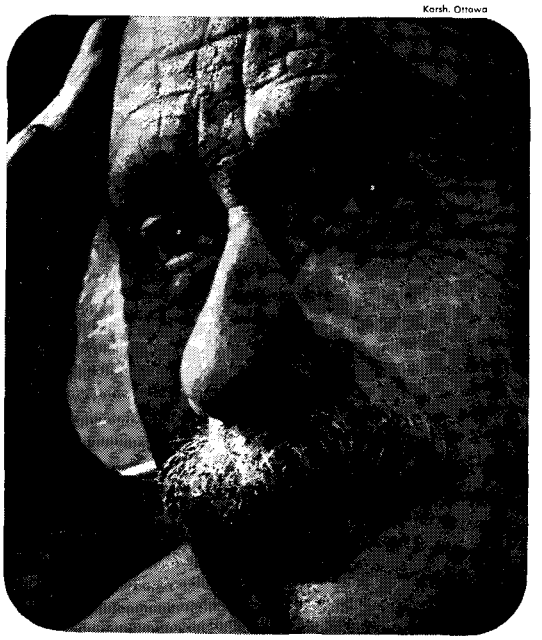
Our system for making sure is called "accelerated continuous revision." We use it because it's the best way ever invented to keep an encyclopædia up to date. (Even though no other publisher can afford the tremendous editorial resources it demands.)

New learning comes to light every hour of the day, and under accelerated continuous revision, editorial changes are proceeding every hour of the day. In the last five years alone, the Encyclopædia Britannica has revised more material than any other English language "encyclopedia" contains in the first place.

It might be easier for us to take short cuts, or write down to people, or edit out information, or choose contributors of lesser stature, or relax some of our editorial requirements, or censor a topic not too many readers might be interested in. But we'll leave that to our imitators.

We don't happen to feel there's a limit to what people will want to know.

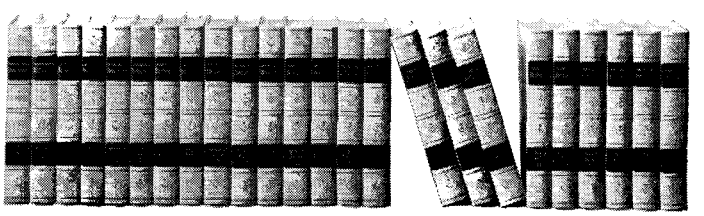
Karsh, Ottawa



". . . space and time are welded together into a uniform four-dimensional continuum."
From the Britannica article SPACE-TIME by Albert Einstein, Volume 21, page 106.

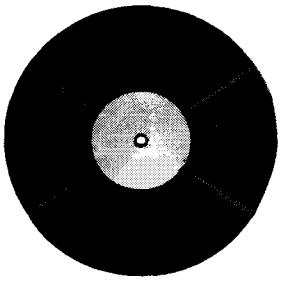
17:68

Encyclopaedia Britannica, Inc., 425 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois 60611. Encyclopædia Britannica, Britannica Junior Encyclopædia, Compton's Pictured Encyclopedia, Great Books of the Western World, Britannica Schools, Encyclopædia Britannica Press, Inc., G. & C. Merriam Co., Encyclopædia Britannica Films, Inc. For more information, write the address above.



Watch National Geographic's "Americans on Everest," brought to you by Encyclopaedia Britannica, in color on CBS Television at 7:30 p.m. (Eastern Daylight Time) Friday, September 10.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Record Reviews

BY HERBERT KUPFERBERG

Beethoven: Piano Sonata No. 32 in C Minor, Opus 111; Galuppi: Piano Sonata No. 5 in C; Scarlatti: Piano Sonatas in C Minor, L.352; C Major, L.104; and A Major, L.483

Arturo Benedetti Michelangeli, pianist; London CS-6446 (stereo) and CM-9446

Recordings by the Italian pianist Arturo Benedetti Michelangeli are far too infrequent, considering the unusual combination of elegance and strength he brings to whatever he performs. Beethoven's C Minor Sonata is the last of the thirty-two, a subtle, cryptic, yet beautiful work, which Benedetti meets on its own terms with a fine blend of poetic insight and technical refinement. As always, he is a pianist who digs into the music rather than into the keyboard. The sonata by Baldassarre Galuppi (a composer celebrated in a poem by Browning) is a gracious, lovely eighteenth-century work, and it is played, like the three Scarlatti sonatas, with crystalline clarity.

Wagner: Die Götterdämmerung

Georg Solti conducting Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra and State Opera Chorus with Birgit Nilsson and Claire Watson, sopranos; Wolfgang Windgassen, tenor; Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, baritone; Gottlob Frick, bass; and others; London OSA-1604 (stereo) and A-4604: six records

A few years ago London's recording of *Das Rheingold*, first of the *Ring* operas, established a new set of standards for Wagnerian recordings under controlled studio conditions. Since then, most of the complete Wagner releases (such as Mercury's *Parsifal* and RCA Victor's *Die Meistersinger*) have been taped at live performances. This magnificent *Götterdämmerung*, the climax of the *Ring* cycle, was specially recorded in the Vienna Sofiensäle with meticulous planning, closely supervised engineering, and even a touch of electronic magic. Sometimes such studio performances seem to lack the spark of spontaneity, but not this one. The last of the *Ring* operas is unfolded with dramatic sweep and musical grandeur. The power of Birgit Nilsson's Brünnhilde is predictable, but equally commanding in their roles are Gottlob Frick as the dark-voiced villain Hagen, Claire Watson as a more than usually appealing Gutrune, and Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau as her irresolute brother, Gunther. The trios of Norns and Rhinemaidens are likewise convincing, although the latter indulge in some overly girlish giggling. Only Wolfgang Windgassen seems somewhat outclassed; his tenor is light for a Siegfried, and while he never is inaudible, he doesn't exactly establish himself as a forceful personality. Solti doesn't rush his climaxes or his singers; he conducts as though he knew *Götterdämmerung* were a long opera, and one that must proceed at its own pace. As for the electronic tricks and the sound effects introduced by producer John Culshaw, these are both imaginative and tasteful. Thunderclaps are used sparingly but effectively; and sometimes, as when Siegfried assumes the guise and the mannerisms of Gunther to approach Brünnhilde in Act II, a singer's voice is artificially darkened. Windgassen, in fact, benefits from the treatment; nowhere else does he sound so authoritative and imposing. But actually, this *Götterdämmerung* has little need of such artificial enhancements; it can stand on pure musical values as a superb recording, and a revelation for our time of the enduring power of Wagner's genius.

Do You Remember? Radio's Greatest Themes

Eddie Layton at the Hammond organ; Epic BN-26146 (stereo) and LN-24146

Musically, the value of this record is slight, not to say nil, but nostalgically, ah, that's another question. Many a listener will have his memory jogged and even jostled by the succession of old radio theme songs that pour from Mr. Layton's Hammond organ. It's comforting, somehow, to be reminded of the era when Singin' Sam the Barbasol Man, Jack Armstrong the All-American Boy, and the Goldbergs provided some of life's amenities. Some of the tunes that introduced these programs weren't half bad, either — Toselli's Serenade for the Goldbergs, "Two Guitars" for the A & P Gypsies, "Manhattan Serenade" for Easy Aces, and the like. Mr. Layton plays them all straight, with the only voice heard being that of the Shadow (asking, as darkly and rhetorically as ever, "Who knows what evil lurks in the hearts of men?"). With so many law enforcement agents and agencies represented (others include Mr. Keen, Tracer of Lost Persons, the FBI in War and Peace, and Mr. District Attorney), it's too bad no room was found for Sherlock Holmes, whose radio exploits used to be heralded by a particularly ominous portion of the overture to Gilbert and Sullivan's *Ruddigore*.

Cinema '76: Songs of the Continental Soldier

Words and music by Ray Charles, arranged and conducted by Tony Mottola; issued by Continental Insurance Companies CILP-500 (monaural only)

This is the most unusual, imaginative, and listenable children's record to have been issued in a long time. It first came out as a souvenir of the Continental Insurance Pavilion at the New York World's Fair, which showed its audiences a collection of bright and engaging cartoon slides about unsung heroes of the Revolutionary War — people like Deborah Sampson, the only woman to enlist in the Continental Army, Allan McLane, who did its espionage work, John Glover, who improvised its amphibious branch, and other worthies. The slides were accompanied by gay and clever folk songs written by Ray Charles and sung by an unidentified vocal group under the direction of Tony Mottola. This is a recording of those songs, eight of them, all abounding in charm, good cheer, and some solid information. One little ditty about how Baron von Steuben instilled discipline in the Continentals is a special delight, with its bouncy refrain: "Eins, Zwei, Drei, Vier, General von Steuben was here!" The attractive album contains not only the words of the songs but reproductions of the slides that illustrated them. The record, a twelve-inch monaural LP, is available from the Continental Insurance Companies, 80 Maiden Lane, New York 10038, at $2.00, including shipping costs.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Unique new organ, new low price range: The Hammond K-111 spinet organ. Traditional styling in Mahogany. $895. Other models from $585. All prices include bench and local delivery. Prices subject to change without notice.

Amazing musical instrument for people who just don't have much time to practice

(There's never been a better year to buy a Hammond Organ)

PERHAPS, like many, you long to play music, but haven't time to spare for lessons.

Then here is a new musical instrument created especially for you—the new K-100 Series Hammond Organ.

There's never been a musical instrument quite like it.

You create, *automatically*, the sounds of Hawaiian guitar, banjo and an exciting new sound called Novavox. With a touch of the finger, you play harpsichord, marimba, mandolin, trumpet, trombone, woodwinds, strings.

You can play each instrumental sound by itself, or blend them into brilliant orchestral effects, with full organ accompaniment—all with a flick of the wrist.

A patented reverberation unit, a new sound system and 28 control tabs are all designed to make you sound good without a world of practice.

And this may be the best news of all: you can buy this newest Hammond Organ for just $895. Tone for tone, dollar for dollar, no other electronic instrument can touch it. And this year you can choose from the widest range of models ever offered.

Truly, there's never been a better year to buy a Hammond Organ. See your Hammond dealer now.

HAMMOND ORGAN COMPANY
4200 WEST DIVERSEY AVENUE
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60639

Please send me complete information about the K-100 Series Hammond Organs. There is no cost or obligation.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ STATE_____
County Zip Code

Music's most glorious voice

HAMMOND ORGAN

Also makers of the Hammond Piano

A9-35R1

©1965 Hammond Organ Company

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKSHELF

THE ATLANTIC

Karsh

The Peripatetic Reviewer BY EDWARD WEEKS

PART of the delight of fly-fishing is that one does it alone, or if for salmon, in the company of a silent guide. This is not to say that the angler goes about his business in monastic calm: there are always irritants to contend with — the slippery boulders under water, the blackflies and midges above; and in his communion with nature he vents his exasperation by talking to himself, sometimes in grunts, sometimes in more colorful terms. This self-address has not yet been recorded, but a long-playing record of such a soliloquy would, I think, be an amusing Christmas novelty for Abercrombie's.

For each of us there comes a day, not necessarily the first, when our timing is off. The elements, of course, have a way of conspiring, and a tired elbow may be a further handicap, but whatever the cause, the result is certain to be humiliating. Take an early July morning at the salmon brook pool on the southwest Miramichi. The river is low, and the water pouring down the brook is several degrees cooler than the river, and with this lure there can be no doubt that fish have moved in during the night, though none as yet is showing. Since the sun is at my back, I move into the shadow of the trees before I begin to cast. There is an air of expectancy about this first approach to an unmolested pool.

But why is there so much belly in my opening casts? The fly swings in a loose, wide arc; to straighten things out I retrieve a little line, and as I do so take my Green Highlander away from the first fish that rises. I suspect that he was a grilse and that I pricked him, for he doesn't come back. Still in the shadows, I work my way slowly down toward the deeper apartments in the pool, the hot spot where a salmon is apt to lie. Suddenly there is a convulsion as a big fish turns for my fly and misses it. "That was a salmon," comments Ranny, the guide, and I get the implied reproach, for there was still that cursed belly in my line. "Rest the fish," says my self-address system. "Rest him until he is back in position, and step back, you bloody fool, so as to get a better angle." The wind is rising, blowing straight upstream, ruffling the water, and when I try to allow for it, I put too much elbow in the rod, and leader and fly hit the water with a *ga-lump!* "Nice going!" says the self-address. "That's a mean wind," says Ranny. I try to take care, for my fly must be almost over the salmon by now, but nothing happens. Perhaps he has dropped back, and with this thought I pull out more line, and my next curling cast stirs a fish on the far side. I wasn't ready for him, my attention being centered on the salmon's lair, and all I saw was the bright gleam of a grilse as he leapt and ran before shaking the hook free. "Just one of those days, you ass!" says the self-address.

My line is all over the place, and standing at the edge of the pool, I reel it in until there is hardly more than five feet above the tip. Automatically and without thinking, I make a short cast toward the hot spot: the fly must have landed right before the salmon's nose, for he smacked it, hooked himself, and was off. This was a reprieve I didn't deserve, and as he came out of water, a good ten-pounder, and fought upstream in the pool, I had a growing feeling of dominance. But in his fight for freedom the pool proved too confining, and in a flash he turned and headed downriver, taking out backing by the yard and roiling the water sixty yards below us. "Get down to him," shouted Ranny.

"Yes, get down to him, you fool. Never mind the boulders. Keep going. And take in your slack! Damnit, the reel is loose. Screw it tighter. There he goes again. You've got to get down to him. Blast this reel. You'll lose him with all that slack. Hurry! Goddamnit, hurry!" But we never quite closed the distance. When last seen he was headed for Boiestown, and then the line

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Peripatetic Advertiser

Some fortunate critics have obviously fled the city's monotonous heat and taken their typewriters to climates cool and crisp. Their pronouncements are both lively and benign and enjoyment of their work sparkles in every paragraph.

Two books on this page celebrate men who have languished far too long in footnotes. **Rogue's Progress: The Autobiography of "Lord Chief Baron" Nicholson** ($5.95) was first published in England in 1860 and has been out of print for many years; now edited with an introduction by John L. Bradley, this rogue's story obviously captivated an early reviewer, "Alas the mutability of human affairs!" cries the Baron midway through his memoirs. As you can see, he tried to write like a good Victorian but his trouble was that he wasn't. After an in and out career in debtor's prisons, he established an entertainment and catering company called the Judge and Jury Society which specialized in raunchy skits and suggestive songs filled with some poisonous legal puns. (Some few of these are reproduced.) He also introduced Poses Plastiques, a forerunner of striptease. His style is heavily facetious or (in Victorian terms) he displays 'a silverless wit' at every turn. His cheerful amorality is undoubtedly what allowed him to survive. In an age that equated running debt with punishable sin (today Renton Nicholson would be a master juggler of credit cards and installment buying) he simply couldn't stay out of the red." — Virginia Kirkus

When a man reminds a historian of Daniel Boone and James Bond in one, it is time he was rescued from the small print. In Robert Alberts' **The Most Extraordinary Adventures of Major Robert Stobo** ($6.95) Stobo enters the pages of history on horseback, at the head of a company of Provincial Virginia troops, marching as reinforcements into Colonel George Washington's encampment on the western frontier.

"Vivid picture of life in 18th century colonial America, the tense excitement of a capture, escape and pursuit that recall, somehow, the disparate exploits of a Daniel Boone and a James Bond," said Martin Blumenson. "Heel or hero — you can take your choice — Major Stobo struts, swaggers, and slashes his way through this scholarly and immensely readable book, much as he did in life." — Walter O'Meara. ". . . picaresque tale which brings the 18th century to life . . . a thrilling story," — Oliver Jensen of the *American Heritage*.

When a critic finds an 800 page book a 'bonanza' the weather must be wonderful! **The Fifty Best American Short Stories 1915-1965,** ($6.95) touched off a lot of eloquence. And no wonder, for the contributor's names are spell binders from Hemingway and Ring Lardner to Updike and Shirley Jackson. As the critics say,

". . . this volume is one that, for all who have any interest in the immediate past serves as a remarkably vivid record of a changing America. . . . story after story reveals, in gradual chronological progression, the changing feel and tone and climate of the passing years. As a golden anniversary celebration, as an informal historical document, and as a bright, rewarding anthology . . . (this) demands warm and grateful reception. — Richard Sullivan, *Books Today*. "This is a collection but the book deserves definition by another and better word something synonymous with super-collection. . . . this is truly the cream. Any doubts about the short story being an art form are dispelled by these masterpieces." — John K. Sherman, *Minneapolis Tribune*. ". . . few readers will be able to resist this 800-page bonanza." — John Barkin, The *Philadelphia Sunday Bulletin*.

One of the most beautifully illustrated books of the summer rated some jewelled prose, **Avignon in Flower** by Marzieh Gail, illustrated by Pauline Baynes ($6.00). "I think it's wonderful. I like her short, vivid, pungent sentences and the book has full many a generous helping of wit and charm. She also gives a rare perspective on Islam and other oriental aspects of medieval history." — Guy Murchie. ". . . a kind of tapestry come to life with brilliant scenes from the lives of Petrarch and the Popes alternately interwoven." — Dr. Robert Gulick, Jr. ". . . very fine historical work, impeccably documented, yet never pedantic or overfull with details. It conjures up the atmosphere of Avignon in the age of the Popes with vividness and it is rich in psychological gifts as well as in historical imagination." — Henri Peyre.

Ever since *One Boy's Boston*, admirers all over the country have watched for another chapter in the personal history of a great official historian. **Spring Tides** by Samuel Eliot Morison ($4.00) decorated by Samuel Bryant, is an affectionate reminiscence that will trigger an epidemic of sea fever.

Houghton Mifflin Company, *Publishers*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

went dead, and I knew that we had lost him and felt, as one always does, dismay at my helplessness and admiration for a good fighter.

Fortunately there are always consolations for the defeated angler, and the first comes out of a bottle as, waders removed and feet up, he takes from Matt and Murray the ribbing that is coming to him on the porch of the cabin. Ken's lunch — Ken is the best cook on a wood fire in the north country — of hash, grilse salad, shortbread cookies, and coffee paves the way for a ninety-minute nap that follows. Then as one awakens for the second half of the day, one begins to appreciate life with a fresh heart: to notice the pine grosbeaks and purple finches which are digging away for the salt around the smokehouse, the big cow moose that ambles down for her evening greens on the opposite shore, the wind which had been such a devil in the morning now swinging to the southwest and dropping, the river as it shades from blue to molten metal, which will turn to jet as the sun goes down behind the ridge, and the slender crescent moon. "A dry moon," says Ranny. "Good fishing tomorrow."

OUR GREATEST REVOLUTION

NEVER CALL RETREAT, the third and climactic volume of BRUCE CATTON'S Centennial History of the Civil War (Doubleday, $7.50), is a vigorous and illuminating book. It takes hold in December of 1862 when Jefferson Davis had been drawn incognito from Richmond to the Mississippi Valley to see what could be done to keep the Federals from splitting the Confederacy. General Lee had been apprehensive about this threat for the reason that his horses and mules came from the West and the army of northern Virginia was in short supply. In Washington President Lincoln was concerned about the French in Mexico; more concerned about the ironclads which were being built in Britain for the Confederacy and which, if allowed to sail, might destroy the blockade; most of all, concerned about finding a general who would not grow numb when confronted with Lee and Stonewall Jackson. In the months to come he would try Burnside and Joe Hooker before he finally saw in Meade and then in Grant the rugged unconquerables he had been searching for. In the campaigns of late '62 and early '63, Lee had the odds in his favor at Fredericksburg, and his genius won at Chancellorsville, though it cost him the life of Jackson. But the venture into Pennsylvania proved at Gettysburg to be a desperate roll of the dice, and at the high point of Pickett's charge, the South's hope for a military decision that would end the war came to an end. Thereafter, Davis and Lee could only play for time.

What makes the great epic so fresh and telling in Mr. Catton's prose is his power to judge these men as if they were our contemporaries; his scouring of all the memorabilia for human detail and for those quotations from letters which leap from the page; and, finally, the masterly way in which he describes the social revolution which the fighting released within the nation. "The nation," he writes, "had not been driven to war by its desire to free the slaves; instead it had been driven to free the slaves by its desire to win the war." He shows by what cautious degrees Lincoln approached the Emancipation Proclamation: how the President first toyed with the idea of exporting the liberated for a fresh start in some foreign land. And Catton points out that when emancipation, which he terms "the greatest single change in American life," arrived, it did so "without the benefit of any advance planning." The runaways, amounting in some cases to thirty or forty thousand, were placed in concentration camps supervised by the nearest Union army, where the food was scant and the death rate high. When Lincoln took the next step of placing them in uniform, the die was cast. Here is how Frederick Douglass, a former slave, put it: "Once let the black man get upon his person the brass letters, *U.S.;* let him get an eagle on his button, and a musket on his shoulder, and bullets in his pocket, and there is no power on earth which can deny that he has earned the right to citizenship in the United States."

Much of the enrichment of Catton's splendid book comes from those who saw the truth while history was being made. When over a bottle of wine in his cabin Admiral Farragut spoke his mind to General Banks and said in conclusion, "We must fight this thing out until there is no more than one man left and that man must be a Union man. Here's to his health," he was expressing a determination the South always underestimated. When a Union infantryman on the night of Chancellorsville wrote, "Darkness was upon us, and Jackson was on us, and fear was on us," he was saying in his way what terrible fighting had to be endured before the Union could be saved.

The two greatest men in the book are, of course, Abraham Lincoln and Robert E. Lee, and when Lee writes to his wife of his hopes and dreads in the spring of '63, or when Lincoln writes to Joe Hooker, whom he is appointing to succeed Burnside despite the calumny which Hooker has been spreading about him, the words have a strength and nobility which make us proud that we can claim them both. There is magnificent comedy in this, as when Porter at the cost of $8.61 has his carpenters fit out an old flat-bottom scow with a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

round turret and a small deckhouse, and then in the dead of night drifts this reputed monitor past the Confederate forts to instill a fear which disrupts the Southern fleet; corruption, as under Ben Butler in New Orleans; breathtaking beauty, as when Pickett's mile-long line comes out into the sunlight for its final charge; and tragedy, so superbly controlled at Appomattox. Mr. Catton and his publishers are to be congratulated.

HAPPINESS AT SEA

Mankind has long been divided between those who yearn to go to sea and those who don't, and for those who do, no wiser chronicler exists than SAMUEL ELIOT MORISON, historian, rear admiral retired, and a saltwater cruiser since boyhood. In his *Admiral of the Ocean Sea* and his *John Paul Jones* he has recorded the exploits of two of the most audacious skippers; more modestly, more lovingly, and with that precise Yankee touch that gives his prose such style, he now tells in SPRING TIDES (Houghton Mifflin, $4.00) of the boats, the voyages, the reading and remembrance which have given him such personal happiness. The little book is dedicated to his wife, Priscilla, and reading one of its most perfect chapters, "A September Cruise," one can readily see why.

Good sailors are men of resourcefulness and of magnificent prejudice, too, as can be seen from Sam Morison's occasional allusions to those "stinkpots," the cabin cruisers; they are also men of poetry. Melville was (Morison quotes his glorious phrase "the humming silence," which occupies a cabin in storm), and so was H. M. Tomlinson; John Masefield is, and so is Admiral Sam — his book is alive with it, especially the account of the summer cruise he made with Alec Forbes in the Aegean thirty years ago, a blend of seamanship and scholarship, poetic in its appreciation.

OIL IN THE GARDEN OF EDEN

A SOUVENIR FROM QAM (Holt, Rinehart and Winston, $4.50) is MARC CONNELLY'S first venture in the field of light fiction. His skill as a dramatist is a guarantee that his narrative will be well plotted and entertaining. The action is centered in Suruk, fabled to be the original site of the Garden of Eden, a tiny kingdom whose people, dependent on agriculture for two thousand years, are made frightened or rapacious at the prospect of the king's new Program, which the flooding oil wells have made possible. In addition to oil, there are thought to be mineral deposits, highly coveted in a nuclear age, and when His Majesty asks our State Department for an immediate consultation (at a fee of one million dollars) with Newton Bemis, the brilliant young physicist, Washington suspects that a momentous decision is at stake and pressures him to go. Bemis is hesitant: fearless and superbly confident in his own field, he is an ingenue with women, and having just become engaged to "the Seventh Most Beautiful Woman in Washington," he would prefer not to be interrupted. But go he must. The red-carpet treatment he receives in Qua, the capital, is something out of Aladdin's lamp, and the beauty of the gardens and the charm — as much as he can see — of Princess Farha, who "throws off rainbows" every time she looks at the tall Vermonter, for a time conceal the intrigue which is building up against him, in and out of the palace.

Mr. Connelly's fantasy is lush and neatly contrived. Where he goes light is with his people: their lines are good, but their behavior must be accepted with a willing suspension of one's disbelief.

THE PEOPLE OF THE BEAR

Fantasy of a more primitive, sophisticated nature is the substance of ROBERT NATHAN'S enchanting novel THE MALLOT DIARIES (Knopf, $3.95). Mr. Nathan, long one of the finest practitioners of the short novel, finds his source material in anthropology and in this manner: Professor Osgood and his younger associate, Professor Mallot, set out with their guide and wrangler, Fred Bailey, in search of a tribe of aborigines believed to carry on a Stone Age existence in the canyons and mountain meadows to the northeast of Phoenix. It is the old Apache country with a bad reputation, a couple of campers from New York having been found murdered, literally torn apart, the previous December. Osgood, the Jean-Paul Sartre of the expedition, believes that man is half rat and half pig in his origin, and that the Neanderthals, who lived on this planet seventy thousand years ago, were just as savage, warlike, sex-ridden, and superstitious as ourselves. Mallot is at once more credulous and more hopeful. When they are captured by the People of the Bear, it is Mallot who saves them from immediate extinction, and during their captivity in the caves, it is he who proves to be the more attractive and the more susceptible to the ancient community. Inevitably, he falls in love with the High Chief's daughter.

"We are on the edge of the past, we stand on the rim of history," cries Professor Osgood, and the skill with which the novelist holds up the mirror to the pompous academic, the irony with which he points to the advantages enjoyed by these hidden Neanderthals, and the satire with which he portrays human nature make this a story of subtlety, laughter, and suspense. Like so many fantasies, it deflates at the close.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Advertisement*)

Last June, *CBS Reports* presented an extraordinary television program on "The Berkeley Rebels." A few days later I was expressing my enthusiasm for the program to a recent Eastern girls' school graduate who remarked doubtfully, "Yes, the program was interesting, but I thought those California students were revolting."

Well, she was right, of course, the students *were* revolting, and the TV program showed some of the things they were revolting against. For an especially good insight into the recent events at the University of California, I commend to you a new Anchor Book, *The Berkeley Student Revolt: Facts and Interpretations,* edited by two political scientists at Berkeley.

In this paperback book are to be found not only a wide range of significant interpretations of the event by participants on both sides, faculty members, and outside observers, but also the basic documents issued by the administration and the Board of Regents and a generous sampling of the pamphlets, broadsides and manifestos handed out by the students, which give an extraordinary and immediate sense of the emotions that ran so high. To balance this, a detailed chronology explains exactly what happened when.

What happened was, of course, unprecedented in American university history, but the rapidity with which other colleges and universities throughout the country followed the Berkeley example, to a greater or lesser extent, gives this volume far more than a local interest. The Berkeley revolt made clear that a new generation has appeared on our campuses. In *The Berkeley Student Revolt: Facts and Interpretations* that generation is allowed to have its say.

L. L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

The Berkeley Student Revolt: Facts and Interpretations ($1.95) edited by Seymour Martin Lipset and Sheldon S. Wolin is published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., 277 Park Avenue, New York 10017. Copies are available at your bookseller, including any of the 32 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located at 3301 West Central Ave., Toledo, Ohio.

BOOKSHELF

THE ATLANTIC

Reader's Choice

BY OSCAR HANDLIN

The present slips so swiftly into history that it is difficult for those who grew up in the 1920s and 1930s to realize that those decades are more than a generation away. The age of FDR is more remote from that of LBJ than from that of Theodore Roosevelt. The cast of characters of the New Deal years is both familiar and historical. We recall them as contemporaries, yet their problems belong to a remote past.

JOHN MASON BROWN'S THE WORLDS OF ROBERT E. SHERWOOD (Harper & Row, $6.50) deals with the life of a man who was a mirror to those times. In 1939, Sherwood, by then a well-known playwright, met Harry Hopkins, and through him entered the Roosevelt circle. Sherwood became one of FDR's chief speech writers, and during the war, worked actively in the Office of War Information. Within his career, there was thus a significant intersection of literary and political interests.

John Mason Brown's leisurely biography carries the story down to 1939. Gracefully written and enlivened by frequent anecdotes, the book is sympathetic but critical and frank. Drawn as it is primarily from Sherwood's papers, it tends to reflect its subject's point of view. It does not ask what there was about Sherwood that made him useful to Roosevelt and Hopkins. Yet it contains the materials that answer the question.

Sherwood was born into a good New York family and dutifully attended Milton Academy and Harvard. His education was entirely extracurricular. The pampered search for fun and club life left little time for study, and the young man never got beyond his sophomore year. Instead, in 1917 he joined the Canadian Army, went overseas, and was wounded in action. He returned to enter New York literary circles as a critic and editor, then shifted to writing for the theater. By 1939, when he met Hopkins, Sherwood's plays had won widespread popularity, handsome financial rewards, and a Pulitzer Prize.

Family and school connections eased Sherwood's way. At Harvard he had written for the *Lampoon*, the comic magazine; in New York he joined Robert Benchley, another former *Lampoon* editor, on *Vanity Fair* and moved into the Algonquin Circle. Dorothy Parker, Heywood Broun, Franklin P. Adams, Alexander Woollcott, George S. Kaufman, and the other bright young people who met regularly around the hotel's round table expressed and influenced the taste of the 1920s. They valued most the mild humor that mocked the genteel culture of their time. They disliked formalism, and they distrusted abstract ideas.

Sherwood's plays reflected their influence. Bright, facile with words, and a conscientious craftsman, he was able quickly to put together clever comedies that moved easily along on a thread of conversation. But like his friends, he wanted to be profound as well as gay. In the hospital during the war he had been depressed by the "narrowness and shallowness" of his own mind; as a writer he wished to deal with serious subjects — lightly, of course, not like the contemporary dramatists of social significance. As a result, he was available to voice the ideas that floated through his circle.

In 1916 he was a pacifist; in 1917 he went to war. After his return he was for peace again; *The Road to Rome*, *Acropolis*, and *Idiot's Delight* were satires on militarism. The German attack in 1939 once more dissolved his pacifism, and *There Shall Be No Night* reflected the change in line. *Reunion in Vienna* made a covert attack upon psychoanalysis; *The Petrified Forest* exposed the futility of intellectuals. Sherwood's undisciplined mind was malleable; he rarely thought an idea through. Well on in his career, he reflected, "The trouble with me is that I start with a big message and end up with nothing but good entertainment."

He was at his best, therefore, in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Abe Lincoln in Illinois, in which he put words to another man's thoughts. In a sense, that play was Sherwood's apprenticeship for his service with Franklin Roosevelt. The experience of trying to understand and to act out another President's approach to the crisis of an earlier war prepared Sherwood for the role he would play for FDR. Roosevelt needed not a profound or original thinker, but one who could articulate for the widest audience the President's views on the problems the nation faced.

John Mason Brown is eminently qualified for the task of writing this biography. Himself a graduate of Harvard, he was a close observer of the New York theatrical scene as a critic and lecturer and as drama editor of the New York *Evening Post* until 1941. Like Sherwood also, he left Broadway for the war, serving in the naval reserve during the landings in Sicily and Normandy. He writes with sympathy and understanding, yet with enough detachment to set his subject in context.

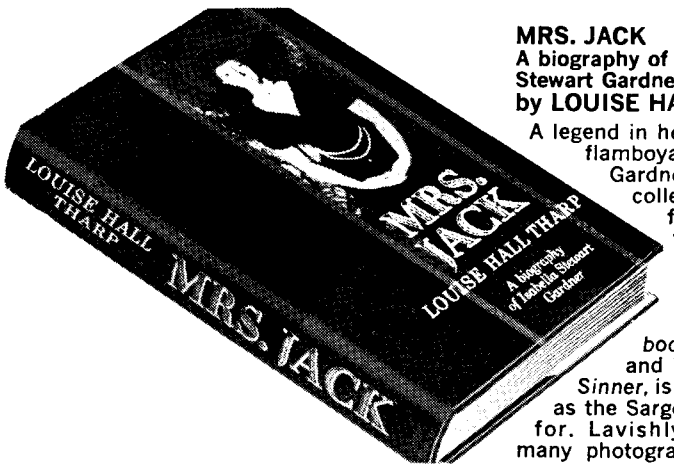
CRAFT AND INTELLIGENCE

ARTHUR MANN'S LA GUARDIA COMES TO POWER (Lippincott, $3.95) illuminates another aspect of the 1930s. The flamboyant Fiorello was as much a part of the New York scene as the Algonquin Circle, as much a politician as the champ in the White House. La Guardia's career reflected the forces that transformed American politics in the New Deal era.

This volume by a professor of history at Smith College recalls the headlines of another year — the tin boxes of the Seabury investigation, the Tammany chieftains, the professors and reformers who enlivened the New York campaign of 1933. It also contains the best account of an urban election we have ever had. Drawing upon a wide variety of sources, Mann's skillfully written book shows in detail how a Republican was able to carry and hold a predominantly Democratic city, a subject that holds considerable interest for John Lindsay thirty years later. La Guardia's success rested upon the ability to mobilize the support of a strategic cluster of ethnic groups. He hammered together an alliance which included Yankees, Italians, Jews, and Puerto Ricans, a cross section of the city sufficient to give him the majority. Mann's per-

Biography, history and contemporary issues

from Beacon Street, Boston...

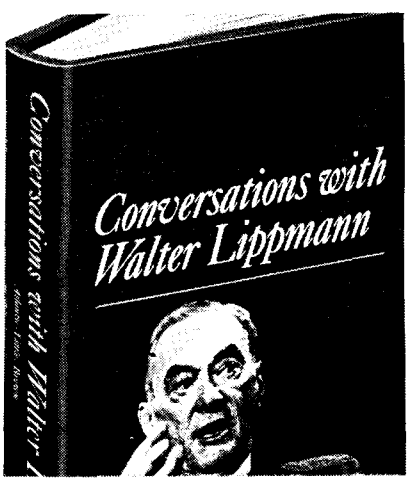


MRS. JACK
A biography of Isabella Stewart Gardner
by LOUISE HALL THARP

A legend in her own lifetime, the flamboyant, eccentric Mrs. Gardner was art patron, collector, social leader, fashion setter, and founder of Boston's famed Gardner Museum. Her life story, told by the author of *The Peabody Sisters of Salem* and *Three Saints and a Sinner*, is as vivid and graphic as the Sargent portrait she sat for. Lavishly illustrated with many photographs. $6.95

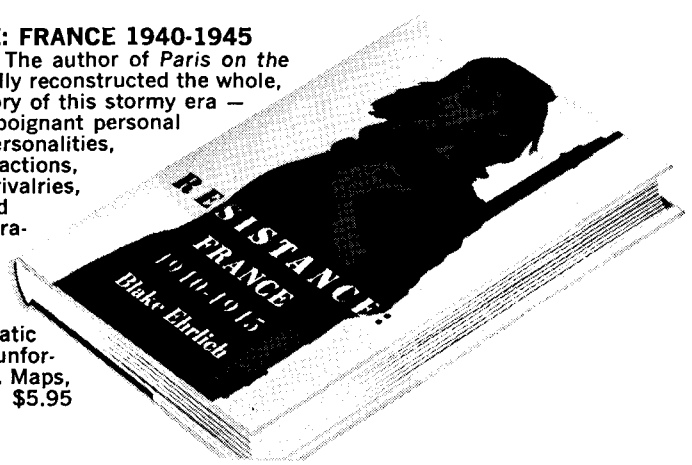
CONVERSATIONS WITH WALTER LIPPMANN

America's most distinguished political analyst discusses such timely, vital topics as Viet Nam, the reunification of Germany, coexistence, the threat of Red China, the CIA, nuclear testing, DeGaulle, Adenauer, Goldwater, and the "healing" quality of LBJ — from the remarkable CBS News television interviews. Introduction by Edward A. Weeks. *An Atlantic Monthly Press book.* $4.95



RESISTANCE: FRANCE 1940-1945

Blake Ehrlich. The author of *Paris on the Seine* has lucidly reconstructed the whole, continuous story of this stormy era — including the poignant personal stories and personalities, the plans and actions, intrigues and rivalries, stratagems and military deliberations, and the mounting, cumulative results. An incredible, dramatic story brought unforgettably to life. Maps, photographs. $5.95



At all bookstores

LITTLE, BROWN and COMPANY

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Now in Paperback

Famous Self-Portraits

HANS ZINSSER
As I Remember Him

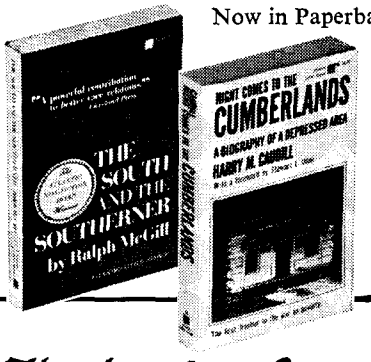
"Reveals Hans Zinsser as a vivid and many-sided personality. It is also very enjoyable reading, full of good stories alternating with shrewd comments and reflections on science, education, and life in general."
—SIR JULIAN HUXLEY. LB 39. $2.45

SIR OSBERT SITWELL
Left Hand, Right Hand!

The frank and sensitive story of an extravagant English family, told by a talented son. It is the first volume in Sir Osbert's 5-volume autobiography, which the London *Sunday Times* called "one of the wonder works of the twentieth-century." LB 48. $2.25

LB ATLANTIC-LITTLE BROWN • Boston

Now in Paperback



The American Scene

HARRY M. CAUDILL
Night Comes to the Cumberlands

A BIOGRAPHY OF A DEPRESSED AREA
with a foreword by Stewart L. Udall

"Few books of recent years present a more devastating but poignant account of a people than this story of the Kentucky mining regions."
—*Minneapolis Tribune*. LB 50. $2.45

RALPH McGILL
The South and the Southerner

"One of the most significant contributions yet made to an understanding of the region."—*N. Y. Times*. "A powerful contribution to better race relations."—*Cleveland Press*.
LB 43. $1.95

LB ATLANTIC-LITTLE BROWN • Boston

ceptive analysis of La Guardia's personality explains the cement that held these elements together: the Little Flower fought for the principles in which he believed with a political craft, second in his time only to that of FDR.

CONVERSATIONS WITH WALTER LIPPMANN (Atlantic–Little, Brown, $4.95) assembles six television interviews, conducted between 1960 and 1965 by Howard K. Smith, Walter Cronkite, David Schoenbrun, Charles Collingwood, and Eric Sevareid. These illuminating talks reveal the spontaneous reactions of a thoughtful mind to the great problems of our times.

Walter Lippmann is one of the few major figures from the period of the 1920s and the 1930s who have survived to our own era. As editor of the old *World* and in his syndicated column, he expressed an enlightened liberalism which, however, grew increasingly out of tune with the New Deal world. Before the election of 1932, he was suspicious of Franklin Roosevelt, and he remained a persistent and intelligent critic of the New Deal until the outbreak of war.

Lippmann has changed little with the passage of the decades. His columns still are informed and reflective, and he continues to call, as he did in the 1930s, for the application of intelligence and knowledge to public policy. Talking about American policy in East Asia in 1965, for instance, he explains that his focus is not on the immediate future, but on the situation "five, ten, fifteen, twenty years from now."

The intelligence which he calls for is thus not the craft of a La Guardia or a Franklin Roosevelt, and that explains why Lippmann never understood them or Lyndon Johnson. The politicians may respect long-term planning and consistency, but they react intuitively to the problems before them by a process which is not altogether logical. Their wisdom rests on experience rather than on theory, and they respond more quickly and often more effectively to crises than those who desire an entirely rational approach to each emergency.

Each attitude has its limitations, and each complements the other. The crises of the past thirty years have come so swiftly and the world has changed so radically that craft has guided our policy more often than intelligence. But it is well to continue the effort to set immediate objectives within the context of ultimate goals.

BARBARIAN INVASIONS

In large measure, the perennial disorder of the world since 1920 has been a product of the necessity of dealing with the power of men who refused to be bound by the rules of Western civilization. Our situation has been that of a society seeking to preserve its stability against outsiders who are not guided by our conventions of proper behavior. The Communist and fascist regimes consciously rejected the existing order of international law; the Japanese in the 1930s added to that repudiation the complexities of attitudes formed by an entirely alien culture.

JOHN DEANE POTTER'S YAMAMOTO (Viking, $6.95) is the biography of the Japanese admiral who conceived the surprise attack on Pearl Harbor, written by the former Far Eastern correspondent of the London *Daily Mail*. Mr. Potter has mastered his material competently, and he tells a consistently interesting story. Yamamoto is the central figure, but the narrative covers the whole course of naval warfare in the Pacific from Pearl Harbor until the admiral's death in April, 1943.

Yamamoto understood his position and foresaw the consequences of his actions. But he was trapped by the exigencies of a policy he could not control. He had studied at Harvard just a little while after Sherwood had been there and had become an expert on the oil industry. From his stay in the United States, the Japanese naval officer acquired a high, perhaps exaggerated, impression of American military strength. Although he advanced steadily in rank, he always opposed the aggressive policies of the military clique in Tokyo.

In 1941, he dissented from the decision to make war on the United States, predicting ultimate defeat for the empire. But unswerving loyalty to the Mikado led him into a desperate attempt to win. Destruction of the American fleet in Pearl Harbor in advance of the declaration of war was the one bold stroke that might decisively alter the balance of power in the Pacific.

The attempt succeeded. Yamamoto calculated that the Japanese

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

then had a year to eighteen months to consolidate their position. But neither he nor anyone else could predict the actual course of the war in that interval. The battles of Midway and Guadalcanal turned on split-second contingencies outside individual control. In the end, the Americans won not because their men were braver or more skilled or their ships superior, but because they could more adequately compensate for their mistakes by an immeasurably greater naval construction and repair program. Yet for a year and a half the possibility remained that the willingness to go beyond the limits of endurance or permissible action that Americans accepted would win out for the Japanese.

Mr. Potter has given us an exciting and thoughtful book.

JOHN STOYE'S SIEGE OF VIENNA (Holt, Rinehart and Winston, $6.95) tells the story of an earlier barbarian invasion that threatened the security of Western civilization. This first modern account of a decisive event in Europe's history is lucidly and graphically written. The narrative is straightforward and unspeculative, yet it too raises questions about the extent to which men control events.

In 1683 the boundaries of the Ottoman Empire encompassed the northern shore of the Black Sea, Rumania, most of Hungary, and all the Balkans, including much of the Adriatic coast. Between the Turks in Budapest and the weak and divided German principalities lay only the power of Hapsburg Austria, and its capital, Vienna, was within easy reach. Yet the main concern of the Hapsburgs was the maintenance of their power against the rising strength of the rival French and Prussian monarchs in the West.

The opportunity was not lost on Sultan Mehmed IV or his Grand Vezir Kara Mustafa, who decided to disregard their treaty with the Austrians and expand to the west. The gamble almost paid off. A great army besieged Vienna, and hordes of Tartars devastated the countryside. The Emperor Leopold was slow to recognize the danger and responded sluggishly to the crisis. The Turks in fact had breached the walls before help came from Germany and Poland and ended the last assault of Islam upon Christian Europe. Thereafter, the tide turned,

How Can Anyone Find Peace of Mind Today?

It's surely not easy in this era of tensions and fears.

Living in the shadow of atomic catastrophe is hardly conducive to a sense of security. Nor is it easy to keep life's values straight in an age disturbed by political and race conflicts ...by fears of economic collapse... by a wide-spread decline of morality and a growing disrespect for law and order.

Even in tranquil times, the sensible person feels the need for something to cling to—a solid foundation of principles that will stand up against the storms of life. How much more necessary is it to find such a cornerstone today? And where is it to be found?

To say that the answer lies in the teachings of Jesus Christ may seem too simple and inadequate to a generation that fires rockets at the moon. But isn't it really the *only* answer... the *one* formula for living successfully in these troubled times... the solid *cornerstone* that banishes fear and eases the tensions of everyday living?

No scientific fact or piece of human knowledge is more positively validated than the words of Jesus. And He promised us:

"Everyone therefore who hears these my words and acts upon them shall be likened to a man who built his house on rock. And the rain fell, and the floods came, and the winds blew and beat against that house, but it did not fall because it was founded on rock" (Matt. 7:24).

And lest you think that these are merely words... that the teachings of our Lord were intended for an earlier and less complicated world... be reminded that the cornerstone which He built is still present and visible, and the words He spoke are lasting foundations of truth which no wind, or flood or nuclear blast can destroy.

If you are searching for true peace of mind in these turbulent times, take a few minutes to read a pocket-size pamphlet we have prepared on the topic: "Everlasting Foundations." It covers such points as Christ the Cornerstone, Apostolic Witnesses, Apostolic Successors, Christian Response and The Christian Heritage. And it will show you how to be like the man whose house survives every storm because it is built upon rock.

We will be happy to send you this interesting pamphlet free upon your request, without any obligation. And nobody will call on you. Write today ... ask for Pamphlet No. B-8.

FREE—Mail Coupon Today!

Please send me your Free Pamphlet entitled: "Everlasting Foundations"

B-8

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

SUPREME COUNCIL

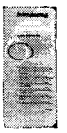
KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS

RELIGIOUS INFORMATION BUREAU

3473 SOUTH GRAND, ST. LOUIS, MO. 63118

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

are you a
unitarian universalist
without knowing it?



Do you believe that no one has the right to do your thinking for you?

Do you believe that "religious truth" cannot be contrary to truth from other sources?

Do you believe man is capable of self-improvement and is not condemned by "original sin"?

Do you believe that practicing brotherhood is more important than parroting creeds?

Do you believe in being actively concerned with community, national and world problems?

***Then you are professing* Unitarian Universalist beliefs — and need not "believe alone."** Send for 32-page illustrated booklet, "Introducing Unitarian Universalism."

Mail this coupon with 25¢ to
LAYMEN'S LEAGUE (Unitarian Universalist)
Dept. A-35, 25 Beacon St., Boston, Mass. 02108

Name_____

Address_____

YOU PAY NOTHING

when we search for any **OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKS** you want. You name it – we find it! No obligation. Prices surprisingly low. Try us!

International Bookfinders/Box 3003-A, Beverly Hills, Cal.

Two of the world's greatest living poets in new paperback editions

GEORGE SEFERIS
Poems

The first comprehensive collection to appear in the United States of the poetry of the 1963 Nobel Prize Winner. Sixty poems translated from the Greek and introduced by Rex Warner. $1.95

JORGE GUILLÉN
***Cántico:* A Selection**

Fifty poems by Spain's major living poet. "I have considered Jorge Guillén as one of the greatest poets alive today in any language."—*Henri Peyre.* Spanish text and English translations (by American and British poets) on facing pages. $2.95

at all bookstores
ATLANTIC-LITTLE, BROWN

and the next two centuries witnessed the gradual ouster of the Turks from the Continent.

The story as told deals with the clash of personalities and with military and diplomatic maneuvers. Yet the author knows that larger social and economic forces were also at work. The question remains: Had help come late and the Turks taken Vienna, would the features of the Europe which moved into the Enlightenment and the Industrial Revolution have been altered?

THE CONSEQUENCES OF OVERKILL

SEYMOUR MELMAN'S OUR DEPLETED SOCIETY (Holt, Rinehart and Winston, $5.95) is a plea for a reasonable relationship between military and economic policy in the United States. The author, professor of industrial engineering at Columbia University, argues that the present high rate of armament manufacture has produced an undesirable distortion in the productive system. He is neither a pacifist nor an advocate of immediate disarmament. But he maintains that harnessing industry to the capacity for overkill neither adds to military security nor is healthy for the economy.

Some items in his indictment are indisputable. The nonmilitary parts of our industrial plant tend to become obsolete. In these areas, lags in innovation and technology produce inefficiency and reduce the capacity of the society to consume. The government, its attention diverted to the necessities of military production, spends a disproportionately low share of its resources on medical aid, education, and other public purposes.

Not all these faults are ascribable to the pressures for armament, however. The American Medical Association opposed medicare for reasons of its own, and the backwardness of the construction industry is due to practices by unions, management, and the municipalities which antedate the cold war. Furthermore, Professor Melman has a tendency toward exaggeration in the interest of strengthening his case. American industry still has the capacity for competition, and the events of the past months have shown that the government is capable of applying substantial sums to nonmilitary uses. But his arguments deserve careful consideration.

Meander with PHOEBE-LOU ADAMS through GREECE

But don't get up.

Just sit where you are and read. Let the Atlantic's own Yankee traveler lead you on a very personal trip through this land of ancient glories and fascinating contrasts. A witty companion with a keen New England eye, she'll show you a Greece of awesome ruins and friendly, vigorous people.

The route is a leisurely one to Rhodes, Kos, Crete, Athens, Pylos, Mycenae, Bassae, Delphi, Sounion, and Mykonos. The travel is by rented Volkswagen over territory that "stands on edge like plates in a dish drainer." There are also bus trips, a voyage in a disreputable old steamer, and a spin on a motor scooter.

Neither a purist nor a pedant, Miss Adams enjoys the controversial restorations on Crete and the lack of any at Bassae (pronounced Vassy). Her shopping is canny, her party-going wholehearted; not only does she show you the sights, she brings them to life. Now, join Phoebe-Lou Adams as she fills in

A ROUGH MAP OF GREECE

"Miss Adams writes extremely well, and what she offers here is a book length temptation to follow her footsteps."—The New Yorker

An ATLANTIC-LITTLE, BROWN Book

ORDER NOW

To your bookseller or
Little, Brown and Company
34 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. 02106

Please send me . . . . copies of Phoebe-Lou Adams' A ROUGH MAP OF GREECE, at $4.95 each including postage. I enclose check or money order for $. . . . . .

NAME. . . . . .

STREET. . . . . .

CITY. . . . . STATE. . . . . ZIP. . . . .

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

POTPOURRI

BY PHOEBE ADAMS

When a Soviet citizen writes a book denouncing the Communist regime and takes the trouble to get the manuscript smuggled out of Russia and published in English, the temptation is to hail the work as a literary masterpiece and a sign of imminent rebellion on the steppes. I mistrust this reaction, on the grounds that Western authors have complained of capitalism for years, at home and abroad, in books which are good, bad, or mediocre but as one in producing no very noticeable manning of barricades. At present, there are available two books by disaffected Russians: THE MAKEPEACE EXPERIMENT (Pantheon, $3.95) by ABRAM TERTZ and WARD 7 (Dutton, $3.50) by VALERIY TARSIS. The first is a pseudonymous novel describing a temporarily successful exercise of government by hypnotism. As an extension of government by propaganda, hypnotism is a workable burlesque notion, but Mr. Tertz carries it so far into the realm of grotesque fantasy that it is hard to take *The Makepeace Experiment* seriously as political criticism. However, since the introduction by the translator, Manya Harari, indicates that a number of topical references and overtones from history and folklore have proved impossible to retain in English, it is believable that in Russia, where it will not be published, this book would have a genuinely vicious bite.

Valeriy Tarsis does not write under a pseudonym, which accounts for the factual nature of *Ward 7*. His earlier book, *The Bluebottle*, was published abroad and so irritated the Soviet authorities that the author was tossed into a mental hospital, although the none-too-parallel case of Ezra Pound should have been warning against this course. Released, the indomitable Mr. Tarsis came out mad as a hornet and wrote a second book, this time describing his stay in a hospital section where almost all the patients were sane, suffering merely from what an honest doctor called "an allergy to the Soviet climate." *Ward 7* starts slowly, is much less ingenious and artful than *The Makepeace Experiment*, indulges in self-pity and editorializing, but is in the long run the more compelling of the two books because it concentrates on a single, not exclusively Russian problem: the collision between individual intelligence and a social system dedicated to considering only masses of bodies. Translated by Katya Brown.

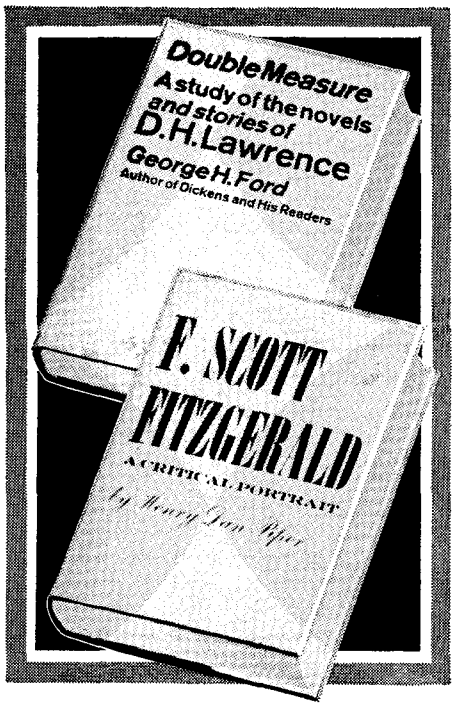
ESAU AND JACOB (University of California Press, $5.00), a novel by the Brazilian MACHADO DE ASSIS, who died in 1908, has a certain lack of immediacy as political allegory, which was its original purpose. As tart social comedy, however, it is still lively, and the author's aphorisms on the enduring idiocies of human conduct still hit their targets. Translation by Helen Caldwell.

KENNETH E. READ'S THE HIGH VALLEY (Scribner's, $6.95) is an odd book which may well fascinate readers interested in ethical introspection. I myself found it, except for some handsome descriptive set pieces, infuriating. Mr. Read is an anthropologist, and his book concerns two years spent studying the savages of the New Guinea hills, about whom he contrives to tell very little, being hopelessly preoccupied with worry over the rightness or wrongness of his presence among people whom he could neither understand nor help.

ROGUE'S PROGRESS (Houghton Mifflin, $5.95), rescued from oblivion and edited by John L. Bradley, is the work of a nineteenth-century Londoner who began as a pawnbroker and ended as a producer of dubious entertainments. In between, he inadvertently became a positive connoisseur of jails. (Pardon, gaols.) RENTON NICHOLSON seems to have liked it all, and his autobiography is a gossipy, garrulous, amusing, eccentrically written chronicle of outrageously un-Victorian activities.

Ironic and ambiguous, JUNICHIRO TANIZAKI'S novel DIARY OF A MAD OLD MAN (Knopf, $3.95) may be taken as a tribute to the persistence of life, or the triumph of death, or even of both. The diarist, an absolutely convincing creation, is a rich old crock preoccupied with doctors, ailments, drugs, food, and pills. He is also ludicrously and ambitiously in love with his daughter-in-law. His journal of the affair is disgusting, unconsciously funny, and ultimately appealing simply because it is impossible not to sympathize with a hopeless last-ditch fighter.

New Insights Into Two Important Writers



Double Measure

A STUDY OF THE NOVELS AND STORIES OF D. H. LAWRENCE

By GEORGE H. FORD. "Professor Ford's contribution is keen-eyed, coherent, and thoughtful....Ford's basic line — that there exists in Lawrence's work a double rhythm, a juxtaposition of the creative force with the destructive — is certainly useful for critical delineation. And, as he develops it through his study of the more important stories and Lawrence's two masterpieces, *The Rainbow* and *Women in Love*, his argument brilliantly illuminates three crucial areas: characterization, mood, and theme." — *Virginia Kirkus' Service*. "An important book on Lawrence." — DAVID H. GREENE, New York University. $5.95

F. Scott Fitzgerald

A CRITICAL BIOGRAPHY

By HENRY DAN PIPER. Written by a renowned Fitzgerald authority, "this exhaustive chronological exploration of the novels and stories concentrates on Fitzgerald, the artist, rather than on the man or legend. . . . Professor Piper offers three strong, sometimes brilliant chapters devoted to *Gatsby*, an interesting juxtaposition of *Tender Is the Night* with Zelda's *Save Me the Waltz*, and a penetrating approach to *The Last Tycoon*. For Fitzgerald fans, a *must* book." — *Virginia Kirkus' Service*. Index. $9.50

From your bookseller, or from

HOLT, RINEHART AND WINSTON, INC.
383 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Free 10-day trial

See Greece through the eyes of its greatest poet in

THE VOYAGES OF ULYSSES

A photographic interpretation of the Odyssey

How can you photograph the *essence* of a poem—its special grace, its meaning and mood? First, you have to be a poet with a camera—and Erich Lessing is. Then you have to see what the poet saw, feel what he felt—as Erich Lessing did. He followed Ulysses to the very places he visited and photographed them in all their ageless impact.

In 110 stunning pictures, Lessing captured the *feeling* of the *Odyssey* much as another photographer, a few years ago, caught on film the *aroma* of a rose. Both required cameras of the greatest sensitivity. Like Chapman, who brought Homer to millions of grateful readers, Lessing has translated the *Odyssey* into yet another language—the language of film. He has achieved a Baedeker of rare beauty—one that takes you through both the soil and the soul of ancient Greece.

Here, in full color, is the hill where Ulysses' palace stood; here lived Nestor and Agamemnon. Here you see the view from the cave of Polyphemus, and the great rock he flung after the fleeing Ulysses. To this lovely stream, Nausicaa came at Athene's bidding and met Ulysses. In this peaceful setting, Circe turned men to swine. Here is the land of the lotos-eaters (the "lotos" flower caused men to lose their longing for home). These are the "monster" rocks of Scylla and Charybdis; here is the Naiads' cave where Ulysses planned his revenge on the suitors. In this limpid bay, Telemachus beached his boat; on this tempest tossed hill lived Aeolus, master of the winds. Here is the true landscape of poetry, for according to the most painstaking research, these are the actual sites Homer had in mind when he wrote the *Odyssey*.

YOUR INTRODUCTION TO THE INTERNATIONAL BOOK SOCIETY

THE VOYAGES OF ULYSSES is offered to you by the International Book Society, a division of TIME-LIFE BOOKS dedicated to bringing out in this country—in exclusive English-language editions—the five or six finest books to appear abroad each year. To discover such deserving books, the Society's Editors search all the publishing centers of Europe, Asia and South America. Like THE VOYAGES OF ULYSSES, each selection must satisfy the highest standards in both form and content, and as proof of their value, they must win your approval on the basis of a free ten-day trial.

Besides accompanying Ulysses through the actual itinerary of his adventures, the book traces him through 700 years of Greek art as well. Here, in statues, carvings, vase and wall paintings is how the ancient Greeks saw their favorite hero. To track down these works, photographer Lessing undertook an odyssey of his own, travelling some 16,000 miles.

As a magnificent frame for the photographs, THE VOYAGES OF ULYSSES contains three commentaries. Michel Gall—who devoted ten years to the tracing of Ulysses' travels—explains how the actual sites were identified and gives the history of the various theories that were once held about them. Archaeologist Hellmut Sichtermann discusses the role of Ulysses in the historical context of Greek art, life and religion. Professor Carl Kerényi, today's most famous authority on Homer, examines the origins and wider implications of Ulysses in Greek mythology. Seen through these commentaries and Erich Lessing's lens, Homer's Greece will be as much a voyage of discovery to you as it was to him, for this is the Greece not only of scintillating color and incandescent light, but the Greece of the great age of literature and legend, too.

THE VOYAGES OF ULYSSES is available only through the International Book Society. And it is just $19, far less than the retail price of such a lavish volume. If you would like to browse through it at home—for 10 days, free—simply fill out and mail the coupon. If you're not fully satisfied with the book, just return it. Since it costs you nothing, though, and since you probably *will* enjoy THE VOYAGES OF ULYSSES, we suggest that you read it first and decide later. The International Book Society offers you an opportunity to see* and to own some of the most stimulating and sumptuous books being published anywhere in the world, so why not take advantage of it today?

TO: TIME-LIFE BOOKS, DEPT. 4047
TIME AND LIFE BUILDING, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611

Please send me *The Voyages of Ulysses* for ten days' free examination and enter my trial subscription to the International Book Society. If I decide to keep the book, I will remit $19 which includes all charges for postage and handling. I may buy as many or as few books as I wish, and return any volume after inspecting it without obligation.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____

STATE_____

(Please include zone or zip code number if known)

*** If you enter a trial subscription, you will be notified of future selections with the right to decline a 10-day free examination of each. Each offering will be described in advance and its price clearly stated. An enclosed reply form will permit you to decline the opportunity of inspecting the book.**

Among future volumes you will find GREAT SAILING SHIPS, GREAT RIVERS OF EUROPE, PLEASURE OF RUINS AND JAPANESE TEMPLES.

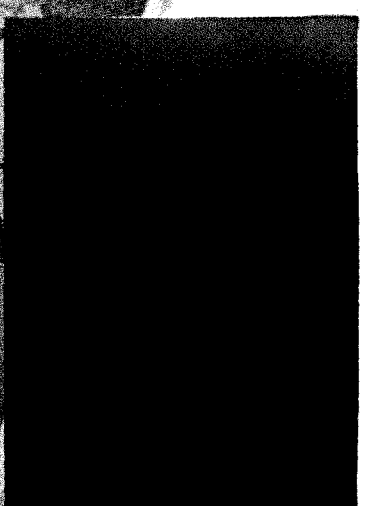
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Both the beauty and the strength of the Greek coast are captured in this view from the Cyclops' cave.

THE VOYAGES OF ULYSSES

A photographic interpretation of Homer's classic by Erich Lessing

Size: 10½" x 12". Luxuriously bound in heavy textured cloth, boxed. 110 illustrations in full color, 276 pages, fully indexed



Here is the dreaded Charybdis strait, where Ulysses was shipwrecked onto the island of the seductive goddess Calypso.

A powerful rendering of Polyphemus, whose real life counterpart was probably an active volcano.

An early Minoan version of the minstrel whose song moved Ulysses to tell his story.

In depicting the sea monster Scylla—who was probably inspired by an octopus—this sculptor used more than a little poetic license.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Welcome Scotch The World Over!

"White Label"

DEWAR'S

Dewar's never varies!

Dewar's Highlander in front of famed Edinburgh Castle

SET OF 4 COLOR PRINTS OF CLANS MacLaine, MacLeod, Wallace and Highlander, in authentic full dress regalia, 9½" x 12", suitable for framing. Available only in states where legal. Send $5 to Cashier's Dept. #3, Schenley Imports Co., 1290 Avenue Of The Americas, N.Y. 19, N.Y. 86.8 Proof Blended Scotch Whisky. © S. I. C.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED